Mr. MURRAY has in the Press *the following* Works, *the greater Part of which are nearly ready for Publication.*—Nov. 1815.

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*** A few Copies are printed on large Paper.

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QUARTERLY

THE

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

APRIL, 1815.

ART. I. *Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire des Expéditions en Egypte et en Syrie.* Par J. Miot. Deuxième Edition. Revue, corrigée et augmentée d'une Introduction, d'un Appendice, et de Faits, Pièces et Documens qui n'ont pu paroître sous le Gouvernement précédent. A Paris. 1814.

'WHOSOEVER,' says Sir Walter Ralegh, 'in writing a modern history, shall follow truth too near the heels, it may haply strike out his teeth. There is no mistress or guide that hath led her followers and servants into greater miseries. He that goes after her too far off, loseth her sight and loseth himself; and he that walks after her at a middle distance, I know not whether I should call that kind of course, temper or baseness.'—Jacques Miot, a commissary in the French army of Egypt, published some memoirs of that army in the year 1804. He dedicated it to General Murat, from whom he had received acts of kindness, and who had not then rendered himself infamous by his cold-blooded butcheries at Madrid. When M. Miot wrote these Memoirs he was afraid of his 'teeth;' and therefore, as any one else would have done under such circumstances, took care of his tongue. But though he suppressed the damning details of those atrocities to which he had been an eye-witness, and was neither sparing of eulogiums upon the army nor upon the First Consul, still the book gave offence; much as it concealed, it divulged too much, and the author became obnoxious. He found it necessary in consequence to quit a service in which he had no longer any hope of advancement; and now, ten years after the publication of his first edition, a second comes out with alterations and additions, and the motto *La Vérité appartient à l'Histoire*, that is,—the teeth are no longer in danger. The book is not the work of a sycophant seeking to obtain favour from the Bourbons by reviling a fallen tyrant: he guards against this imputation in his Preface.

'To call Buonaparte an adventurer,' he says, 'is doing little honour to the nation which acknowledged him for its sovereign, and is at once to wound the pope who consecrated him, the kings who have treated with him, and that emperor who gave him his august daughter. The warrior who for a moment gave the law to Europe, who so often led the French armies to victory, whatever reproaches may be addressed to him, cannot have been an *adventurer*. I abstain from those judgments which

which posterity does not always ratify; who alone can weigh in her equitable balance the faults and the talents, the successes and the reverses of Buonaparte: but it may be believed that with moderation, a virtue unhappily too rare among conquerors, he would have legitimated his brilliant fortune and established his dynasty upon a basis not to be shaken.'

This language is not belied by the work. Laying both editions before us, we shall endeavour from these Memoirs and the other publications which have appeared upon this subject, to give a succinct account of the proceedings of Buonaparte and his army in the Egyptian expedition.

In what motives that expedition originated there is here no room for inquiring. Suffice it to say that preparations were made as secretly as possible, but upon a great scale, at Toulon, Genoa, Civita Vecchia, and Ajaccio: and that on the 10th May, 1798, Buonaparte arrived at Toulon and addressed a proclamation to the troops, saying, 'Soldiers, you are one of the wings of the Army of England. You have made the war of mountains, of plains and of sieges; a maritime war remains to be made. Europe has her eyes upon you. You have great destinies to fulfil, battles to wage, dangers and fatigues to overcome; you will do more than you have yet done for the prosperity of the country, the happiness of mankind, and your own glory. The Genius of Liberty, who has rendered the Republic from her birth the arbitress of Europe, wills that she should also be the arbitress of the seas, and of nations the most remote.' Of the thousands who volunteered for the expedition, Denon says that almost all were ignorant of its object. 'They deserted wives, children, friends and fortune to follow Buonaparte, and for this reason only, that Buonaparte was to be their guide.' M. Miot affirms that 'every thing indicated Egypt for its destination; that the French troops had already acquired in Italy the habit of enriching themselves at the expense of a conquered country; and Egypt, being a virgin province, offered to their hopes a mine so much the more abundant to be ransacked.' This is one of the passages not to be found in his first edition; the remainder of the characteristic picture is in both.

'How vast a field was opened to our agitated and impatient spirits! Here were speculators looking greedily on to increase their fortunes; some of them are dead of grief and vexation; others, whose hardier nature *(le moral)* has resisted disgusts and privations, think themselves fortunate in having returned safe and sound. Every one founded the most brilliant hopes upon this important expedition, and the general-in-chief frequently let drop words which were equally flattering to the ambition of glory and to the love of riches. As for regret at quitting France, full of enthusiasm, and drunk as it were with the tumult which usually accompanies the departure of an army, we conversed at table in

in our mirth of the dangers and privations which awaited us: dangers presented us a means of acquiring promotion; and for privations,—we should have no wine,—but we were drinking it now; perhaps we should have no women,—but as yet we had no lack of them. All would not see their country again—but every one hoped that he himself might be fortunate enough to rejoin his family. We were hurried along, seduced by that appetite for glory or for change, which makes us always seek the better, sometimes only to gain the worse.'

On the evening of the 19th, the whole armament, to the sound of martial music and amidst the loudest acclamations, filed out of the harbour, passing successively before the L'Orient, on board of which were Buonaparte and the ill-fated admiral Brueys. The road was covered with ships. 'Never,' says Denon, 'could any national display give a more sublime idea of the splendour of France, of her strength, and of her means.' They who remembered the naval power of England had also a deep sense of her weakness; for every thing depended upon their escaping the English fleet; and even when the pomp and the stir of this great armament most excited the imagination, there were Frenchmen of cooler minds who congratulated themselves that they were not to sail in it. The Genoese convoy first effected its junction; then that from Ajaccio, under General Vaubois;—they were relieved from some uneasiness respecting Desaix with the Civita Vecchia squadron, by finding it awaiting them at the isle of Gozo. The weather was delightful,—there was music upon every deck, the men gamboled and danced and sung; the captains dreamt of plunder, the general of conquest and of empire, the savans contemplated worthier objects, and Denon began his graphic labour by taking a view of the isle of Elba as they past it,—little thinking that his hero, who was now playing the part of Alexander, would one day be banished to its rocky shores. 'Our fleet,' says he, 'spread terror and dismay wherever it was descried; Corsica felt no other emotion than that which is inspired by so grand a spectacle; Sicily was appalled, and Malta in a state of stupid consternation.'

The surrender of Malta had been preconcerted with the French knights of the order. Dolomieu, one of that order, Junot, and M. Poussielgue were now the negociators; and when Buonaparte had got possession of La Valetta, and was surveying its strength with Caffarelli, the latter said to him, 'General, it was very lucky that there were people in the town to open the gates for us.' 'When I saw,' says Denon, 'a small boat carry at her stern the standard of the order sailing humbly beneath the ramparts on which it had once defied all the forces of the east, and when I figured to myself this accumulated glory, acquired and preserved during several ages, melting away before the fortunes of Buonaparte, I thought I heard

the

the ghosts of Lisle-Adam and La Valette vent their dismal lamentations, and fancied that I saw time make to philosophy the illustrious sacrifice of the most venerable of all illusions!' The names of Lisle-Adam and La Valette might have excited better feelings in a Frenchman. General Vaubois was left here with 4000 troops, and a good number of adventurers who were already sick of the expedition. On the 19th June the armament proceeded, and in four days crossed what French sailors call the Great Sea; that open part of the Mediterranean which lies between Malta and Candia. On the 26th, while they were manœuvring to collect the transports which had been dispersed by a gale during the night, they discovered through a fog the English fleet steering in search of them towards the northern coast. Had that fog cleared up—or had Nelson been provided with frigates, those *eyes of the fleet*, the want of which he was deploring day and night, what years of suffering might have been spared to Egypt, to Europe, and to the world! The next day the Junon frigate was sent forward to concert measures with the consul at Alexandria, and learn from him how the inhabitants were disposed. Denon, who was in this frigate, describes, with that feeling which belongs to the poet as well as the painter, the picture when the Junon was ordered to pass late in the evening under the stern of the huge L'Orient, that sanctuary of power, he says, dictating its decrees amid three hundred sail of vessels in the still silence of the night. Four hundred persons were on the Junon's decks, and the sound of a bee's wings might have been heard. At day break on the 29th the white flat line of coast was seen edging the blue horizon of the sea; not a habitation, not a tree, nothing but the sands of the desert. One of the sailors pointed to the cheerless prospect, and said to a comrade, 'Look—there are the six acres which have been allotted you;' and the jest was answered by a burst of general laughter. M. Denon the while was philosophising—besides the national mixture of monkey and tyger, he was savan and sentimentalist; he admired the disinterested courage of the thoughtless beings who were going to suffer as much misery as they inflicted; he called to mind the history of the places which now came in sight, made drawings, indulged in a few scoffs at scripture, and amused himself by imagining how the Sheik of Alexandria would be surprised on the morrow.

The French, however, had not the pleasure of surprising him. Their capture of Malta and their approach was known, and Nelson had been off Alexandria the preceding day. The consul and his interpreter came off at midnight in great terror, the sheik having, with more humanity than is usually found under a turban, suffered them to depart. The Junon returned with him to the fleet. It blew a fresh gale; the convoy was mingled with the ships of war; a sail appeared

appeared in sight, they feared it was English, and Buonaparte exclaimed, 'Fortune, dost thou abandon me! What—only five days!' It was one of their own frigates. The ships anchored, orders were given to land, and a proclamation was distributed through the fleet more curious and more characteristic than the first.

'Soldiers,' said Buonaparte, 'you are about to undertake a conquest whose effect upon the civilization and the commerce of the world will be incalculable. You will inflict upon England the severest stroke—a stroke which she will feel most, till you can give her her death-blow. We shall make some fatiguing marches, we shall fight some battles, we shall succeed in all our enterprizes; the destinies are for us. The Mameluke Beys who favoured English commerce, who loaded our merchants with arbitrary imposts, and tyrannized over the unhappy inhabitants of the Nile, a few days after our arrival will exist no longer. The people with whom we are about to live are Mahommedans; their first article of faith is this—There is no other God than God, and Mahommed is his prophet. Do not contradict them. Act towards them as you have done towards the Jews and the Italians. Treat those Muftis and Imans with respect, as you have Rabbis and Bishops. Have the same toleration for the ceremonies which the Koran prescribes and for the mosques, as you have had for convents and synagogues, for the religions of Moses and of Jesus Christ. These people treat women otherwise than we do—but in every country the ravisher is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few—it dishonours us, it destroys our resources, it makes the people our enemies, whom it is our interest to have for friends. The first town which we shall enter was built by Alexander. At every step we shall find great recollections worthy to excite the emulation of the French.'

The landing was made in haste, and in such weather that many men were lost; they had to row three leagues in a rolling sea, upon a shore full of rocks and shoals; the wind blowing violently against them, and the waves dashing against the breakers which surround the coast: but though they boasted that they were profiting by Nelson's faults and blunders,* they stood too much in fear of him to delay the disembarkation for more favourable circumstances. By six in the morning a sufficient number were landed to attack and carry a small fort, called Le Marabou, where the first European flag was planted, which had been raised in hostility in Egypt since the Crusades. They were now ten miles from Alexandria; between four and five thousand men were landed, but neither horses nor artillery, nor was it practicable to disembark them. Buonaparte left orders that the remaining troops should form as fast as they reached the shore, and follow him, and he began his march. It was across a desert: men and officers alike displayed the greatest ardour on the

* *Profitant de toutes ses fautes, et utilisant son ineptie.*

 occasion;

occasion; and General Caffarelli, who had a wooden leg, performed the march on foot, rather than wait for a horse. At noon the city was attacked. Ill-prepared, as the Turks were, with a few three or four pounders, and some awkward musquetry, they made more resistance than might have been expected. About 250 of the French were wounded; among them Kleber and Menou, who were thrown from the parapet. 'These people,' said Louis Buonaparte, 'have no idea of children's play; they either kill or are killed.' It was their fortune now to meet with enemies as merciless as themselves. 'We were under the necessity,' says Denon, 'of putting the whole of them to death at the breach.' But the slaughter did not cease with the resistance. The Turks and the inhabitants also fled to their mosques, seeking protection from their God and their prophet; and then (it is a Frenchman* and an eye-witness who speaks) men and women, old and young, and infants at the breasts were slaughtered! This butchery continued for four hours; after which, another Frenchman assures us, the remaining part of the inhabitants were much astonished at not having their throats cut.† Be it remembered that all this bloodshed was premeditated. 'We might have spared the men whom we lost,' says Adjutant-General Boyer, 'by only summoning the town; *mais il falloit commencer par étonner son ennemi.*'

The inhabitants were not less astonished when an Arabic proclamation was read to them by a Maronite priest, and circulated among them. It began, 'In the Name of God, gracious and merciful. There is no God but God; he has no son nor associate in his kingdom.' It dwelt upon the oppression which the people of Egypt endured from the Mamelukes, and represented the insults and injuries that the Beys inflicted upon the French merchants as the cause of this invasion. 'Buonaparte,' it proceeded, 'the General of the French Republic, according to the principles of liberty, is now arrived; and the Almighty, the Lord of both worlds, has sealed the destruction of the Beys. Inhabitants of Egypt, when the Beys tell you that the French are come to destroy your religion, believe them not. Answer them, that they are only come to rescue the rights of the poor from the hands of their tyrants, and that the French adore the Supreme Being, and honour the Prophet and his holy Koran more than they do. The French are true Mussul-

* Ceux-ci, repoussés de tout côté, réfugient chez leur Dieu et leur Prophète; ils remplissent leurs mosqués; hommes, femmes, vieillards, jeunes et enfans, tous sont massacrés. Au bout de quatre heures nos soldats mettent fin à *leur fureur.*—Intercept. Letters, p. 137.

† Restoit une partie des habitans fort étonnée qu'on ne leur coupât le cou.—Part I. p. 13.

men.

men. Not long since they marched to Rome and overthrew the throne of the Pope, who excited the Christians against the professors of Islamism. Afterwards they directed their course to Malta, and drove out the Unbelievers, who imagined they were appointed by God to make war upon the Mussulmen.' In this memorable proclamation, Buonaparte affirmed that the French were the friends of the Grand Seignior, and the enemies of his enemies: he called upon the Egyptians to enjoy the blessings of a system, in which the wisest and the most virtuous were to govern, and the people were to be happy. 'Thrice happy,' said he, 'are they who shall be with us; they shall prosper in their fortunes. Happy they who shall be neuter! they will have time to know us, and they will join us also. But woe, woe, woe to those who take arms for the Mamelukes; there shall be no hope for them; they shall perish.' He concluded by decreeing that every village which opposed him should be burnt, and ordering a thanksgiving. 'Let every one return thanks to God for the destruction of the Mamelukes, and cry Glory to the Sultan! Glory to the French army, his ally! Curse upon the Mamelukes, and Happiness for the people of Egypt.'*

Among the other antiquities at Alexandria some arms were found, which had been taken from the army under St. Louis, in his fatal crusade against Egypt, a sight which might have awakened, in a wiser and less presumptuous race, some ominous reflections. The French began now to ask themselves how they liked their promised land. The manner in which men of different pursuits and temperaments expressed their feelings is highly characteristic.

'Judge,' says M. Miot, 'by Volney's first pages, of the impression which must be made upon us, by these houses with grated windows, this solitude, this silence, these camels, these disgusting dogs covered with vermin, these hideous women holding between their teeth the corner of a veil of coarse blue cloth to conceal from us their features and their black bosoms. At the sight of Alexandria and its inhabitants, at beholding these vast plains devoid of all verdure, at breathing the burning air of the desert, melancholy began to find its way among us; and already some Frenchmen, turning towards their country their weary eyes, let the expression of regret escape them in sighs, a regret which more painful proofs were soon to render more poignant.'

Denon observed that nothing in this long and melancholy city reminded him of Europe and its cheerfulness, except the sparrows, who were the same bold and active birds in both countries: the very dogs in Egypt are degraded; they are the slaves of men and not the companions; and, consequently, possess none of the good qualities which kindness and domestication call forth. Whatever

* This proclamation is not in M. Miot's first edition; its publication would not have been agreeable to the First Consul just at the time of the Concordat.

can be affected by man is deteriorated in that unhappy country. M. Jaubert, in the hurry of disembarkation, the confusion of a city taken by assault, the preparations for farther conquests, and the motley assemblage of generals and soldiers, Frenchmen, Copts, Turks, and Arabs, horses and camels, saw a lively type of the revolution which, as he believed, was about to change the face of Egypt. M. Larrey, whose improvements in the art of military surgery in the 19th century, are hardly less important than those of Ambrose Paré in the 16th, observed, with astonishment, how favourably wounds healed in that benignant climate. Louis Buonaparte, shuddering at the ferocity of the wild Arabs, exclaimed against Jean Jacques, for having called such wretches the men of nature. 'Could he see them, he would tremble with shame and astonishment, that he should ever have been able to admire them! Oh how many misanthropists would be converted if chance should cast them into the midst of the deserts of Arabia!' The savans looked among the antiquities for what might be transported to France: Alexander's tomb was instantly marked out by Denon and Dolomieu; and others, perhaps, thought of realising the plan, which Maillet proposed in Louis XIVth's reign, of removing Pompey's Pillar to Paris. The soldiers, meantime, who bivouacked among the ruins of Alexandria, were many of them bit by scorpions, and began to curse the plagues of Egypt. But the fright was greater than the injury, and the application of either acid or alcali, or even sea-water, removed the inflammation. A parade of clemency was made towards the Sheik of Alexandria. 'I have taken you in arms,' said Buonaparte, 'and I might treat you as a prisoner; but, as you have behaved with courage, and I think bravery inseparable from honour, I give you back your arms, and think you will be as faithful to the Republic as you have been to a bad government.' The Sheik, who saw thirty thousand men landed, all chosen troops, with a correspondent train of artillery, was now fully sensible how little he could resist such negociators; and he accordingly assented to whatever was proposed. An agreement, therefore, was soon made between Buonaparte and the principal men of Alexandria, they promising to be faithful, and he pledging himself that they should be subjected to no vexations from the army. He now ordered that the French who had fallen before the city should be buried at the base of Pompey's pillar, and their names engraved upon it. Such an order was in the taste of the day, but perhaps some of the savans interfered, and saved the pillar from being thus disfigured. Kleber's division, at that time under General Dugua, was sent to occupy Rosetta, and from thence proceed along the Nile, to cover a flotilla under the Chief of Division Perrée. The rest of the army advanced towards Cairo, the divisions being marched off as fast as they landed, without allowing them

them time to see the wretchedness of the land, or acquire any information of the country through which they were to pass. The first part of their march lay across the desert. Buonaparte, seeing that his men were in want of every thing requisite for such a march, said to them, like a tragedy hero, *Les vertus sont pour nous*—the virtues are on our side! He himself set out in the evening, and marched through the night: his head was wrapped in a handkerchief, and he frequently touched Berthier upon the shoulder, saying, with evident satisfaction, 'Well, Berthier! here we are at last!' *Eh bien, Berthier! nous y sommes enfin!*

Perhaps at this time Buonaparte dreamt of founding an empire for himself in the East. French travellers had represented Egypt as the most favoured part of the world. The Arabs call it *Misr, the Place*, as they call the Koran, *the Book;* the Turks regard it as an earthly Paradise: what it had been was known from the ancients, and Savary had given a rapturous description of it, even in its present state. 'What might not a people, who cultivated the arts and sciences, still undertake here! What treasures might they not gain from commerce and agriculture! What advantage might they not render science and history by the interpretation of the Egyptian hieroglyphics!'—It is beyond a doubt that these representations had produced a deep effect upon the French. The Directory, in seizing Egypt, did but execute a project which had long been contemplated by the old government. They perhaps wished to rid themselves of an army and a general whom they feared; and the general might very well suppose, that the European powers would more willingly leave him in possession of that country than suffer it to be annexed to France. Of his followers a large proportion certainly went for plunder: but among the adventurers, who looked up to him, and felt that superstition concerning his fortunes, which throughout his life he has constantly inculcated, there must have been many who embraced a military life in the first ardour of generous youth, and were led on, imperceptibly, from horror to horror, and from crime to crime, till they became the curse and the opprobrium of the human race. This transmutation was completely effected in Egypt. During that expedition generals and soldiers acquired that character which has since been communicated to the French army, a total insensibility towards human sufferings, a total contempt of all moral and religious principles.

As Denon was leaving Alexandria he saw a young and handsome Frenchwoman sitting upon a fragment of ruin which was covered with blood, and surrounded by the dead bodies of those who had been slaughtered in the assault. Insensible to the horrors around her and ignorant of the sufferings that awaited her, she told him she

she was waiting for her husband, with whom she was going to pass the night in the desert. This insensibility M. Denon admired as a charming ingenuousness, and, in the sentimental mind of a Frenchman, fancied she was a picture of the Angel of the Resurrection! It made him, however, reflect upon the lot of those poor women who had followed their husbands upon the expedition; for the invaders, as soon as they left the walls of Alexandria, began to perceive the difference between this and the former wars in which they had been engaged. Buonaparte's declaration, that he and his troops were good Mussulmen, was lost upon the Arabs. Mussulman or infidel the booty was the same to them; they hung upon the skirt of the troops within a hundred paces, and cut down or carried off every straggler. When they spared a prisoner it was not from humanity: they reserved him for outrages which, in English, are not to be uttered, but at which Voltaire has taught the French to jest. 'My friends,' said an officer to his detachment, 'we are to sleep at Beda to-night,—at Beda you understand. This is all the difficulty you will have to encounter. Allons mes amis!' On they went, expecting to find a village; but Beda was only a well choked with stones, from the interstices of which a little water, muddy and brackish, was collected in goblets and distributed among them as if it had been brandy. This was their first halt! They had undertaken, without provisions, and without water, a march of 45 miles to Damanhour, the first place where any resources could be expected! The Arabs had filled up all the wells; and a few puddles of water, so muddy that it was scarcely liquid, were all that could be found upon the way. Travelling under a burning sun, and over sands that reflected back an intenser heat, their eyes were mocked with that appearance of water in the desert, which deludes and aggravates the sufferings of the traveller in the deserts. Many men died of heat; Larrey saved many by a few drops of sweetened spirits of wine in a little water, or of alcoholized sulphuric ether, or Hoffman's mineral drops, in sugar. He observed, that those to whom he was called too late, died, as if of extinction, without a struggle; one, even with his last breath, said, that his feelings at that moment were inexpressibly delightful. It was like sinking to sleep after extreme fatigue and pain.

Already had the French perceived some horrible instances of Mahommedan manners. They found a woman, whose eyes had been thrust out by her jealous husband, and she, still bleeding and with an infant in her arms, was wandering in the desert, while the wretch who had blinded her, and who was perfectly frantic with revenge, followed her in the hope of seeing mother and child perish! When some of the soldiers gave her their own scanty portion of water, he ran up, snatched it from her hands, and, in a fresh access of jealousy,

jealousy, plunged a dagger into her heart, and, whirling the infant in the air, dashed it lifeless upon the ground. Some commissaries searched the Sheik's house at Damanhour for grain, and broke all the jars to satisfy themselves that they contained none. In the course of their search they found three black women, the wives of the Sheik, who had crept into a loft to hide themselves: the Frenchmen addressed themselves immediately to these women, with as little ceremony as the Arabs would towards their prisoners, but they discovered that the Sheik thought the honour of his wives was safest under the defence of iron girdles.

The Mamelukes were first seen near this village; they came to reconnoitre, and each party at first sight formed an erroneous opinion of the other;—the French despising men who had so little discipline, and were so grotesquely equipped; the Mamelukes expecting an easy victory over an enemy on foot. When the soldiers reached Rahmanieh, upon the banks of the Nile, they rushed by thousands into the river: it was not enough to drink of its water; they did not stop to take off their clothes, but ran in as fast as they arrived, that every limb might partake of the refreshment, and that they might drink at every pore. No sound of drums, no command of their officers could restrain them.

At Rahmanieh a junction was formed with the division under General Dugua; the flotilla arrived the next day, and the collected force had not proceeded far before they perceived a body of Mamelukes by the village of Chebrisse. Buonaparte quickly formed his army, which consisted of four divisions, in as many squares, presenting a front of six deep; the artillery was placed at the angles, the cavalry and baggage in the centre. The grenadiers of each division formed platoons which flanked the squares, and were intended to reinforce the points of attack. The Mamelukes made a disorderly attack; but a few shells which fell among them put them to flight;—this was a kind of artillery which they did not understand, and they had also resolved upon making their great stand near Cairo. Upon the river they were more fortunate; General Perrée consoled himself for the defeat which he actually sustained by saying, that he should have destroyed the whole of this flotilla, if he had not unluckily lost half his own. The troops rescued him, but not till he had suffered considerably. They had still a week's march before them, and during the whole of the way the Arabs hung upon the army, and cut off every straggler. All the villages were deserted, and the soldiers had not bread to eat, though some of them actually lay upon heaps of corn. They were also without animal food, but there were fruits in abundance, and the water melons were devoured with a greediness which, in some instances, proved fatal. M. Miot says, that in these melon grounds, on the banks

banks of the river, and at a little distance only from the bivouacs of the army, he saw many Frenchmen, naked and headless, and stretched out with the breast toward the ground, a sight that increased the fear and horror with which the soldiers regarded the depraved and cruel enemies whom they had provoked. This is one of the passages that M. Miot has added to his history. The slaughter and the sufferings to which Buonaparte exposed his armies were always carefully concealed. Already had several officers of rank perished in this inglorious warfare. Desaix narrowly escaped. General Mireur galloped a little way from the camp, merely to try a horse which he had purchased; he was killed and stripped before the troops could succour him. Denano, one of Buonaparte's staff, a young officer of high promise, was taken and spared from immediate death, because the Arabs imagined, from his epaulettes and his embroidery, that he was a person of much greater importance. They carried him to their Sheik, and Buonaparte sent a sum of money to ransom him: a dispute arose in sharing it, and the Sheik, to terminate it, blew out the prisoner's brains, and then honourably sent back the ransom. The sufferings and the horrors of this march were so great, that many men killed themselves in despair, and some, going up to the general, who had tempted them to embark in this expedition, blew out their brains in his presence, exclaiming *Voilà ton ouvrage!*

The Mamelukes under Murad, the ablest, as well as the most powerful of the Beys, collected upon high ground near Cairo, and there waited for the enemy. They had not suffered materially in the former action, Buonaparte having rather desired to accustom his troops to their manner of fighting on that occasion, than to pursue to the utmost the advantages which were offered. This proved a wise policy; they continued to believe that cavalry must have a decided advantage over troops who fought on foot, and in the full confidence of victory, neglected to provide against the immediate consequences of defeat. Instead, therefore, of remaining on the Cairo side of the Nile, where they might have disputed the passage, harassed the enemy, and retreated in case of need towards Syria, they entrenched themselves on the left bank at a village called Embaba; and so impatient were they for the victory and the vengeance which they expected, that, as soon as the French army appeared, they advanced from their position into the open plain for the purpose of forcing them to action. The novelty and splendour of their appearance excited the admiration of the Europeans: the gaudiest foppery of a modern army fades before the glittering helmets and burnished armour of old times; and the cries and rapid movements of the Mamelukes were not less remarkable than the richness and strangeness of their costume. Never was displayed

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a more impressive scene! On the right was the Nile, Cairo beyond it, with all its hundred minarets and domes; on the left were the Pyramids, the highest, the oldest, the most durable of the works of men. Buonaparte pointed to them when he gave the word, and exclaimed—Remember that from the summit of yonder monuments forty ages are beholding us!

Murad had threatened that he would cut up the infidels like gourds. The Mamelukes, at the moment when the French were on the point of moving, rushed forward as if they meant to attack the centre, but suddenly sweeping round they fell upon Desaix and Regnier's division which formed the right. The attack was impetuous beyond any thing that the French had ever before beheld; they, however, with admirable discipline, stood firm, and reserved their fire till the enemy were within half musket-shot; and the effect, seconded as it was by some discharges of artillery, was tremendous. For a moment it confounded them, and they had nearly fallen upon the bayonets of Desaix's division. A fire by files was now well kept up against them; thinking to turn the enemy they now passed between the two divisions, and in so doing received the fire of both. Part of them returned to the entrenchment at Embaba, the rest got into a grove of palms, and being dislodged from thence by the riflemen, fled towards the Pyramids and the desert. The divisions of Bon and Menou meantime advanced against Embaba, and, while they attacked the position in front, two battalions under Rampon and Marmont were detached on the flank to turn the valley. Here the Mamelukes had thirty or forty pieces of cannon, which they knew so little how to use that they had not time to load them for a second discharge. They were routed at the point of the bayonet; some of them had their clothes set on fire by the French muskets, and were in this dreadful manner burnt as they lay mortally wounded. The guns and the position were soon in possession of the French. There remained a body of 1,500, with about as many of the armed inhabitants; their retreat was cut off by Marmont and Rampon, they defended themselves bravely, but perceiving that all resistance was vain, and receiving as little mercy as they would have shewn, they rushed into the Nile, and they who escaped the sword perished in the river. Ibraham Bey, who was on the right bank to cover Cairo, having witnessed this total defeat, retreated with his troops towards Syria, while Murad took the road of Upper Egypt. Their loss was undoubtedly very great in proportion to their numbers, which was from four to six thousand Mamelukes, with a considerable body of Arabs and Fellaps; that of the French seems to have been more than might have been expected from the nature of the action. Larrey says that about 260 were severely wounded.

Denon

Denon admired, upon this occasion, what he calls the sublime contrast between the massacre, for such he says the latter part of the action was, and the clear sky of that fine climate.

'A handful of French, led by a hero,' he exclaims, 'had just subdued a quarter of the globe; an empire had just changed its ruler. During this great and terrible scene, of which the result was to be so important, the dust and smoke scarcely obscured the lower part of the atmosphere; and the star of day revolving over the spacious horizon, peaceably terminated its career, a sublime testimony of that immutable order of nature which obeys the decree of the Eternal in the calm stillness that renders it still more awful.'

Miot, for he also was present, gives us the living picture.

'The field of battle presently was converted into a place of sale: horses, arms, apparel, camels, were bought and sold! The most boisterous joy was displayed among the dying and the dead! Some were eating and drinking; others putting on turbans which were still wet with blood, or dressing themselves in the pelisses which they stripped from the slain.'

M. Miot too, in a letter which was never intended to meet the public eye, has told us what his reflections were upon the field of battle; he was a man to whom the sight, and even the thought of an execution had been intolerably painful, but he had now learnt to look without any failing at heart upon mangled bodies and mutilated limbs.

'I rode,' says he, 'through the midst of three thousand slaughtered Mamelukes. Milord (his horse) trembled under me, while I fixed my eyes on those poor victims of ambition and vanity, and said to myself, We cross the sea, we brave the English fleet, we disembark in a country which never thought of us, we plunder their villages, ruin their inhabitants, and violate their wives; we wantonly run the hazard of dying with hunger and thirst; we are every one of us on the point of being assassinated: and all this for what?'

'Such,' says Berthier, 'was the memorable battle of the Pyramids: thus, in the short space of about fourteen days, was conquered and overthrown the most extraordinary empire which the world has seen, that of a nation of soldiers from their birth. The immediate result of the battle of the Pyramids was the conquest and quiet submission of Egypt.'—Hitherto indeed Egypt had never opposed a formidable resistance to its conquerors. Wealth and effeminating vices made it an easy prey to the Persians, and the people successively received the Greeks, perhaps the Romans, certainly the Saracens, and the Turks after them as deliverers. No conquerors ever came with more power to improve the country, than the new invaders, and never had the people endured a more oppressive government than that which appeared now to be destroyed;

stroyed; the French, therefore, might not without some reason presume that they should experience as little opposition as Cambyses, Alexander, Amrou, and Selim: but they did not reflect that, in proportion as empires are wealthy and luxurious, their conquest is the easier; and that the more barbarous they are the more obstinate is the resistance which they oppose. The contempt with which the Mahommedans regard all christians was an obstacle which no former conqueror had to overcome. The first impulse of the people of Cairo was to murder the Europeans resident in that city; they took shelter in the palace of a sultana which was humanely opened for them, and thus they escaped death. The day after the battle Buonaparte received the chiefs of the city who came to proffer their obedience; a proclamation was issued, in which the general said, 'People of Cairo, I am satisfied with your conduct; you have done well in not taking part against me—I am come to destroy the race of the Mamelukes, to protect the commerce and the natives of the country.—Fear nothing for your families, your houses, your property; nor above all for the religion of the Prophet whom I love.' A provisional organization of the country was now announced; it was simple and summary. The imposts which had formerly been paid to the Mamelukes were now to be paid to the Republic. There was to be in every province an Aga of the Janizaries, and a company of armed natives, subordinate to a French commandant: and there was to be also a divan of seven persons charged to watch over the interests of the province, to keep a steady eye over the seditious, to punish them by calling on the military force under the French commander, and, in French phrase, to enlighten them as often as should be found requisite.

The first business of the soldiers after they had entered Cairo was frightfully characteristic. Not being allowed to plunder the living, they affixed hooks and nails to the end of long canes, and fished for the drowned Mamelukes, whose dress and arms were always splendid, and who, as is common in eastern wars, carry most of their wealth about them. Vial was sent to take possession of Damietta, and Desaix pursued Murad Bey into Upper Egypt. Buonaparte himself marched for the alleged purpose of pursuing Ibrahim Bey, who had retired towards Syria; his real object was to intercept the caravan from Mecca, but Ibrahim, with the congenial feelings of a Mameluke, had anticipated this pious intention, and plundered it himself.* Buonaparte had with him a large part of

* *La vérité appartient à l'histoire*, says M. Miot. We must here be permitted to try him by his text, for the purpose of exemplifying what a Frenchman's notions of veracity are when he is writing military history. He does not say in his Memoirs that the object of the expedition was to plunder the caravan, but that they met it travelling slowly in

of the army, and many of his favourite officers, his brother-in-law Leclerc, his wife's son Eugene Beauharnois, Regnier, Dugua,

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in the desert, that it had been pillaged by the Mamelukes and Arabs, and that Buonaparte made the remainder be escorted to Cairo:—thus evidently implying that the French protected it. *Nous rencontrames la caravane de Mekke, qui s'avançoit lentement dans le désert; elle avoit été pillée par les Mamelouks et les Arabes. Bonaparte en fit escorter les débris jusqu'au Caire.* We will first see how far this is consistent with the fact, and then how far it is consistent with M. Miot himself.

The nature of the escort is explained in a pithy note of M. Larrey's, vol. i. p. 200. *On s'empara dans cette campagne d'une riche et très nombreuse caravane portant des marchandises des Indes, qui furent vendues au profit des soldats.* This circumstance is worthy of notice as being the first of Buonaparte's commercial speculations. He assumes the government of Cairo, telling the people he was come to protect commerce; and immediately he leaves the city for the purpose of robbing a caravan, the whole property of which belonged either to those whom he now called French subjects, or to the subjects of powers with whom he pretended that France was at peace, and with whom she actually was in alliance.

In the Intercepted Letters, Part 2, there are two letters without a signature, addressed to a Citizen Miot, (Nos. 4 and 16.) The editor has attributed them to one of the savans, the writer being a botanist and a man of letters; but the letters contain proofs that he belonged to the Commissariat, and that he was, in fact, the very M. Miot whose Memoirs are now before us. 'The expedition,' he says, 'has been a little, and but a little, unfortunate for me, since I have had my left arm so torn and bruised by a camel that I shall not be able to use it for a month.' This adventure of the camel is related in the first edition of his Memoirs, but suppressed in the second. We will not deprive the reader of a story which is worthy the pen of Scarron and the pencil of Gillray. *La nuit du 17, je m'étois couché sous un drap qui me servoit de tente; mon chameau, portant mes légers bagages, étoit attaché quelques pas devant moi. Je dormois d'un sommeil agité, lorsque ce maudit animal me réveilla d'une manière tout-à-fait neuve.* (Could such a circumstance be more delicately expressed? The writer has only failed in precision: it does not appear whether he was in the condition of Ditton or Whiston, or of both.) *Je me levai mécontent, et voulant le punir, je le pris par son espèce de licol, et de ma main droite lui donnai quelques coups de poing dans les côtes pour le faire avancer. Mon chameau, contrarié parce que je le dérangeois, prit ma main gauche entre ses dents; et me secouant de toute la longueur de son cou, me fit bientôt lacher prise, et tomber par terre en poussant des cris douloureux qui éveillèrent tout le camp. On ne savoit trop ce que c'étoit. On me conduisit dans la tente du général: j'étois couvert de sang, les chirurgiens me pansèrent. J'avois au bras quatre blessures considérables, mais heureusement rien de fracassé. Le Général Leclerc, qui m'aimoit beaucoup, ne voulut plus que je quittasse sa tente. Le lendemain à la petite pointe du jour, nous fumes attaqués, et je fus obligé de monter à cheval avec mon bras en écharpe.* This choice story proves, beyond all doubt, that the writer of the letters in question, and of the Memoirs, is the same person. But in one of the letters M. Miot speaks thus of the expedition: '*The object was to seize on the caravan of Mecca,* of which Ibrahim Bey had possessed himself: this expedition has totally failed, and we are returned with the loss of a number of our new mounted hussars.'

It may be easily seen why M. Miot concealed in his history the intention of this robbery, and why M. Larrey advertised its success. The former, whose feelings were never totally corrupted, and who for that reason was incapacitated for rising under a military despotism, would not disgrace the army by representing them as robbers by profession,—especially when he published under a Bourbon government, and it was hoped that that army had recovered something like a sense of honour. M. Larrey was in favour with Buonaparte, very deservedly, for his professional skill; but M. Larrey wrote also with a view to favour. Sometimes (as in the cases of Jaffa and of the sick and wounded at Acre) he fabricated his narrative accordingly; but he knew that nothing could be more agreeable to the temper of the army and the views of the miscreant at their head, than to speak of the pillage in which that miscreant indulged them.

Sulkowski,

Sulkowski, Caffarelli, Lasnes, and Murat; they came up with Ibrahim at Salehieh, which is on the frontier of Syria, and on the edge of the desert. But the Mamelukes had profited by what they saw before Cairo, and the French had been made presumptuous by success. Forgetting that they owed that success to their artillery, and still more to their infantry, they ventured in this action to charge with the cavalry. The horses, which were mostly French, had not yet been accustomed to the food of the country; they were, therefore, out of condition, and fatigued not only with the march, but with the unaccustomed burthen of provisions and water which they were now obliged to carry. It was now that the superiority of the Mameluke horsemanship was perceived; standing erect in their short stirrups, they aimed their blow with all that advantage which height gave, and it was now, for the first time, says M. Larrey, that the terrible effects of their Damascus blades were felt. What is read of in old tales of chivalry was then verified, and many of the French had a limb severed with a single stroke. Their cavalry was nearly destroyed in the action, and when the infantry came up, Ibrahim wisely continued his retreat, and baffled all pursuit.

The manner in which his main force had thus been baffled, gave Buonaparte a lesson of what he might expect from enemies whom he had hitherto despised. Leaving Regnier at Salehieh to guard that frontier, and sending Dugua to Damietta, he set out on his return to Cairo; but scarcely had he begun his march, before he met an aide-de-camp of Kleber, with letters that the fleet at Aboukir had been destroyed by Nelson:—that fleet upon which the French depended for keeping up their communications with France,—that fleet in which Buonaparte proposed to return himself as soon as he should have arranged the conquered country; that fleet had been destroyed, and by Nelson—Nelson, of whose blunders and incapacity the French boasted that they had taken advantage—Nelson, of whom Admiral Brueys ventured to say that he did not think it prudent to try his strength with the French unless he was superior to them in numbers. This may be forgiven to Brueys, who did his duty to the last, who was neither deficient in courage nor in skill, and perished through no error or misconduct of his own. Buonaparte had detained him upon the coast after the debarkation, when it was the opinion of all naval men that they ought instantly to have sailed for Corfu. Buonaparte had ordered him to carry the fleet into Alexandria, if it were possible; in obedience to Buonaparte, he had offered a reward of 10,000 livres to any pilot who would carry the squadron in; in obedience to Buonaparte he remained seeking for a channel till the English arrived; and when, in consequence of Buonaparte's orders, he had fallen as bravely as ever brave man fell in battle, Buonaparte imputed the loss of the fleet to him, and de-

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clared, in an official letter to the Directory, that he had ordered him not to remain an hour in that situation, but either enter the port or return to Corfu. In this manner did Buonaparte calumniate the man whom he had sacrificed; base liar that he was, and is, and ever will be, while he is permitted to infest the earth! With less baseness, but with equal brutality, the soldiers, Denon tells us, amused themselves at the expense of the seamen who had been beaten! They made the unavailing courage and the slaughter of their countrymen—of the very men with whom they had lived on shipboard, and shared the hopes and fears, and dangers of the passage—the subject of their merriment and mockery, at a time when the shores of Egypt were strewn with the wreck of that proud fleet, and with the bodies of the dead—stript by the Arabs, and parching upon the sands! To this degree of brutal insensibility had they already been hardened by the crimes to which their general had systematically habituated them.

One of the first measures after his return to Cairo was to form what, in elder language would have been called an Academy, but in the new nomenclature was to be styled an Institute. It was divided into the four sections of Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, Literature with the Fine Arts, and Political Economy; and was to occupy itself with diffusing knowledge throughout Egypt, and with researches into the history civil and natural, antiquities, and geography of the country. To these pursuits the men of letters addressed themselves with what appetite they might. The French were masters of Cairo, and nominally lords of Egypt; they had taken possession of the government by as good a title as either Turk or Mameluke could shew; but if they stirred beyond the walls, or ventured alone even out of the houses, they were stabbed by the Arabs, and they were in want of all that they had been accustomed to in Europe. General Savary, in writing for his baggage, says, 'he looks for it as anxiously as for the Messiah,' a phrase not less characteristic of the wants, than of the impiety of this villain, who has been one of the most infamous of all Buonaparte's instruments. 'In the name of God,' he says, 'bring our baggage and our brandy; the whole army is ill of a diarrhœa with drinking water. For God's sake, wine, brandy, and rum!' Men, officers, savans, and speculators agreed in cursing the country in which they found themselves imprisoned since the destruction of the fleet, and in bewailing all the comforts and luxuries of Europe. But of all animals a Frenchman most easily accommodates himself to any situation in which he may be placed: they fell to work with their characteristic ingenuity; chairs, tables, and beds were presently made; a tannery was established and saddles manufactured, shoemakers and hatters resumed their employment, and were well imitated by the native workmen;

workmen; restaurateurs opened tables *à la mode Française;* sirups and liqueurs of all kinds, *à la mode Française,* were soon prepared for sale. '*Des Françaises,*' says M. Miot, '*fixèrent les regards de nos généraux, et l'on vit se former quelques sociétés.*' They who could not find white women among the followers of the army, put up with brown or black, *tout à la mode Française.* These mistresses taught their new lords Arabic, and learnt from them a few French words in return, '*ce n'étoit pas ordinairement les plus décens qu'elles retenoient.*' This also is M. Miot's confession; and he adds that the French summoned to their evening parties the dancing girls of the country, *dont les mouvemens lascifs flattoient notre imagination par des tableaux gracieux.*—Still *à la mode Française.* In these vices the French could learn nothing, —not even from Aretine or Julio Romano.

Buonaparte meantime displayed all that faithlessness, ability, and fanfaronade which characterize him. Nelson had landed the whole of his prisoners, upon an engagement entered into by Captain Barré, on the part of his government, with Trowbridge, that they should not serve again till they were regularly exchanged: Buonaparte made them immediately take arms, drafted part of them to complete his regiments, and formed the remainder into what he called the marine legion. All the speculators and adventurers who had accompanied the army were embodied into a sort of militia: these were very numerous; some came to speculate in grain, having heard that Egypt was the most fertile country in the world; some expected to enrich themselves by contracts, others by dealing in plunder, tempted by the knowledge of what had been done in this way in the Italian campaigns. It would perhaps hardly have been believed, if it were not asserted upon French authority, that there were some who came upon a deliberate speculation of the vilest depravity; 'others,' says Denon, 'of a debauched character, having been allured by the relations which Savary has given, had quitted Paris to seek new pleasures at Cairo!' Every street in Cairo had its gates, which were shut at night for the security of the inhabitants; as these would have made every street capable of defence in case of insurrection, an event which the French expected, because they deserved it so well, Buonaparte wisely gave orders to remove them. He named the principal street Petit Thouars, in honour of the captain of that name who had fallen at Aboukir. He gave orders to examine the state of the canals; he convoked a general assembly of the notables from the fourteen provinces of Egypt. *Ces Notables devoient être choisis parmis les hommes ayant le plus d'influence sur le peuple, et distingués par leurs lumières.* The notables of Egypt! He proposed to build a new metropolis at the point of the Delta. He wrote to the Sherif of Mecca, to inform him of his arrival in Egypt, to assure him

him that the Mussulmen had no sincerer friend than himself, and to offer protection for the caravans: and he did not inform the sherif of Mecca in what manner he had protected the last! He ordered the names of those who had fallen in battle against the Mamelukes to be engraved on one of the pyramids. He visited the pyramids, and having entered that which had been opened, seated himself upon the *soros*, and held a conversation with the chief priests of Cairo. Whether the whole dialogue be genuine or not, his part of it is certainly his own, for it has been published under his authority. 'Glory to Allah,' said he, 'there is no other God but God. Mahommed is his prophet, and I am his friend. Mufti, the divine Koran is the delight of my soul, and the object of my contemplation. I love the Prophet, and I hope ere long to see and honour his tomb in the holy city. But my mission is first to exterminate the Mamelukes. If Egypt be their portion, let them shew me the lease which God has given them of it. But the angel of death has breathed upon them: we are come, and they have disappeared. The days of regeneration are come. He that has ears to hear, let him hear! The hour of political resurrection has arrived for all who groan under oppression. Muftis, imans, mullahs, dervises, and kallenders, instruct the people of Egypt; encourage them to join in our labours to complete the destruction of the Beys and of the Mamelukes. Favour the commerce of the Franks in your country, and their endeavours to arrive at the ancient land of Brama. Let them have storehouses in your ports, and drive far from you the English, accursed among the children of Jesus! Such is the will of Mahommed. The treasures, industry, and friendship of the Franks shall be your lot, till you ascend to the seventh heaven, and are seated by the side of the black-eyed houris, who are endowed with perpetual youth and virginity.' Such was the language which Ali Buonaparte addressed to the Mahommedan priests in the pyramid! Flatterers are to be found in all countries. They in return are said to have called him the envoy of God, the favourite of Mahommed; the successor of Iskander, the most valiant among the children of Jesus. May the prophet, said one of them, cause thee to sit at his left hand on the day of resurrection, after the third sound of the trumpet. A poet also was found to recount his praises, and prophesy his success in an Arabic ode. 'At length,' says he, 'the dawn of happiness breaks upon us; the time destined by God has arrived; an atmosphere of felicity surrounds us; the resplendent star of victory, which guides the French warriors, has shed upon us its dazzling light; fame and honour go before them; fortune and honour accompany them. The chief who marches at their head is impetuous and terrible; his name terrifies kings. Princes bow their haughty heads before the invincible Buonaparte, the

the lion of battles; *his courage sweeps irrevocable destiny, and the heavens of glory are prostrate before him.'*

Buonaparte and the priests, in the Pyramid scene, had addressed each other with equal sincerity. The true believers perfectly understood the professions of the false ones: their pride, their bigotry, their jealousy, were exasperated; and Denon tells us, that even those who had rejoiced at the expulsion of the Mamelukes, began to regret their former tyrants, when they were called upon to pay for their deliverance. They had been now about four months in Cairo, when the inhabitants took arms and attacked them. The Commander of the city, General Dupuis, was killed, and Sulkowski, a young Pole, who was one of Buonaparte's aides-de-camp, and considered as one of the most promising officers in the army. The struggle continued for eight and forty hours, and, for the first day, the insurgents had the advantage. The inhabitants annoyed the troops from the roofs of their houses, and prevented the cannon from entering into the narrow and crooked streets; two companies of grenadiers were repulsed, and if the Mahommedans had not, from superstitious motives, ceased to fight after it was night, most of the French, who were in the city, would have been cut off. The savans were under arms, in imminent danger, and some of the medical men fell in defending the hospital. But on the second day more troops came up and made horrible slaughter among the people: some thousands took shelter in a mosque and barricadoed it; cannon was brought against it, and it was battered through the night; on the third morning the Sheiks came to entreat pardon, and the tumult ceased. The Ulemas addressed a proclamation to the people, of which the first sentence was happily equivocal—'We beseech the Most High to preserve you from sedition, and from secret or public disorder, and to keep you from those who seek to do evil upon earth.' And they quoted a saying of one of their prophets—'Sedition is fallen asleep —cursed be he who shall awake her.'—'For our own security,' says M. Denon, 'we ought, perhaps, to have spared none who had seen French soldiers retire discomfited.' The fine arts had done little towards softening this man's heart! 'Some traitors,' he tells us, 'were indeed arrested and punished; but whatever representation could be made to Buonaparte respecting the danger of such conduct toward the rebels, nothing could shake the sentiments of humanity which he displayed in the event,—he wished to shew clemency as much as he could exact terror.' Of Buonaparte's clemency, and his sentiments, we shall soon have an illustrious example at Jaffa! Some circumstances, which Denon relates of the Egyptians, on this occasion, ought not to be omitted for the honour of human nature, in a narrative which records so much to its disgrace. He says that the people were eager to conceal the French

French who were in their houses; that at the door of that in which he and some of his comrades were trembling for their lives, one of the neighbours sat down with his pipe to deceive the insurgents into a belief that it was inhabited by him and not by Frenchmen; and that two young persons, who were pursued in the street, were snatched up and carried into a house; where the men who had saved them, knowing no other means of proving at once what their intentions were, put their own children into their hands as pledges of sincerity.

To prevent the recurrence of such attempts, forts were erected round the town, two of which were named after Sulkowski and Dupuis; the citadel was fortified, and such communications established between the surrounding posts, that the inhabitants, which ever way they looked, saw themselves under the cannon of their deliverers. 'In fact,' says Denon, 'it was now, for the first time, we had conquered Cairo.' Buonaparte, after two months had elapsed, suffered the old municipal forms to be restored, which he had for so long suspended, and issued a proclamation to the people. For this also we are indebted to M. Miot's second work; and none of all this miscreant's blasphemies affords stronger reasons for supposing that he has sometimes thought of imitating Mahommed, as well as Alexander and Charlemagne.

'Sheriffs, Ulemas, Orators of the Mosques,' he said, 'make the people understand that they who are my enemies shall neither have refuge in this world nor in the next. Is there any man so blind as not to see that Destiny itself directs all my operations? Is there any one incredulous enough to doubt that every thing in this vast universe is subject to the empire of Destiny? Make the people know how, since the world has been the world, it was written, that, after having destroyed the enemies of Islam, and beaten down the Cross, I should come from the farthest part of the West to fulfil the task which has been assigned me. Make them see that, in more than twenty passages of the sacred Koran, that which happens has been foreseen, and that which is to come has been equally explained. I could call each of you to account for the most secret thoughts of your hearts, for I know every thing, even that to which you never gave utterance; but a day will come when all the world will see it proved, that I am guided by superior orders, and that all human efforts will avail nothing against me.'

General Bon was now sent to occupy Suez, and shortly afterwards Buonaparte himself followed, according to Berthier's account, in order to determine, in person, whether a communication had ever been made between the two seas. Berthier adds, that he succeeded in finding the traces of the canal, and thus set this long-disputed question to rest: that question, however, requires a more deliberate investigation than Buonaparte had leisure to bestow; and his mind was more occupied with projects of ambition than with antiquarian

quarian pursuits. The direct object of the expedition was to inspect the fort of Suez, fortify it, and reconnoitre the eastern shores, with a view of obtaining that command of the Red Sea, which was to inflict a mortal blow upon England. We have been told that Buonaparte, in all his wars, aims the blow directly at the heart: he seems, however, by all his operations against England, to have imagined that, like Achilles, her vulnerable part lay in the extremities! Larrey accompanied him across the desert. The whole way, he says, was tracked with the bones and bodies of men and animals who had perished in those dreadful wastes: if the eagles and vultures had arrived in time, bones only were left to bleach upon the burning sands; otherwise the carcass was presently dried up till it resembled a mummy. There was but one single tree to be seen along the whole journey; and to warm themselves at night, (for the cold was so severe that sleep would otherwise have been dangerous,) they gathered these dry bones and bodies of the dead; and it was by a fire composed of this fuel that Buonaparte lay down to sleep in the desert! The imagination of Dante could not have conceived a more emblematic situation for this incarnate Moloch.

General Desaix meantime was pursuing the conquest of Upper Egypt. 'If,' says M. Miot, 'in all the countries into which we have carried our victorious arms, we had shewn a little more gentleness, and a little less rapacity, the French name without doubt would have been loved as much as it is admired and dreaded.' It scarcely need be observed, that a reflection like this, gently as it is expressed, was not published under Buonaparte's *régime*. All accounts concur in representing Desaix as one of the best of the Frenchmen, and yet the history of his campaigns in Egypt is but a series of robberies and horrors, which becomes the more monstrous when it is remembered that he who was made the instrument of perpetrating them, might, under happier circumstances, have proved an honour to his country, and a benefactor to the human race. In raising imposts and enforcing the additional requisitions which the Egyptians were to pay their 'deliverers,' Denon tells us, that they followed the example of the Mamelukes, encamping before the towns and villages, and living at free quarters till the requisition was complied with. Nor were these additional exactions all that the inhabitants had to suffer,—those who could be caught were made to assist in the operations and movements of the troops. Murad, though a man of superior talents to his old rival Ibrahim, did not so readily learn in what manner the French were to be opposed. He gave Desaix battle at Sedinan; and on the night before entertained his men with a mock-action between the French and the True Believers, in which, that the spectacle might not want

want the effect of real bloodshed, two Frenchmen whom he had taken prisoners were butchered. The battle of Sedinan was remarkable for the desperate valour of the Mamelukes; which is said to have exceeded any thing that the French soldiers had ever before seen. Repelled for a moment by the steady fire of the French infantry, they presently rushed on, and overwhelmed one of the platoons; all who were not killed threw themselves on the ground with admirable promptitude, and thus uncovered the Mamelukes to the great square in which the troops were drawn up. Galled by this second fire, they again fell back, and again rushed on with a rage like that of madness: their scymitars even cut through the musket barrels of the French. When the horses shrunk back from the bayonet, they turned their heads, backed them, and tried to open the ranks by their kicks. They threw their fire-arms at the French when they could no longer reach them in any other manner; and they who were dismounted crept along the ground and cut at the invaders' legs. The French caught the contagious ferocity. One of them, who was lying on the ground mortally wounded, seized a Mameluke, who was in the same condition, by the throat, and strove to strangle him. An officer who yet retained humanity enough to be shocked at such a scene, asked him how he could so employ himself at such a moment? The wretch made answer—'You speak much at your ease, you who are unhurt; but I who have not long to live, must have some enjoyment while I may!' Even when the Mamelukes had retired from this hopeless contest of mere courage against perfect discipline, the battle was not decided; they had recourse to their artillery, and opening a masked battery of eight guns, brought down six or eight of the enemy at every discharge. The French confess that for a time they were in consternation: to retreat would have drawn on a long train of dangers, to remain was immediate destruction, and they could not advance without leaving their wounded, who they knew would certainly be butchered. Buonaparte would have felt no compunctious visitings in such a situation; but Desaix, whose heart was human, stood for a moment in dreadful hesitation, before he gave the word, and abandoning the wounded to their fate, pushed on against the battery, and thus obtained an easy, and indeed an unexpected success.

After this second defeat Murad adopted the wiser system of Parthian warfare, and contented himself with perpetually harassing the invaders. Desaix pursued him with 1,200 cavalry, 3,000 infantry, and eight pieces of light artillery, with four armed vessels upon the Nile: and this expedition, M. Larrey says, gave the commission of the arts a facility of visiting the monuments of Thebes with its hundred gates, the temples of Tentyra, Karnack and Luxor, whose

whose remains still bear witness to their ancient magnificence. What this facility was is explained by Denon. The artist could not venture a hundred steps from the army without an escort to protect him; and escorts being neither artists nor antiquaries, had little patience to await his leisure when they were weary and hungry, and had to seek shelter for the night, and make their soup before they went to rest. 'The artist himself,' says Denon, 'feels this, as he is himself, perhaps, very weary and hungry, and must share in the fatigue of night encampments, and especially as he is every day twelve or sixteen hours on horseback, as the desert has tired his eye-lids, and his eyes burning and smarting only see dimly through a cloud of blood.' That so much could be done under such circumstances is truly honourable to the unconquerable activity and perseverance of the man who accomplished it. Sometimes indeed the magnitude and sublimity of the object before them impressed the most illiterate. At Tentyra every soldier and every officer, without giving or receiving orders, are said to have turned aside from their route, and remained of their own accord during the rest of the day among the ruins: and at Thebes the whole army stopt in astonishment at what they beheld, and clapt their hands with delight. Denon took his first view of these stupendous monuments upon the knees of some of the soldiers, which served him for a table, and their bodies for a shade. 'This electric emotion,' he says, 'and delicate sensibility of the soldiers made him proud of being their companion, and glory in calling himself a Frenchman.'—Of their delicate sensibility this author, however, has given something more than vague eulogiums. He has stated facts which exemplify in perfection the delicate sensibility of the French soldiers. At Elsack the general arrived too late to save the place from pillage; in a quarter of an hour there remained nothing in the houses—literally nothing—(they are his own words,) 'the inhabitants had fled into the deserts, we invited them back; they answered, "Why should we return? Are not the deserts now as good as our own houses?" We had nothing to reply to this laconic answer.' He is not sorry to find a village empty when he arrives, because he does not then hear the cries of the inhabitants. Wherever they arrive they fall to pillage, and carry off what the Mamelukes had left. 'The whole army,' he affirms, 'was equally in fault;' and in one place, he says, 'that, to escape the reproaches and clamour of the inhabitants, they set out on their march at midnight.—We arrived at a large village, where unfortunately for their reputation, and to the great misfortune of the inhabitants, our soldiers *misbehaved.*' What a picture would there be if that word were translated into its whole meaning! The large village of Bintau was deserted at their approach. Woeful experience having taught the people

people the necessity of flying from their deliverers whenever they were apprized of their coming, they stript their houses even to the floor and window-frames; and a village thus deserted had the appearance of a ruin a century old. Here, when the French had ransacked the walls to the very foundation, a soldier came out of a cave dragging a she-goat which he had found there. He was followed by an old man, carrying two young infants in his arms: he laid these helpless babes upon the ground, fell on his knees, and without uttering a word, but weeping all the while, pointed to the children and to the goat, for if they were deprived of her milk they must perish. *The goat was killed;* and another Frenchman having picked up a third child, whose mother had dropt it in her flight, laid it down beside the other two, not reflecting, while he performed an act of intended kindness, that the three must now perish together!

'We came to Gamerissiem, unfortunately for this village, for the cries of the women soon convinced us that our soldiers, profiting by the darkness of the night, under pretence of seeking provisions, and notwithstanding their weariness, were enjoying by violence the gratifications which the place offered them. The inhabitants, pillaged, dishonoured, and urged to desperation, fell upon the patroles whom we sent to defend them: and these, attacked by the furious natives, were killing them in their own defence for want of being able to explain their object, and make themselves understood.'—'Our cavalry fell in with a number of the enemy at Meusketto, and put to the sword a thousand of these deluded people. This was certainly not a lesson of fraternization; but our position, perhaps, rendered an act of severity necessary; this province required to be taught that it could not brave us with impunity; it was, besides, our policy to conceal from them that our means were small, and our resources dispersed, and to give them the impression of our being as vindictive when provoked, as mild when treated with respect.'—'We, who boasted that we were more just than the Mamelukes, committed daily, and almost necessarily, a great number of iniquitous acts.'

These are the honest confessions and the miserable apologies of M. Denon. He tells us that the soldiers were continually putting innocent peasants to death because they mistook them for enemies; that they frequently mistook the poor merchants with whom they fell in for enemies also, and before the mistake could be rectified, shot them and plundered their merchandize; that the gain from such outrages fell to the share of the commissaries, Copts and interpreters, whom he calls the bloodsuckers of the army; the soldiers, who sought every opportunity to enrich themselves, being often interrupted, and called off by the drum beating to arms, or the trumpet sounding to horse. He tells us, that when the inhabitants, after the troops had past on, returned to their houses, they found

that

that utensils, ploughs, doors, roofs, in short every thing combustible, had been burnt; their corn consumed, their fowls and pigeons devoured, their earthen vessels broken in the mere wantonness of devastation:—nothing left but the fragments, and the bodies of the dogs killed in endeavouring to defend the property of their masters! He tells us, that when they made any stay in a village, the inhabitants were summoned to return on pain of being treated as rebels; and that when they submitted to these threats, and came to pay the contribution, they were sometimes mistaken with their clubs for men in arms, and sure of being assailed by several discharges from the riflemen and patroles, before an explanation could take place. He tells us, that they who did not abandon their houses, but paid the contribution and supplied the wants of the army, 'avoided the unpleasant abode of the desert, saw their provisions eaten with regularity, and might come in for a portion of them, preserving a part of their doors, selling their eggs to the soldiers, and having *few* of their wives and daughters ravished:'—but they who chose this alternative were punished by the Mamelukes. Such were the blessings which Buonaparte conferred upon the people of Egypt! Such was the conduct of the army which he had trained up:—of those soldiers 'whose delicate sensibility made M. Denon proud of being their companion, and of calling himself a Frenchman!' He tells us, that during the whole expedition a flock of kites and vultures followed them, hastening to their prey whenever the sound of cannon ceased, and always joined company with the army whenever it halted, being sure that something would always be left for their share. And he tells us, that at the island of Philoe they saw mothers drowning their children, whom they could not carry away, and mutilating the girls to save them from the violence of the soldiers—the French soldiers—the deliverers, the civilizers of Egypt—the men of delicate sensibility!

Buonaparte's profession of the Mahommedan faith had not deceived the Sherif of Mecca; the Mahommedans seem indeed to have regarded it as an impious insult to their understanding and their faith, and a degree of zeal was excited in Arabia greater than has been manifested or felt in that country at any time since the Crusades. Succours came over to Murad Bey, as for a Holy War: they were all volunteers, and most of them wore the green turban, the mark of the descent which they claimed from the prophet:—their arms were three javelins, a pike, a dagger, a brace of pistols, and a carabine, and they fought with a desperate valour which defied, and even exulted in death, considering it as the noblest mode of martyrdom. Denon saw one of them still strike at two of the French, and wound them both, while they were holding him nailed against a wall with their bayonets. These men displayed more enter-

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prize and more fervour in the cause than the Mamelukes, whose immediate interests were so much more nearly concerned. They got possession of a flotilla which was bringing stores to the invaders up the Nile, put to death all the French on board, erected a battery with the guns which they had taken, and thus commanded the navigation of the river. With the ammunition thus obtained, they resisted the attack of the enemy in a village with a mud fortress; it was in vain to batter this fortress, the bullets merely past through the walls without doing any other hurt to it:—the village was set on fire, and though the fortress was separated from the burning houses, the walls became heated like an oven, and the besieged suffered the most intolerable pains of heat and thirst. One of their magazines blew up, and the flames then extended in every direction. They were without water, but they were seen extinguishing the fire with their feet and hands, and even rolling upon it in hope of smothering it with their bodies. 'Black and naked,' says Denon, 'they were seen running through the flames, and resembling so many devils in hell.' During this tremendous scene there were intervals of tranquillity, and then a solitary voice was heard; it was that of their sheik, who was wholly employed in prayer, and in exhorting them to fight for their faith: and these Mahommedans, amid their torments, answered him with hymns and shouts, and then rushed out against the enemy. About thirty cut their way through. During the night the French kept up two blazing fires against the walls as a safer expedient than storming them, and in the morning they entered, and put to the sword those who, notwithstanding they were half roasted alive, still offered resistance! This success cost the French 150 men, a seventh of their whole number; and it reduced them to their last box of cartridges, when they were 150 leagues from Cairo, where, as the loss of the flotilla was not known, it was not supposed that they were in want of supplies. Had the enemy known their situation, or had the Mamelukes been as enterprizing as their allies from Mecca, this division of the French army would have been destroyed.

General Belliard commanded the French in this last dreadful action. Denon represents him as an enlightened, amiable, and honourable man,—'so are they all—all honourable men!' But General Belliard has other blood upon his soul than that which he shed in war; he was governor of Madrid under Murat, and therefore deeply implicated in the military murders which were committed after the insurrection of the 2d of May,—murders scarcely less atrocious than those of Fouché and Carrier during the high frenzy fit of the French revolution. Desaix did not live long enough to damn himself by such systematic acts of atrocity as marked these wretches of the Egyptian school, or Ney, Massena, Soult, Suchet,

Suchet, and the other worthies of Buonaparte's army. Denon says that his mild and unvarying equity obtained for him the title of the Just. 'How many wise ideas,' says he, 'on civil government and philanthropy, suggested themselves to his mind, when the sound of the trumpet and the roll of the drum ceased to give him the fever of war!' And he represents him as moralising and philosophising on the borders of the desert, and asking the artists if the scene before them was not an error of nature, 'as if Providence, having provided abundantly for the necessities of the rest of the world, had stopt here for want of materials!' It is some presumption in favour of Desaix that Buonaparte, who can have no sympathy with any thing that approaches to good, is known to have disliked him; but the conduct of his troops in this expedition must weigh heavier against him in the scale; nor does it avail to say that he could neither prevent nor punish their excesses; a man of real goodness would not have placed himself in a situation where he was compelled to sanction such abominations. It is said that in this attempt to conquer Upper Egypt, 40,000 of the inhabitants were slain. No efforts were spared for effecting this conquest. Desaix fortified Syene, and, Frenchman-like, inscribed the termination of the march of the French through Egypt on a granite rock beyond the Cataracts: coffee-houses were established here, in which the officers gambled with cards manufactured upon the spot, and the soldiers, with a gaiety equally characteristic, set up a mile-stone with the inscription, *Route de Paris, No. onze cent, soixante sept milles trois cents quarante.* Gantheaume was ordered to fit out an expedition from Suez against Cosseir, occupy that port, and establish if possible a communication between Desaix and the towns of Yambo, Jedda, and Mocha. The latter part of the plan failed because the Arabians were not to be deceived by the professions of Buonaparte; and the attempt against Cosseir failed also; but that fort some time afterwards was taken possession of by General Belliard. Murad meantime, taught by experience, kept up a desultory war; the ability which he displayed in these trying circumstances established his ascendancy over the other Beys; his power among the Mamelukes was never so absolute as when he was struggling with this formidable foe; and the French were finally glad to compound with him by a treaty, which left him master of great part of Upper Egypt.

M. Miot asserts that Buonaparte undertook the expedition on an assurance that Talleyrand would be sent to Constantinople, and obtain the Porte's consent to the seizure of Egypt. Talleyrand, he says, was too wise to undertake such an embassy, and it is not easy to believe that Buonaparte could expect any such negociation to succeed. Be that as it may, it was not long before he learnt that the Turks were preparing to act against him. Ibrahim Bey, with

with a force of Mamelukes which he had learnt not to despise, had retreated into Syria, and Djezzar, the pacha of Acre, had taken possession of the fort of El Arish on the frontier. Buonaparte resolved upon entering Syria that he might break up Ibrahim's force, punish Djezzar, and meet the Turkish army half way on their line of march. He had another and not less powerful motive: Syria was a fertile country, as yet unravaged, and Damascus one of the wealthiest cities of the Levant. He took with him about 12,500 men, consisting of four divisions of infantry under Generals Kleber, Regnier, Lasnes, and Bon. Murat commanded the cavalry, amounting to 800, Daumartin the artillery, Caffarelli the engineers. Buonaparte had mounted a detachment upon dromedaries for this expedition; their patience of heat and thirst he thought would render them peculiarly serviceable. *C'étoit une idée heureuse que celle de rendre propres à la guerre ces animaux sobres et légers*, says M. Miot. They who reflect as they ought upon the qualities with which the camel is endowed, and the purposes for which it is so evidently destined, will not easily admit the happiness of the idea. The patience, the gentleness, the docility of this animal had hitherto sanctified it to the uses of commerce and of peace. Buonaparte is the first person who ever desecrated the nature of the camel, without which the desert would be impassable, by training it to war. A treatise was once written to prove that the sun is the place of punishment, and that its light proceeds from that fire in which the sinful are everlastingly tormented;—it may be said of the camel corps as of this hypothesis, that the genius of the inventor was less remarkable than the hardness of his heart. M. Larrey, in a better spirit, devised means of carrying the wounded in panniers, one on each side the camel's hunch, so suspended as to give the least possible motion, and so constructed as to allow the sufferer in case of necessity to be laid in them at length; fifty camels were assigned for this service; but no sooner had they reached the frontiers, than with that inhumanity which characterised the whole expedition, they were seized for the transport service, and the hospital was left to shift as it could. Dugua was left at Cairo with the command in chief, Desaix in Upper Egypt, and Marmont at Alexandria, because of his thorough knowledge of artillery and engineering. Rear-admiral Pérée was ordered to embark some battering guns at Alexandria, and co-operate with the army upon the coast of Syria.

Regnier's division formed the advanced-guard, and laid siege to El Arish, an old square castle in a miserable town, unprovided with artillery, and garrisoned by Arnauts and Maugrebins, who confided in the support of Djezzar's cavalry, and of Ibrahim Bey. In reconnoitring the town he had no less than 300 men wounded; this loss

loss made him more cautious, and he contented himself with blockading the fort till, on the fifth day, he was joined by Kleber and his division. During this time the Mamelukes encamped within half a league of the enemy, in a good position, behind a ravine; and there they suffered themselves to be surprised on the following night. This was on the 14th February; on the 17th, Buonaparte arrived, and being joined that day by the other divisions and the artillery, the whole Syrian army was now before El Arish. On the march from Salehieh the soldiers had suffered much, and were in a state of mind which the slightest opposition would have made mutinous. The civil part of the army being on horse did not venture to approach the columns, for the men murmured if they saw any persons suffering less than themselves; they seized the water-skins from the general's camels, and it would have been not less dangerous than useless to attempt to restrain them. On the morning after his arrival Buonaparte took the command of the siege in person, and began to batter the castle with his field-pieces; the walls had been well built, and the bullets glancing from them killed several men in the French camp. On the 20th, however, the garrison surrendered after a defence in which Berthier says they had displayed much barbarous courage, and infinitely more skill than could have been expected from such a rabble. M. Miot says that on being summoned they luckily laid down their arms. A longer resistance would greatly have embarrassed Buonaparte; provisions were already failing, and it would soon have become equally difficult to advance or to retire. The soldiers cut down the palm trees for the sake of their tops, and camels and horses were killed for the sick. It rained incessantly during the siege; the troops were delighted with the first watering, but they soon began to curse the rain as heartily as they had the burning skies of Egypt. The wounded suffered severely from the weather; it was impossible to shelter them, and many in consequence were attacked with tetanos, which in every instance proved fatal.

Before the army set out upon this expedition the plague had broken out at Damietta, Mansoura, and Alexandria; and one soldier had decidedly died of it at Cairo. The troops carried this disease with them, unknown to themselves, and before they reached El Arish four cases occurred. They found it also in that place. Among some sick and wounded who were lying there in a dungeon, without light or fresh air, upon rotten mats, covered with vermin, their wounds naked, gangrened and full of maggots, were some with every symptom of plague. Every possible precaution was taken to prevent the evil from spreading; the dead bodies with which the courts of the fort were filled, were buried in the trenches; every thing which could contain the infection was burnt; fires were kindled

kindled in every apartment, and the whole building cleaned and white limed; after which it was garrisoned, and the wounded were left there, this place being considered as the key of Egypt on the Syrian side. From hence they marched for Kan Jounes, the first village in Palestine. Kleber's division led the way, and after a forced march of nine leagues found itself, upon shifting sands, only two leagues from the place whence it had set off: this error or treachery cost the guide his life. The other divisions followed his track, and for eight and forty hours suffered dreadfully from heat and want of water. Buonaparte meantime and his staff, having better guides, set out for Kan Jounes, thinking to find the army there; to his astonishment and imminent danger he found the Mamelukes instead, who had retreated there after their dispersion at El Arish. Had they at that moment been commanded by an able leader, Buonaparte must have been destroyed, and might still have left a doubtful character in history. He had no other force with him than a detachment of dromedaries; they halted, while he retired to Santes three leagues into the desert, and the enemy, instead of reconnoitring his force, took panic and fled. *Il faut croire au fatalisme*, says M. Miot!

When the army was once more united they advanced to Gaza: the Mamelukes disappeared as they approached, and left behind them ample magazines in the fort. Had it not been for this gross folly of the enemy, Buonaparte could not have provisioned his troops in Syria. By sea it was impossible to supply them because of the English, and to bring convoys across the desert from Egypt was not more practicable. Berthier says that the inhabitants, having sent out deputies to treat with the French, were treated as friends. The Commissary affords a happy commentary upon this passage, to shew in what manner the French treat their friends—they cut down fruit trees, tore down the doors, and pulled down the houses for fuel. He himself was taken with a fit of sentiment at the thoughts of the holy ground which was now so near; and exulting in his superiority over the ignorant crowd who cared not upon what ground they trod, he exclaims, *Qu'il m'eût semblé beau de parcourir Jérusalem avec le Bible, et de chanter le Tasse sur ses murailles renversées!*—More provisions were found at Ramlah and on the 4th March Jaffa was invested.

This town stands on a little eminence, the declivity of which is such that the houses appear above each other like seats in an amphitheatre, and the streets are paved in steps. A small citadel on the summit commanded the town; a wall about twelve or fourteen feet high, and two or three feet thick, surrounded the bottom of the hill. It was without rampart or ditch, and only distinguishable by its battlements from a common garden wall. The government at this

this time was favourable to industry, and the population was increasing—it was estimated at from 6 to 7000.

Having reconnoitred the town, Buonaparte opened his trenches during the night, and constructed four batteries; he then sent a summons to the commander, beginning, 'God is clement and merciful;' and saying that his heart was affected at the evils which the city must endure if taken by assault, and therefore he offered safety to the garrison and protection to the inhabitants if they would submit. Djezzar had placed a strong garrison there, consisting, according to Berthier, of about 1200 Turkish gunners, and 2500 Maugrabins and Arnauts; the summons was sent by a Turk, and the commandant, receiving it *à la Turque*, cut off the messenger's head. A breach was made in less than four hours, and the place was presently carried by storm. Berthier says the garrison were put to the sword, as they refused to surrender. Larrey chuses rather dexterously to insinuate the same falsehood than thus roundly to assert it. '*Je me dispenserai*,' he says, '*de parler des suites horribles qu' entraine ordinairement l'assaut d'une place. J'ai été le triste témoin de celui de Jaffa, où l'on entra le 7 Mars, après un combat opiniâtre de plusieurs heures.*' The events which followed the capture of Jaffa were not *ordinary* ones, M. Larrey! But before we proceed to that event which distinguishes this siege from all others in modern history, and in European warfare, let us hear Miot's account of what was *selon les règles*.

'The soldier,' says he, 'abandons himself to all the fury which an assault authorises. He strikes, he slays, nothing can impede him; every where the love of glory,—let us venture to say the desire of pillage,—makes him brave danger, and forget even wounds, of which the pain is not felt till the end of the combat. All the horrors which accompany the capture of a town by storm are repeated in every street, in every house. You hear the cries of a violated girl, calling in vain for help to a mother whom they are outraging in like manner,—to a father whom they are butchering! No asylum is respected. The blood streams on every side; at every step you meet with human beings groaning and expiring. What can restrain the soldier in such a moment?—satiety, or rather weariness, and the necessity of securing his plunder!'

Miot was ordered by General Berthier to take a detachment of carabineers and remove the wounded—the carabineers all left him and ran to the spoil. The breach through which he entered had been made in an old tower; a young grenadier, who had been shot through the breast, was lying in the door-way which opened into it, and Miot was about to remove him into a corner of the tower, when a Frenchman, leading away a horse which he had seized in the plunder, came to the spot: the horse shrunk from trampling upon the wounded man who lay before him; but the soldier, regardless

less of the supplications and lifted arms of his comrade, and mocking at M. Miot who displayed, as he tells us, on this occasion *une sensibilité bien ridicule* in a town taken by assault, forced the horse over the living body of his countryman, and was followed by a troop of spoilers as brutal as himself.

The greater part of the garrison had retired into one of the forts and into the mosques. They laid down their arms; the Egyptians were separated, and the remainder, consisting of Turks, Maugrabins and Arnauts, from 3 to 4000 in number, were placed under a strong guard. This was on the 6th March. The French commissary (M. Miot, whose narrative we are now following) distributed biscuit to them, and vessels were given them, in which they were allowed to fetch water for themselves, going in detachments and under an escort. On the 8th, Buonaparte addressed a proclamation to the inhabitants of the provinces of Gaza, Ramlah, and Jaffa, beginning, as usual, God is clement and merciful; and asking by what right Djezzar Pacha had extended his authority over them, by what right he had sent troops to El Arish, and thereby invaded the territory of Egypt,—a question which came as fitly from Buonaparte as the names of God and of mercy. 'It is good for you to know,' he continued, 'that all human efforts are unavailing against me, for all that I undertake must succeed. They who declare themselves my friends will prosper, they who declare themselves my enemies must perish. The examples of Jaffa and Gaza ought to convince you that if I am terrible to my enemies, I am also good to my friends, and, above all, clement and merciful towards the poor people.' In the same strain he addressed a proclamation to the Sheiks, Ulemas, and commandants of Jerusalem. He wrote also to Djezzar: 'The provinces of Gaza, Ramlah and Jaffa are in my power. I have treated with generosity those of your troops who placed themselves at my discretion; I have been severe towards those who have violated the rights of war. I shall march in a few days against Acre. But wherefore should I deprive an old man whom I know not of some years of life? What are a few leagues more of territory on the side of a country which I have conquered? Since God gives me the victory, I wish, after his example, to be clement and merciful not only toward the people, but also toward the great. Be then my friend, be the enemy of the Mamelukes and the English, and I will do you as much good as I have done evil, and as I am still able to do.'

We come now to the conduct of Buonaparte toward the prisoners at Jaffa—of that Buonaparte, who, at the very moment when he was thus professing *to be clement and merciful after the example of God,* resolved upon the deliberate murder of his prisoners! Dr. Clarke in his Travels has endeavoured to acquit Buonaparte

Buonaparte of this infernal act, upon the ground that when he himself was at Jaffa he did not hear the story. And in Dr. Rees's Cyclopædia, among the instances of memorable assaults in latter times, it is said, 'the storming of Jaffa by Buonaparte, the garrison of which place, 3500 strong, was nearly extirpated, presents a striking and frightful picture of Turkish obstinacy.' This assault, however, as has been seen, was distinguished by nothing remarkable; and it is not the obstinacy of the Turks which makes the after-picture frightful!

M. Miot could not venture, in his first edition, to describe the massacre, or call it by its true name; his description, however, cautious as it necessarily was, would alone have confirmed Sir Robert Wilson's account.

'How difficult it is,' he says, 'to restrain the soldiers under such circumstances! The garrison were put to the edge of the sword. They had the payment which they promised us when they sallied with bags in their hands to carry the heads of the wretches whose lot it might be to fall. Nothing would have saved us from death; the garrison therefore must have expected to receive it, and its resignation was stern and noble. No tears—no cries: an old man made himself be buried alive in the sands of the sea; every one performed his ablution before he died, and with dry eyes, giving and receiving an eternal farewel, appeared to defy death, and to say, I quit this world to go and enjoy lasting happiness with Mahommed. Here it is that we see the strength which religion or fanaticism can give in the last moments.'

This account, published as it was at Paris in 1804, would decisively prove that the garrison were not put to the sword in the assault, but deliberately drawn out and murdered afterwards.

But let us hear what the same writer says when he no longer feared to declare the whole truth.

'Here it is that I must make a most painful recital. The frankness, I will venture to say the candour, which may be observed in these Memoirs, make it a duty that I should not pass over in silence the event which I am about to relate, and of which I was witness. If I have pledged myself in writing this work not to judge the actions of the man who will be judged by posterity, I have also pledged myself to reveal every-thing which may enlighten opinion concerning him. It is just therefore that I should repeat the motives which were enforced at the time, to authorize a determination so cruel as that which decided the fate of the prisoners at Jaffa. Behold then the considerations which seem to have provoked it. The army, already weakened by its loss at the sieges of El Arish and of Jaffa,* was still more so by diseases, whose ravages became from day to day more alarming. It had great

* The loss here was not great. Larrey says about 30 were wounded during the siege, and 242 in the assault. The losses then, which had been already sustained, could not have weighed much in the scale.

 difficulties

difficulties in maintaining itself, and the soldier rarely received his full ration. This difficulty of subsistence would augment in consequence of the evil disposition of the inhabitants towards us. To feed the Jaffa prisoners while we kept them with us, was not only to increase our wants, but also constantly to encumber our own movements; to confine them at Jaffa would, without removing the first inconvenience, have created another—the possibility of a revolt, considering the small force that could have been left to garrison the place; to send them into Egypt would have been obliging ourselves to dismiss a considerable detachment, which would greatly reduce the force of the expedition; to set them at liberty upon their parole, notwithstanding all the engagements into which they could have entered, would have been sending them to increase the strength of our enemies, and particularly the garrison of St. John d'Acre; for Djezzar was not a man to respect promises made by his soldiers, men also little religious themselves as to a point of honour of which they knew not the force. There remained then only one course which reconciled every thing: it was a frightful one; however it appears to have been believed to be necessary.

'On the 20 Ventose, (March 10,) in the afternoon, the Jaffa prisoners were put in motion in the midst of a vast square battalion formed by the troops of General Bon's division. A dark rumour of the fate which was prepared for them, determined me, as well as many other persons, to mount on horseback, and follow this silent column of victims, to satisfy myself whether what had been told me was well founded. The Turks, marching pell-mell, already foresaw their fate; they shed no tears; they uttered no cries; they were resigned. Some, who were wounded, and could not march so fast as the rest, were bayonetted on the way. Some others went about the crowd, and appeared to be giving salutary advice in this imminent danger. Perhaps the boldest might have thought that it would not be impossible for them to break through the battalion which surrounded them: perhaps they hoped that in dispersing themselves over the plains which they were crossing, a certain number might escape death. Every means had been taken to prevent this, and the Turks made no attempt to escape. Having reached the sand-hills to the south west of Jaffa they were halted near a pool of stagnant and dirty water. Then the officer who commanded the troops had the mass divided into small bodies, and these being led to many different parts were there fusilladed. This horrible operation required much time, notwithstanding the number of troops employed in this dreadful sacrifice: I owe it to these troops to declare that they did not without extreme repugnance submit to the abominable service which was required from their victorious hands. There was a group of prisoners near the pool of water, among whom were some old chiefs of a noble and resolute courage, and one young man whose courage was dreadfully shaken. At so tender an age he must have believed himself innocent, and that feeling hurried him on to an action which appeared to shock those about him. He threw himself at the feet of the horse which the chief of the French troops rode, and embraced the knees of that officer, imploring him to spare his life, and exclaiming, Of what am

am I guilty? What evil have I done? His tears, his affecting cries were unavailing; they could not change the fatal sentence pronounced upon his lot. With the exception of this young man, all the other Turks made their ablutions calmly in the stagnant water of which I have spoken, then taking each other's hand, after having laid it upon the heart and the lips, according to the manner of salutation, they gave and received an eternal adieu. Their courageous spirits appeared to defy death; you saw in their tranquillity the confidence which in these last moments was inspired by their religion, and the hope of a happy hereafter. They seemed to say, I quit this world to go and enjoy with Mahommed a lasting happiness. Thus the reward after this life which the Koran promises supported the Mussulman, conquered indeed, but still proud in his adversity.

'I saw a respectable old man whose tone and manners announced a superior rank. I saw him coolly order a hole to be made before him in the loose sand, deep enough to bury him alive; doubtless he did not chuse to die by any other hands than those of his own people: within this protecting and dolorous grave he laid himself upon his back; and his comrades addressing their supplicatory prayers to God, covered him presently with sand, and trampled afterwards upon the soil which served him for a winding sheet, probably with the idea of accelerating the end of his sufferings. This spectacle, which makes my heart palpitate, and which I paint but too feebly, took place during the execution of the parties distributed about the sand hills. At length there remained no more of all the prisoners than those who were placed near the pool of water. Our soldiers had exhausted their cartridges; and it was necessary to destroy them with the bayonet and the sword. I could not support this horrible sight, but hastened away, pale and almost fainting. Some officers informed me in the evening that these unhappy men, yielding to that irresistible impulse of nature which makes us shrink from death even when we have no longer a hope of escaping it, strove to get one behind another, and received in their limbs, the blows aimed at the heart, which would at once have terminated their wretched lives. Then was there formed, since it must be related, a dreadful pyramid of the dead and of the dying streaming with blood, and it was necessary to drag away the bodies of those who had already expired, in order to finish the wretches who, under cover of this frightful and shocking rampart, had not yet been reached. This picture is exact and faithful; and the recollection makes my hand tremble, though the whole horror is not described.'

When the first account of this massacre was published by Sir Robert Wilson, many persons doubted and not a few disbelieved it. They thought it too monstrous to be possible; and they were strengthened in this incredulity by remembering that when the National Convention past a decree for refusing quarter to the British and Hanoverians, the armies had refused to obey it. Buonaparte, who made this publication of Sir Robert Wilson's one of his complaints against the English government, is now known,

 during

during his retirement at Elba, to have admitted both the atrocious acts of which that officer in so manly a manner accused him, and to have justified them by necessity,—the devil's plea. Sir Robert, like M. Miot, makes an excuse for the soldiers who were employed in this accursed service. 'There would be a want of generosity,' he says, 'in naming individuals, and branding them to the latest posterity with infamy for obeying a command, when their submission became an act of necessity, since the whole army did not mutiny against the execution.' He adds that Kleber remonstrated against it in the most strenuous manner; that Bonn, whose division was made to commit the butchery, was absent; that the officer who commanded in his absence refused to execute the order, till Buonaparte sent Berthier to enforce obedience; and that several French officers, from whom his information was partly derived, declared the recollection of this massacre tormented them; that, accustomed as they had been to sights of cruelty, they could not look back upon it without horror. It is indeed certain that whatever guilt may attach to the instruments in this massacre, is primarily and exclusively derived from Buonaparte himself; Buonaparte who, at the very time when he was resolving upon the massacre, issued proclamations in which he professed to be *clement and merciful after the example of God!* There are deeds of so black a criminality as to be beyond all earthly redemption; 'and this is of them.' Had the after-actions of Buonaparte been as good as they have been evil, the massacre of Jaffa would have left upon his memory a stain of ineffaceable guilt, an infamy which no series of victories, no glory, no power or dominion, no lapse of ages could obliterate:—the deed could never have been *undone*.

τῶν δὲ πεπραγμένων,
Ἐν δίκᾳ τε καὶ παρὰ δίκαν
Ἀποίητον οὐδ᾽ ἂν
Χρόνος, ο πάντων πατὴρ,
Δυναιτο θεμεν ἔργων τέλος.—*Pindar. Olymp.* 2.

But so far has Buonaparte been from imitating the example of Augustus, and seeking, by the use of imperial power, to win from the minds of men (too easily won in such cases) an amnesty for past offences, that the massacre at Jaffa is forgotten because he has overshadowed it by huger crimes. They who call to mind the devastation which he has spread over the whole extent of Europe, from Lisbon to Mosco, can feel no additional indignation, no deeper abhorrence for this incarnation of the Evil Principle, when they think of his deeds in Syria and Egypt. Since the peace of Amiens, more than four millions of human beings have been sacrificed to the personal ambition of Napoleon Buonaparte; and how slight a portion of the great aggregate of misery whereof he has been

been author and sole main-spring, does even this statement represent! In his history, the murder of more than 3000 men in cold blood, deliberately resolved on, and deliberately executed, will be treated by his historians as it is by himself—as a mere trifle, an event scarcely worthy of mention. The spot is lost in the confluent eruption of his enormities.

But in the history of the French army the event is of more importance. From that hour the character of that army was irremediably fixed; like Macbeth

> they were in
> So deep in blood, that sin must pluck on sin.

The sense of honour and of self-respect was from that hour for ever lost; after such a deed, they became what South calls hell-and-damnation proof; it was an infernal sacrament by which their leader baptized them in blood, to be fit servants of himself and children of reprobation. From this school his generals, his dukes, and his marshals have proceeded—Murat, Junot, Lasnes, Savary, Belliard, Davoust, &c. The character there acquired was communicated to the whole French army, and it can now no longer be doubted that there can be no peace for Europe while such an army continues to exist in the centre of civilized society.

Buonaparte did not advance from Jaffa till four days after the massacre, though the unburied bodies of his victims lay reeking under his nostrils. The number is stated by Sir Robert Wilson at 3800. Miot thinks there were not quite so many; Berthier says the garrison who were put to the sword were about 3700; a few hundred more or less signify little in this account. The French inclined to the right on their way, for the purpose of dispersing some Nauplasian and Damascan troops, who were on this occasion too prudent to expose themselves to any serious loss. In one affair they compelled the invaders to retreat, and wounded General Damas dangerously; and in another, Lasnes's division suffered more injury than it inflicted. This was a severe march for the cattle of the camp, especially for the camels, animals whom nature has destined for a level* country and a sandy soil, and who were over-worked in a clayey country, among mountains, and in a season of heavy rains. On the 16th, Kleber took possession of Caiffa without resistance, and here also the Turks, with their usual imprudence, left a considerable quantity of rice and biscuit. A garrison was left here under Lambert, chief of the dromedary squadron. This was a point of considerable importance: but Buonaparte had no hold upon Syria unless he made himself master of

* The Arabs have a saying that if you ask the camel which he likes best, up hill, or down, he will reply, God's curse light upon both.

Acre, for the rice, which is the staple food of the inhabitants, is all brought to that port. The ports of that country, whose merchants were once princes, have been injured by design, as well as by long neglect, and the course of nature. The Emir Fakreddin, whose name was so well known in the early part of the last century, blocked up as far as he could all the harbours from Bairout to Acre, in order to prevent the Turks from entering them; he did this by sinking boats and stones in them. Something had probably been done to remove these obstructions at Acre, and the port, though bad, was the best upon the coast. There is better anchorage at Caiffa, but ships are exposed there to a prevailing north-west wind, from which at Acre they are sheltered by the town itself. And here Buonaparte beheld that sight which of all others he abhorred and dreaded most—the British flag upon the seas. Sir Sidney Smith, with the Tigre and the Theseus, was in the road. Already he trembled for his expected battering-train; but never having yet encountered the English upon shore, he little expected the loss and humiliation which awaited him before the walls of Acre.

'The fortifications of this town,' says Volney, 'though more frequently repaired than any others in all Syria, are of no importance; there are only a few wretched low towers near the port, on which cannon are mounted, but these rusty iron pieces are so bad, that some of them burst every time they are fired. Its defence on the land side is only a mere garden wall without any ditch.' Upon Volney the French would rely as the latest and most judicious authority; and though they might now suspect that neither guns nor gunners would be wanting, still they thought it impossible that such old and imperfect works could offer any effectual or even serious resistance. Buonaparte believed and said that the siege would be of short duration, and would terminate as brilliantly as that of Jaffa. Acre had been so often and so obstinately besieged, that perhaps so much blood has never been shed before any other city. Arms which were used during the Crusades, are still preserved in some of its towers; and stone balls of more than a foot in diameter, which had been employed in former sieges, were lying in such numbers about the fields, that Djezzar might have collected them for service if he had had any artillery of sufficient calibre. On the 18th, Buonaparte led his army to an eminence which commanded the town, at the distance of a mile. 'And here,' says Berthier, 'may be said to have commenced one of the most memorable irregular sieges in modern history.' Djezzar had thrown up some intrenchments upon the ground, which he abandoned when the enemy approached; but the French did not long remain there; a shell which fell in the midst of Bon's division, and killed an officer and two subalterns, made them hastily remove to encamp behind a little hill

which

which ran almost parallel with the shore. The town stands upon a projecting neck of land, so that three parts of the ramparts were washed by the sea; on the fourth a deep fosse had been made. Where the ramparts front the enemy, they presented the angle of a square, and were terminated by an old tower, which commanded them. This tower was regarded as the essential point of attack, and Buonaparte began to batter it with three twelve pounders, 'his usual impatience,' says M. Miot, 'not allowing him to wait for the heavy artillery from Alexandria.' In this haste, and in this confidence, he began his operations, without any of those precautions which a protracted siege requires; but the soldiers, who apprehended the resistance which they were about to find more readily than their general, made quarters for themselves by digging dens or cabins in the ground, which they lined with boughs. The brook Kedron gave them water on the left, another stream, called Tanous, on the right; but these waters proved exceedingly unwholesome; Larrey says that they hold in suspension and perhaps in solution a great quantity of silex, and that therefore they caused violent colics and diarrheas, and disposed the system to putrid and nervous fevers. It is the silex which these streams deposit that has long rendered this coast famous; for here, according to Pliny, the art of making glass was accidentally discovered; and the Venetians, when their glass manufactures were the most flourishing in Europe, came here for the sand. As soon as the injurious quality of the streams was perceived, the troops had recourse to the aqueduct which supplied the town.

The English ships had been standing out to sea when Buonaparte saw them; on the 22d they reappeared, and approached the town with some caution, fearing that the French might have obtained possession of it; but having ascertained the real state of things they anchored to the left of the town. On the following day a boat's crew was cut off in an attempt upon Caiffa. M. Miot repeats in both editions of his work that all the crew were drunk; but he suppresses in the second the wit of his countrymen upon Sir Sidney Smith and the rum bottles, and the bravery with which he and Admiral Gantheaume and M. Daure *pistoladed* the English gunboats along the shore from Caiffa to the camp! Meantime these drunken English, whom the Messieurs on shore thought they might defy so safely, had intercepted the heavy artillery. The field-pieces sufficed to make a breach in the tower on the 28th, and the Adjutant-General Mailly was ordered to mount the breach at the head of his grenadiers. The evening before the assault Miot found him smoking his pipe and pensively looking at the town; on being asked why he was so melancholy, he replied that he had in his pocket what was either his brevet as chef d'escadron or his death-warrant. The

guns

guns of the tower were soon dismantled, the rubbish seemed to afford as easy an entrance as at Jaffa, and a mine was sprung under the scarp. A deep fosse did not impede the soldiers; ladders were at hand, and though the breach was still eight or ten feet above them, some of them reached the glacis, Mailly leading the way. For a moment it is said the Turks were panic-stricken, and fled; but Djezzar himself rallied them, and discharging two pistol shots at the assailants, demanded of his people if they feared a flying enemy? Stones and grenades and combustibles were now thrown down from the parapet, and Mailly soon perceived that what he carried with him was his death-warrant. He received a shot which disabled him from walking, and requested a grenadier to bear him off upon his back; the man consented, but finding that in thus attempting to save his officer he was exposing himself to certain death, he threw down his unhappy burthen, who was presently beheaded by the Turks, according to their custom: had their practice of war been more humane the conquerors of Jaffa had no right to expect quarter. A sentence of M. Miot's implies that they themselves gave none at Acre: he says, *fusiller les ennemis qui tombaient entre nos mains, c'étoit sacrifier aux mânes irritées de nos camarades.*

The Syrians seem to have wished that the French might succeed in this invasion; Djezzar was feared by all his subjects, and hated by many of them; this butcher (for such is the interpretation of the name by which he was generally known) maintained good order in his pachalik, but the Druses whom he had humbled, the Matouales whom he had almost destroyed, and the son of Daher upon whose ruins he had risen, rejoiced in the hopes of his overthrow. The French, therefore, were well supplied, and had timely notice of all the movements which were preparing against them beyond the river Jordan. Murat was sent to make a reconnoissance on that side. Miot accompanied him, and became very intimate with the general, of whom he gives some characteristic traits. It was his custom, even when on an advanced post, always to undress himself and sleep in sheets. 'If the enemy should surprise us,' said Miot, 'what would you do?' '*Hé bien!*' replied Murat, 'I would mount on horseback in my shirt, and I should be the better distinguished in the dark.' This anecdote well marks the intrepidity of a man, who shrinks as little from crimes as from danger. M. Miot describes their journey as a pleasant excursion; the weather was fine, the country beautiful, *nous faisions notre route fort gaiement. Notre besoin le plus pressant étoit toujours de parler de la France et des femmes.*—True Frenchmen! There being no appearance of a British army, Murat returned to the coast. A garrison was left at Saffet, and another under Junot occupied Nazareth.

zareth. Tidings soon came from both these points that some of the Turks had crossed the Jordan by the two bridges of Jacoub and Djedz-el-Makanie, and that they were forming magazines at Tiberias. It was supposed that they meant to attack the French in their rear, while Djezzar at the same time should sally. To disconcert this plan, Kleber was sent with his division to support Junot, and Murat with a thousand foot, a company of dragoons, and a single field-piece, returned to the river, with the double hope of stopping the troops from Damascus, and cutting off the retreat of those whom Kleber should put to flight. Murat had an easy service: he routed part of the army of Damascus with so little resistance that he had only a horse wounded, got possession of the bridge of Jacoub, and took all the tents, baggage and stores of the enemy, to the great delight of the soldiers, who spent the night in feasting upon the sweetmeats of Damascus, and the other luxuries which were found among the spoil, and in dancing by the light of the fires in which they consumed whatever they could not carry away. Kleber's task was more arduous; he sent to inform Buonaparte that the enemy in great strength had advanced into the plain of Esdron, and that he was preparing to attack them. Immediately Buonaparte set out to join him, with Bon's division, leaving the divisions of Regnier and Lasnes to continue the siege.

It was on the 15th that he began his march, and on the following morning, having gained the heights from whence Fouli and Mount Tabor might be seen, he perceived that Kleber was actually engaged at the distance of about eight miles; according to Berthier, this able general, having formed his troops into two square columns and stationed them among some ruins, was keeping his ground against the repeated charges of 25,000 cavalry, and repelling them by musketry, grape-shot, and the bayonet. Kleber's military character stands in no need of exaggeration to exalt it. M. Miot says that the enemy's army appeared like a great motley population without either order or aim; that while some were fighting, others were feeding their horses, some smoking, some eating, some sleeping; that a general attack must have crushed Kleber's feeble force, but that they dared not venture upon it. Larrey's account is that Kleber was surrounded by swarms of all the different tribes of Syria; that his ammunition was almost exhausted, and that he was on the point of being overpowered by numbers. Upon the arrival of reinforcements this disorderly rabble was presently dispersed,—with how little difficulty, may be judged from the number of the wounded, which Larrey states at about a hundred, and this was the boasted battle of Esdron, in which, according to Berthier's report, an army of 25,000 cavalry and 10,000 infantry were routed by 4000 French, with the loss of 5000 men and all their magazines. The magazines, indeed,

indeed, were the only serious loss. 'From Mount Tabor,' says Berthier, 'orders were dispatched to all the different posts of the army of the East, to Tyre, Cæsarea, the cataracts of the Nile, the Pelusian mouths, Alexandria, the borders of the Red Sea, the ruins of Kolsam, and Arsinoe. So extensive were the operations of Buonaparte, that all these several places were occupied and garrisoned by his detachments.' How well have these men understood the shallow and frothy people whom they have duped so long! In the same spirit, Buonaparte, in the first of his late proclamations, when he called upon the French soldiers to rebel against their lawful sovereign, and involved their country again in the horrors of war from which it had so lately and so mercifully been delivered, reminded them that they had entered Madrid and Mosco, as if he, as well as the ruffians whom he addressed, had forgotten the crimes which they had committed in both places, and the shame with which they had been expelled from them! An expression of Larrey's respecting this expedition is worthy of notice; he says that Buonaparte was expected at Nazareth like a new Messiah!

The dispersion of this multitude secured the French for some time from any alarm on that side; it put them also in possession of abundant stores, and left them at leisure to direct their whole force against Acre. Rear-Admiral Perée was fortunate enough at this time to land some battering pieces at Jaffa, which were brought from thence with infinite difficulty. Never did any troops regard their artillery with more delight, or with greater confidence; the peasantry are said to have partaken in their joy, and while they were looking at these redoubted guns, to have exulted in the promised victory of the French, which was to punish Djezzar for his cruelties. Buonaparte at this time pointed to the place, and said to Murat, 'the fate of the East is in that paltry town; its fall is the object of my expedition, and Damascus will be the fruits.' M. Miot relates this, and other circumstances, on Murat's authority. He was now in that general's tent. Murat, being in the cavalry, had little to do, and lived as luxuriously as he could; the Commissary's account is characteristic and French:

'We rose between 6 and 7; *la toilette prenoit peu d'instans;* we breakfasted about 10, and the morning was consecrated to service. About noon we went to the camp to learn the news, or to pay visits; about three we returned, and dined between four and five, preserving the customs of our country. General Murat's table was in great request because of the wine which we had collected in our different incursions. After dinner we took Mocha coffee, and smoked Latakia tobacco, lying *al fresco* under the great tent which we had taken at the Jordan. It was not made like other tents; its walls did not touch the ground, and might be opened on different sides, so as to create a current of air while it shielded us from the sun; there we lay, our conversation almost always turned, as I have already said, upon women, pleasure, and France; these

these three were then synonimous with us, and one or other sufficed to chase away the idea of our disagreeable position. At evening we retired into the closed tent, and often during the night we had the majestic but afflicting spectacle of the fusillade which was going on under the walls of Acre; the shells which were traversing the air, and the fire-pans which the besieged every moment threw down the ramparts to throw light around the fort and preserve themselves from any surprise. At last, after having examined the interior of our dormitory to drive out the scorpions who introduced themselves there during the day, we both lay down in the sweet hope of seeing Acre taken, and our labours terminated.'

Murat, not being called upon to share in the dangers of the siege, was reserved to put in practice the Jaffa-lessons of his master at Madrid, and to bear a conspicuous part in the bloody scene which that master was preparing for Europe. But on no other occasion have Buonaparte's generals ever suffered so much as before the walls of Acre; his pride was wounded, his passions were excited, and men and officers were sacrificed with his usual and characteristic prodigality of human life. Kleber once said of this tyrant, before his character was fully developed, that he was a general of 10,000 men per week;—the expenditure has been far greater than this in some of his campaigns! Kleber said also after the first assault, that Acre would not be taken. A second had been made before the battle of Esdron, and a third a few days after it, in which General Veaux was wounded. The same tower was still the object of attack, and always with the same ill success. The engineers now began a new mine; Caffarelli, going to inspect it, leant his right arm upon the top of the trenches; the soldiers on guard begged him instantly to remove it, for they assured him that the enemy were alert in seeing and expert in aiming at the smallest mark which presented itself. The general did not attend to the warning, and presently his elbow, which was all that he exposed, was shattered. It was immediately amputated; this was the second limb which he had lost, and Larrey makes a singular remark upon the operation, saying, that he bore it with extreme courage, *et peut-être avec trop de concentration, car il ne proféra pas une seule parole.* He died on the nineteenth day after the amputation.

A heavy duty had by this time fallen upon the medical department. The first hospital was established in Djezzar's stable, being the only place where the patients could be sheltered from the weather. This shelter was almost the only advantage they possessed. They had indeed surgeons of consummate skill, but every thing else was wanting. They lay upon rushes, which could not be changed as often as was required: they had no other bedding; and wine, vinegar, and drugs, were very scarce, the ship which had the medical stores on board having been taken on its way to Egypt. Disease now began to prevail in the army: they were in a plain whose

whose slow or stagnant waters rendered it always unwholesome in hot weather; the trenches were almost full of putrid carcasses, whom it was impossible to bury, and they had brought with them the plague. While they remained at Jaffa, the mortality was from six to fifteen per day; and though all means were taken to keep the soldiers ignorant of the name of the disease which raged among them, the medical men affirming that it was not the plague, and exposing themselves with the utmost fearlessness, in proof of their assertions, the men were not deceived; and every one who felt a pain in the head or the groin immediately concluded that he was plague-struck. The ordinary course of the disease was from three to five days; if the patient recovered, the amendment took place towards the fourth. But sometimes its progress was more rapid. In these cases, there appeared no external symptom till at the moment of death, or a few moments afterwards, when the body was covered with gangrenous petechiæ. When the disease was thus violent, death was preceded by the most frightful changes. If the sufferer were on foot, he fell at once in strong convulsions and contortions; all his features were altered and deranged; the lips were drawn from each other and distorted: the tongue became swoln, and hung out; a thick and fetid saliva ran from the mouth; the nostrils were dilated, and there issued from them a copious, fetid, sanious discharge: the eyes were wide, fixed, and seemed starting from their sockets. The skin of the countenance was discoloured; the patient writhed, uttered some dolorous cries, and expired.

Few European generals would have begun an expedition, knowing that the plague was in the army. Buonaparte acted as if he were like the Turks, not merely convinced of the doctrine of fatalism, but influenced by it. But a contagious feeling, which he dreaded more, began to shew itself in the army, when repeated assaults had been made in vain. *Le moral du soldat s'affoiblissoit*, says M. Miot: and the officers themselves began to think that he was not infallible. It was observable that there were always more men to carry the wounded to the hospitals than were necessary. They were glad of this pretext to escape for a few hours, at least, from a destructive service, where the fire of the enemy mowed their comrades down, and where the pestilential stench of the dead perpetually reminded them of the lot which they themselves were perhaps so soon to share. Having been repeatedly defeated in his attempts upon the town, Buonaparte planted his guns against the curtain to the left of that fatal spot, and ordered another mine to be directed under the scarp: the mine was ready, but powder was wanting; and while this was expected from Jaffa, the besieged completely counterworked it. Baffled at this point, Buonaparte returned to the old breach, and made a fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth assault. In these assaults

assaults three colonels and two generals (Rambeau and Bon) were killed. Eugene Beauharnois, Lasnes, Duroc, and Arrighi were wounded; the latter had the external carotid divided at its separation from the internal, and its passage into the parotid. A gunner had presence of mind to put his finger upon the wound, and stop the hemorrhage, till Larrey came up, who by a well-applied bandage saved the patient; a result which he had not looked for, no other person having been known to recover from such a wound.

Kleber's division, which till now had remained at Nazareth, had been brought up to the last attacks. Buonaparte said, before their final attempt, *La Victoire est au plus opiniâtre;* and his characteristic obstinacy might perhaps have rid the world of its greatest curse, by putting an end at once to his projects and his crimes, if the men had not refused to mount the breach over the bodies of their unburied comrades. A Turkish squadron had arrived to reinforce the besieged; the multitude which he had dispersed in the boasted battle of Esdron were collecting once more, the Mamelukes in Egypt were taking advantage of his absence; to persevere in the attack would have been madness, and if retreat were longer delayed, it might be impracticable. 'The fortress of Acre,' says Berthier, 'did not appear inclined to surrender, and was not worth a further siege. A few days perseverance might have enabled us to take the Pacha in his palace; but Buonaparte could not spare the time!' But in breaking up a siege in which he had persisted with furious obstinacy for sixty days, Buonaparte, aware how easily men were deluded, addressed his army as if they had been victorious.

His retreat was marked with every kind of wanton devastation. 'The surrounding places,' says Berthier, 'presented a continual blaze of fire, as the columns executed the orders given to them.' But if Buonaparte was rigorous toward the Syrians, he was eminently humane toward the wounded of his own army—if M. Larrey could be believed upon any point which touches the reputation of the Emperor Napoleon. He affirms that all the wounded were sent off for Egypt, either during the siege, or at its termination; 800 crossing the desert, and 1200 going by sea, the greater part from Jaffa. *C'est au Général Buonaparte que ces honorables victimes durent principalement leur conservation, et la postérité ne verra pas sans admiration, parmi les vertus héroïques de ce grand homme, l'acte de la plus sensible humanité qu'il a exercé à leur égard.'* What then will posterity say if Sir Robert Wilson's charges on this point also should be confirmed, as they have been concerning the massacre at Jaffa?—'The total want of means of transport,' M. Larrey pursues, 'reduced all the wounded to the cruel alternative of being abandoned in our hospitals, and even in the desert, exposed to perish there by thirst or by famine, or to be butchered by the Arabs. General Buonaparte ordered that all the horses belonging

longing to the staff, without excepting his own, should be employed in transporting the wounded. In consequence, every demi-brigade having been charged with conveying those who belonged to it, all those brave fellows arrived in Egypt, and I had the satisfaction of not leaving a single man in Syria.' Nothing can be more explicit than this testimony. But M. Larrey is *Premier Chirurgien de la Garde et de l'Hopital de la Garde de S. M. I. et R. Baron de l'Empire, Commandant de la Légion d'Honneur, Chevalier de l'Ordre de la Couronne de Fer, &c. &c.* and upon this point, these honours must be allowed to invalidate his credit as a witness.

Let us hear M. Miot's evidence. He gives it thus in the year 1804.

'The two days which preceded the retreat of the army were employed in effecting the removal of our wounded. The generals, officers, and soldiers of every division furnished their camels, horses, and asses. Among the dragoons of my division, many were unable to mount themselves, and the ordonnateur en chef himself set an example of devotement, in lifting up soldiers who had the plague in his arms. Who could have withheld in this dreadful emergency, when our unhappy comrades must have perished had they been left? The generous conduct of Daure was imitated; it was moreover a sacred duty for us. Had not Buonaparte said, concerning the Ordonnateur Michaux, who had distinguished himself by his zeal amidst the ravages of the plague at Alexandria, that a zealous commissary who properly discharges his duty, deserves the title of the soldier's father? Why did this scourge occasion the death of only two of our comrades in Syria? Why did it spare me? What then is this strange epidemic which does not indiscriminately strike with death? In this manner the removal of those sick and wounded was made, who were in a state which enabled them in some degree to assist themselves. There came afterwards those who had only a doubtful existence, men in the delirium of the plague, attacked with tetanos, in fine, in the most hopeless condition. They were put upon the waggons; and others carried in litters by peasants retained for the purpose, but who often ran away upon the road, notwithstanding a rigorous guard. Our sick and wounded being once embarked at Tentoura, what could we have to fear for them? The English could not take them; for this would have introduced the mortality into their own ships. They therefore whom M. Smith's squadron met with on the coast of Syria were not disturbed on their passage. Where then is the strange necessity for poisoning our wounded? Was the situation of the army before Acre so critical, that its retreat between evening and morning was indispensable? And if the removal of our sick to Tentoura could not be accomplished by a certain day, could not Buonaparte remain in his position till the moment when the removal should be entirely completed? What an interest besides did these heroes who were mutilated at the siege of Acre inspire! men whose sufferings commanded our gratitude. All the alleviation possible under our circumstances was granted them. When an Englishman supposes an action so gratuitous as the poisoning of our wounded, does he not wish to make it forgotten that some of his nation were

were in Acre when Djezzar tied up some Christians in sacks and threw them into the sea? Does he not aim, by his discourses, to efface the shame of the hideous crime in which the English squadron was an accomplice? Does not M. Smith write to the camp that he alone commanded within the walls of Acre? And under his command, feeble Christians, guilty because of their religion, and without any other defence than innocence, were made to endure the most dreadful punishment!'

Bravo, Monsieur Miot!—you, who were an eye-witness of the proceedings at Jaffa, accuse the English and Sir Sidney Smith of being accomplices in Djezzar's cruelties; which you know they were no more able to prevent than yourself. You accuse the English of cruelty: you, who saw your countrymen deliberately butcher more than 3000 men, to whom you yourself as Commissary had distributed bread after they had surrendered! Bravo, Monsieur Miot! How is it that you failed of preferment under the Emperor Napoleon?—The charge which Djezzar brought against Sir Sidney Smith was of a very different nature: when he had made up his mind to put Sir Sidney Smith to death, if ever he had him again in his power, he said of him to Dr. Clarke,* 'I lent him my staff; (which was a warrant of authority;) and he released all my prisoners, many of whom were in my debt, and never paid me a *para*.' This was the real conduct of Sir Sidney Smith towards Djezzar's prisoners. The men who were strangled as partisans of the French, suffered before he landed, Djezzar well knowing that he would have interfered for their preservation. And when Sir Sidney, upon the retreat of the French, sailed for Jaffa, and cannonaded a body of the enemy filing into the town, the moment he perceived that it consisted of sick and wounded men, he ordered the firing to cease, and allowed the whole convoy to pass unmolested. This was the conduct of the English. But let us hear M. Miot in 1814, when he had learnt that 'Truth appertains to history.'

'Immediately all the War-Commissaries (this, it must be remembered, was his own department) received orders to remove to Tentoura the wounded of their divisions, from which they must take such means of transport as were required. But how difficult was it to procure them! I have already said that selfishness is the feeling which predominates in an army. The officers shewed little readiness to give up their horses; and to fulfil these instructions it was necessary to take away, by main force, the cattle of the sutlers and the asses of the soldiers, who could not make their property be respected, and who revenged themselves for the violence which was practised upon them by uttering a thousand reproaches. After all, these means were insufficient; for there were in our hospitals, and particularly in Mount Carmel, sick and wounded not in a state to perform the journey in any other manner than in a litter. The greater number were attacked with

* Travels, vol. ii. p. 374. Second Edition.

the plague, and their removal required at least eight men to relieve each other upon the road. I know that at the time of our departure the report ran that medicines, composed expressly to accelerate their end, were administered to the patients who were despaired of, in order, by a death thus adroitly prepared, to avoid that more cruel one which awaited them upon falling into the hands of the enemy. I know also, it was said, that, for the uncertain preservation of a single and plague-stricken subject, we must expose eight, or even twelve men to the almost inevitable effects of a scourge whose progress was so rapid. I was a witness to the horror which this fatal resolution inspired; a resolution which foresight might certainly have spared. Nevertheless it belongs to the rectitude of my feelings; it belongs to the frankness, to the simplicity with which I have hitherto related all that I saw, to declare that I have no other positive proofs of the poisoning our wounded, except the innumerable conversations which I heard in the army. But if that public voice must be believed, which is too often the organ of slow truth, which the powerful in vain may hope to stifle, it is a fact too well established that some of the wounded at Mount Carmel, and a great part of the sick in the hospital of Jaffa, perished by means of the medicines which were administered to them.'

Yet more proofs from M. Miot of the humanity of the French towards their comrades.

'At Tentoura I first saw the plague in its most frightful character. Our sick and wounded were brought here from the hospitals at Kerdanné and Mount Carmel. From Tentoura they were carried in small vessels to Jaffa, and from thence to Damietta. There were still in the cabins upon the shore some poor wretches who were waiting to be removed. Among them, a soldier was seized with the plague; and in the delirium, which sometimes accompanies the agony, he imagined, without doubt upon seeing the army march at beat of drum, that he was to be abandoned; his imagination made him perceive the extent of his misery if he fell into the hands of the Arabs. One may suppose that it was this fear which put him into so great an agitation, and suggested to him the idea of following the troops. He took his knapsack, upon which his head was resting, and placing it upon his shoulders made an effort to rise. The venom of the dreadful malady, which was circulating in his veins, deprived him of strength, and, after three steps, he fell again upon the sand, headlong. The fall increased his terror; and after having lain some moments looking with wild eyes at the tail of the columns who were on the march, he rose a second time, but with no better fortune: in his third effort he sunk, and falling near the sea, remained upon that spot which fate had destined for his grave. The sight of this soldier was frightful: the disorder which reigned in his senseless speech,—his figure, which represented whatever is mournful,—his eyes staring and fixed,—his clothes in rags,—presented whatever is most hideous in death. The reader may, perhaps, believe that his comrades would be concerned for him; that they would stop to help him; that they would hasten to support him, and help his tottering footsteps. Far from this: the poor wretch was only an object of

of horror and derision. They ran from him as from the disease which he was enduring, and they burst into loud laughter at his motions, which resembled those of a drunken man. He has got his account! cried one. He will not march far! said another. And when the wretch fell for the last time, some of them added, See, he has taken up his quarters! This terrible truth, which I cannot help repeating, must be acknowledged:—indifference and selfishness are the predominant feelings in an army.'

An army in this state of feeling would as willingly have consented to a project for ridding themselves of the incumbrance of their wounded by poison, as of their prisoners by a massacre. No apprehension of disgusting them by such a measure would have deterred Buonaparte from putting such a purpose in execution: and in reality he himself, during his residence in Elba, has, to more than one English gentleman, admitted the fact, which he spoke of as a mere trifle, and justified upon the plea of necessity. The day will yet come when an indignant nation will say to this monster, what ought to have been said on his first overthrow—

Ει δείν' ἔδρασας, δεινὰ καὶ παθεῖν σε δεῖ.—*Soph. Frag.*

The French did not commit the same error as the Turks in their retreat, but set fire to all their magazines. The granary at Tiberias was still burning, after a lapse of two years, when Dr. Clarke saw it. 'It was considered,' says the traveller, 'as a miracle by the inhabitants, that the combustion was not yet extinguished. We visited the place, and perceived that whenever the ashes of the burnt corn were stirred by thrusting a stick amongst them, sparks were seen glowing throughout the heap; and a piece of wood being left there, became charred. The heat in those vaulted chambers where the corn had been destroyed was still very great.' But Buonaparte did not confine his precautions within those limits which are prescribed by the laws of war and the ordinary feelings of humanity. His vengeance fell upon the inhabitants, and he laid all waste with fire. 'The earth,' says Miot, 'covered with ashes, presented only a picture of desolation; and while the cattle fled lowing from the flames, the affrighted inhabitants, with rage in their hearts, beheld, without being able to prevent, the disasters which marked our way. Palestine was in flames! *Quel fatal souvenir nous avons dû laisser à ce pays!*' In crossing the desert, they encountered the hot winds, by which many animals, especially the horses, were suffocated; and some of the soldiers, who had recovered from the plague, sunk under their effects: M. Larrey himself had nearly perished. Many of the persons suffered from a most unexpected danger in drinking of some pools in the desert, which contained a species of leech not thicker than a horse hair: a creature endowed with so mischievous a power of life as to remain uninjured by the heat of the human throat or stomach. La-

tour Maubourg swallowed two of these insects, and was long before he recovered from the great loss of blood which they occasioned. The remedy was to extract them with a forceps when they could be seen, otherwise to drink vinegar slightly diluted, and with a little nitre.

When the army arrived at Matharieh, it halted for two days; here they washed such of their effects as could be purified by water, and burnt such as could not, thus rendering it unnecessary to perform quarantine before they entered Cairo: it was of importance to Buonaparte that this should not be delayed, and that the entrance should affect the character of a triumph; for the natives were not uninformed of his failure, and the French themselves expected to see him return dejected and conscious of disgrace. He had said in one of his dispatches, that within three days he should be in Acre, and that when that letter was received Djezzar Pacha would be no more. The troops who had been employed in the expedition, and who had seen so many of their comrades sacrificed to his obstinacy at Acre, knew that they had been defeated, and were at this time murmuring loudly against their leader. What was their astonishment when they found that triumphal arches were erected to their glory; that the city was illuminated for their return; that General Dugua came out at the head of the garrison to meet them with the highest military honours, and that they made their entrance through the Gate of Victory, as if they had returned from the conquest of Syria!

The proclamation which, in pursuance of the same policy, he made the Divan of Cairo publish on this occasion, affords further instances of his audacious falsehoods and profligate irreligion.

'The well protected, the chief of the French army, General Buonaparte, is arrived at Cairo, in good health, thanking God for the favours which have been heaped upon him. He entered Cairo through the Gate of Victory, on Friday, the 10th of the month Moharram, in the 1214th year of the Hegira, with one of the grandest trains and greatest pomp. This hath been a great day, the like thereof hath never been seen. All the dwellers at Cairo went out to meet him; they have seen and ascertained that it is the same General in Chief Buonaparte in his own person; they were convinced that all which has been said concerning him is false. The troops of Djezzar fled before him as birds and mice fly before the cat. The inhabitants of Jaffa having refused his protection, he delivered them over in his wrath, to pillage and to death: five thousand have perished there—*this is the work of God, who says unto his creatures, Be, and they are.* There were 5000 of Djezzar's troops at Jaffa, he has destroyed them all. That which was decreed has taken place; the master of the universe acts always with the same justice. Afterwards he destroyed the walls of Acre and Djezzar's castle. He has not left one stone upon another at Acre—he has made it a heap of ruins, so that it will be asked whether a city has existed upon that place.

place. Behold the end of the edifices of tyrants. He is returned to Egypt for two motives; the first, to keep the promise which he made the Egyptians of returning in three months, *for his promises are sacred engagements.* Secondly, because he had learnt that divers evil subjects, Mamelukes and Arabs, were sowing trouble and sedition during his absence. His arrival has dispersed them. All his ambition is the destruction of the wicked; his desire is to do good to those who deserve well. When the general arrived at Cairo, he informed the Divan that he loves the Mussulmen; that he loves the Prophet; that he is versed in the Koran; that he studies it daily. We know that it is his intention to build a Mosque, which shall have no equal in the world, and to embrace the Mussulman religion.'

Buonaparte had scarcely been a month at Cairo before a Turkish fleet arrived at Aboukir. In announcing this to the people, he used more of those expressions by which he wished to persuade them that he was of the Mahommedan faith. 'On board that fleet,' said he, 'there are Russians who hold in horror all that believe in the unity of God, because, according to their lies, they believe that there are three Gods; but they will soon see that it is not in the number of Gods that strength consists. The Mussulman who embarks in a ship where the Cross is flying; he who every day hears the one only God blasphemed, is worse than an infidel.' Preparations were easily made against an enemy whose want of discipline would so certainly afford an easy victory. The French did not, however, reach Aboukir before the Turks had taken the fort, and put the garrison to death, in reprisal for their countrymen at Jaffa. Their numbers are variously stated, by Denon at 20,000, by Berthier at 18,000. M. Miot reduces them to 15,000, and Sir Robert Wilson, who is better authority than either, affirms that they were not quite 8000. Before Buonaparte attacked them, he said to Murat, this battle will decide the fate of the world. Murat answered, of the army at least. It appeared afterwards that he had then determined upon leaving Egypt for a wider field of ambition; and spoke from those dreams of empire and conquest which were so disastrously to be fulfilled. The victory, as he expected, was complete, but it was not easily won; the Turks had entrenched themselves, and repulsed the French with great loss; but thinking themselves completely victorious, they rushed out to cut off the heads of the wounded and slain, according to their ferocious custom: that moment was seized by Lasnes and Murat, and it became a mere carnage. According to the French accounts the whole of the Turks were destroyed; according to Sir Robert Wilson 2000 were carried off by the boats, and as many more capitulated in the fort. The French had above 800 wounded; Berthier states their killed at 150: many officers of rank fell. Lasnes, Murat, and Bertrand were among the wounded. This battle was fought on the 25th July, and on the 23d of the following month

 Buonaparte

Buonaparte embarked for Europe. The remainder of the Egyptian story belongs rather to English history than to that of the tyrant; it is both instructive and splendid, but we have no room to pursue it here.

M. Miot concludes his first account of the expedition into Syria with a remark which admits of a wider application. '*Si l'expédition en Syrie ne fut point heureuse par tous ses résultats, elle a fait connaître au monde entier ce que peuvent entreprendre des Français, et à son chef ce qu'il pourroit en exiger un jour. Quelle confiance Buonaparte ne doit-il pas avoir dans des soldats qu'il a pu éprouver si souvent! et pourquoi cette confiance ne l'engageroit-elle pas, dans d'autres tems, à tenter des choses plus grandes encore?*' The expedition to Egypt would indeed have shewn the world of what Napoleon Buonaparte and his soldiers were capable, even if their career had there been terminated. There his flagitious character was fully developed, and there he fleshed his followers in crimes, from which, before his baleful ascendancy, the French army would have shrunk with horror and indignation. The principles of his policy were there broadly and distinctly seen; the impious hypocrisy, the systematic falsehood, the deliberate cruelty, of this robber, this renegade, this Djezzar Buonaparte, for to him more properly than the Pacha of Acre, may the appellation be applied. He landed in Egypt with a lie upon his lips, protesting that he came as a friend of the Grand Signor. His first act was to take a city by storm, which he never summoned to surrender, and to let his soldiers loose upon the inhabitants, who were not only unoffending, but incapable of defence. His first object, after getting possession of Cairo, was to rob the caravan. He reviled Christianity in his proclamations, and affected to believe in Mahommed and in the Koran. He led an army into Syria, chiefly for the purpose of plundering Damascus. At Jaffa, after suffering his soldiers to commit every enormity upon the inhabitants, he massacred more than 3000 men in cold blood,—an act which made every individual who was engaged in its execution feel, as well as contract, the guilt of murder. He sacrificed his men by thousands to his own ungoverned temper before the walls of Acre; being beaten from thence, he poisoned his own sick and wounded; and on his return to Egypt, he proclaimed that he had been victorious, gloried in the massacres which he had committed, and declared that they were the work of God! Lastly, having brought his army into Egypt upon one of the wildest schemes of ambition that ever madman undertook, he stole away from them like a thief in the night, and left them to their fate.

Nor have these hopeful symptoms been belied by the tenor of his after-life. Amidst all his power, and all his varied fortunes, the same audacious profligacy, the same inherent cruelty, the same native

native meanness have been shewn. 'If you add to prudence,' says Hobbes, 'the use of unjust or dishonest means, (such as usually are prompted to men by fear or want,) you have that crooked wisdom which is called craft, which is a sign of pusillanimity. For magnanimity is contempt of unjust or dishonest helps.' Least of all men therefore is Buonaparte entitled to be called magnanimous, his policy having ever been one continued course of the vilest artifices and foulest falsehoods. But having gone on for a time, 'secured by the prosperity of his crimes,' he calls himself great, and has found people to think him so,—men whose weak understandings are dazzled by success,—or whose judgement is warped by party feelings (to which in England every thing is sacrificed)—or whose pernicious principles have perverted their moral as well as their intellectual nature. 'If,' says South, 'a man succeeds in any attempt, though undertook with never so much folly and rashness, his success shall vouch him a politician, and good luck shall pass for deep contrivance: for, give any one fortune, and he shall be thought a wise man in spite of his heart; nay, and of his head too.' This is the foundation of his reputed greatness; and his reputed wisdom is built upon the same sands. That knowledge of human nature for which he has been extolled is of the same kind as that upon which another great man formed his system of action—a great man, the history of whose greatness and final exaltation has been related by Fielding: it is such a knowledge of human nature as the Jonâthan Wilds and the Dr. Solomons possess,—a knowledge of the vices and follies of their contemporaries,—of the scum which floats upon the surface. He understands enough of mankind to dazzle the weak, to dupe the vain, to overawe the timid, and to make the wicked his instruments. But of all beyond this Buonaparte is grossly and brutally ignorant. Of the strength of patriotism, the enthusiasm of virtue, the fortitude of duty, he knows nothing, and can comprehend nothing. Patriotism and virtue and duty are words to which he has never felt any correspondent emotion in his soul, which he never thinks of but in contempt, which he never utters but in profanation. Therefore in his political calculations they have always been overlooked; and Portugal and Spain and Russia, and Germany—long-suffering, but redeemed Germany—bear witness to the consequences of such error and such ignorance. '*Ce n'est rien que d'aller, il faut pouvoir revenir; ce n'est rien que de prendre, il faut savoir garder:*' thus Kleber said of the expedition to Egypt,—so would he have said of the usurpation of Portugal and Spain,—so would he have said of the march to Mosco,—so would he say of the return from Elba and the reassumption of the throne.

ART. II. *Dictionnaire Chinois, Français et Latin, publié d'après l'Ordre de sa Majesté l'Empereur et Roi Napoléon le Grand.* Par M. de Guignes, Résident de France à la Chine, attaché au Ministère des Relations extérieures, Correspondant de la première et de la troisième Classe de l'Institut. A Paris. 1813.

THE honour of giving to Europe the first printed dictionary of the Chinese language has been reserved for M. de Guignes. Under the auspices of 'Napoléon le Grand,' and the more effectual aid of a grant of money from the imperial treasury, he has produced a very splendid volume, which will be handed down to posterity among the number of those false and fallacious memorials of his patron's love of literature and the fine arts. Though he cares nothing for either, he judged, wisely enough, that the public money was not ill bestowed when it afforded food for the vanity of the chemists, mathematicians and other *savans* of Paris, and, at the same time, purchased their adulation in prefaces and dedications, which he knew how to receive with decorous contempt for the authors of them.

'Nol mostra gia, benchè in suo cor ne rida.'

The savans, however, as credulous as the rest of the Parisians, who believe that Buonaparte built the Louvre, thought him in earnest; and, in his disgrace, took no pains to conceal their affection for their patron. Next indeed to the perjured and rapacious soldiery, the Jacobins of the Institute were avowedly the most dissatisfied with the restoration of the ancient dynasty, and among the first to greet the tyrant's return.

'At the voice of one man,' says M. de Guignes, 'learning resumes its ordinary course, the schools are crowded, talents and the fine arts dazzle with new splendour—palaces rear up their heads—bridges cover the rivers—canals and roads reunite the provinces—activity and emulation prevail on all sides.—In short, France, but recently borne down by the weight of factions, now raises majestically her head, and calmly casts her regards upon her peaceful provinces.'

In this golden age of France, when, as M. de Guignes tells us, nothing was neglected that could give to the nation new splendour and éclat, it was impossible that the want of a Chinese dictionary should be overlooked: the deficiency was no sooner hinted at than the imperial mandate issued—Let there be a Chinese dictionary!—A foreigner was immediately engaged to repair from London to Paris to conduct the undertaking, who, after four years' residence, took a sudden departure without having even commenced it. This foreigner, we presume, was a German of the name of Hager, whose quackeries we have had frequent occasion to notice. In 1808 another foreigner was proposed to M. Cretet; but this minister, says M. de Guignes,

Guignes, 'deeming it fit that a Frenchman only should have the credit of bringing out a work for which the nation had already paid the cost of engraving the characters, refused to engage him.' M. de Guignes had the happiness of being that Frenchman, and, by a decree of Napoleon, was appointed to the superintendence of this national work; he received, at the same time, an order to complete it within *three* years. No inquiry was made as to the practicability of executing it within the prescribed time; with Buonaparte all things were possible. The limitation in point of time had the good effect, however, of stimulating those concerned in the undertaking; and it speaks not lightly in favour of the assiduity of M. de Guignes, that a work of so novel and difficult a nature, occupying more than one thousand pages of imperial folio, and consisting of nearly fourteen thousand characters, with explanations in French and Latin, should be accomplished within *five* years.

The dies or stamps for the characters, it is true, were ready cut; but they were to be examined, numbered, and properly arranged, so that the numerous references from the table of keys or indices to the page, from the verbal index at the end of the book to the characters, and from one character to another, should be made correctly; and we can venture to say that, after taking the trouble of making some thousand references, we have not discovered a single error.

It is now just one century since Fourmont commenced, by order of the French government, the cutting of those dies for the characters in question: as specimens of neat workmanship they are entitled to no praise; but they are, we believe, with very few exceptions, correctly made; in the copy, which the author has presented to the Royal Society of London, we perceive he has amended several of them with a pencil, and has added, in a MS. note at the end of the book, that the copy is free from errors. We noticed in a former article, the different hands through which the dies of these characters had passed with a view to their being compiled and classified into the shape of a regular Chinese dictionary. It is singular that the son of one of these persons, with little reputation as a learned man, and without pretensions to that character, should accomplish a task, in the execution of which the father, who was unquestionably one of the most learned and ingenious men in Europe, totally failed. M. de Guignes thus modestly speaks of himself.

'It only remains for me to solicit the indulgence of my readers, and I flatter myself I shall obtain it when they consider that the Chinese dictionary, which should long ago have been published by MM. Fourmont and De Guignes, both of them distinguished in all Europe as well for their erudition as by their respective works, is now brought out by one who would not presume to pretend to the title of being learned,

learned, but whose only claim is that of the honour of having been selected by His Majesty, and of being connected with a distinguished office in the state, many of whose members are highly estimable for their talents and knowledge.'

M. de Guignes's preface exhibits the same inconsistency in his estimation of the literary and moral character of the Chinese, which, in the early part of our labours, we pointed out in his 'Voyage de Pékin;' where the frequent encomiums lavished upon this people were as frequently contradicted by the occurrences stated to have happened to himself. His narrative, indeed, coupled with the two goodly quartos of Van Braam, corroborated almost all the strictures contained in the shrewd and ingenious conclusions of the author of 'Recherches sur les Chinois.'—Yet here again M. Pauw is attacked by our author, who seems to entertain an hostility towards him, which can scarcely have arisen from a mere difference of opinion. The late M. de Guignes wrote several elaborate essays to prove that the Chinese not only derived their origin from the Egyptians, but that their ancient records had been brought from Egypt; and that these records contained in fact the history of that country, and not of China. This favourite hypothesis was maintained by many ingenious arguments, grounded on fanciful data; and supported by a skilful endeavour to prove a close analogy between the language, the religion, the arts, the metaphysics and the manners of the ancient Egyptians and modern Chinese.* But the philosopher of Berlin at once overturned this ingenious theory, by shewing that no two nations on earth could possibly disagree more in their moral and physical character, in their language, learning, arts, and institutions, than the Chinese and Egyptians:—perhaps—*hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

M. de Guignes sets out, in his preface, with the very common error of considering the Chinese as a nation of sages, at a period when all the rest of mankind were mere savages; though in the course of a few pages he proves, from their own records, that they were scarcely advanced beyond the rudest state of society, when religion and literature appear, from the Inspired Writings, to have already shed their benign influence on other nations of the eastern world. 'Among the Chinese,' says M. de Guignes, 'from the moment that a man is learned, (*lettré,*) he ceases to be classed among simple citizens; and, if he makes himself remarkable for erudition or talent, he may obtain a high consideration, and even arrive at the first offices in the state.' Now if this were as true as we believe it to be the reverse, is China, we would ask, the only country in the world where the influence of learning and talents is felt and encouraged? When we look at the exalted characters which in all times have filled, and continue to fill

* Histoire de l'Académie des Inscrip. Art. Mém. de Littérature.—Tom. xxix. xxxiv. et xl.

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'the first situations' in our own government, *we*, at least, see no occasion to envy the good fortune of the learned men of China, millions of whom enjoy neither consideration nor office, while, on the other hand, thousands are employed who can boast of neither learning nor talent. The late Emperor Kien-lung made a common soldier, with whose appearance he was struck while standing sentinel at the palace gate, his prime minister. This man soon found the means of governing his master and all China; and such was the influence which he had acquired, by filling all the higher offices in the state with his friends and relations, whether learned or unlearned, that the present emperor, on succeeding to the throne, did not think it safe to suffer him to live. The Tartars, when they conquered China, were unacquainted with its language and literature, yet all the high offices were immediately filled with Tartars; and still continue to be so. We might go still farther back, and adduce the celebrated barbarian Gengis-khan, who could neither read nor write *any* language; yet he and his posterity contrived to govern China for nearly a century, by filling the subordinate offices with Chinese, who merely knew how to handle a pencil, and transact the most ordinary details of business.

But though M. de Guignes overrates the learning and virtues of this ingenious people, for ingenious they certainly are, we must do him the justice to observe that he is by no means carried away with the absurd and exaggerated accounts of the early jesuit missionaries, as we find them in Père du Halde and the Abbé Grozier: though he thinks them *lettered*, he neither mistakes them for men of science, nor believes in the reports of their profound knowledge in astronomy, mathematics, &c. of which, he assures us, not one word is to be found in the only records of the country that can be called ancient. We must analyse the singular and picturesque language in which these are shut up, if we would know the truth, and not confide in the periphrastic translations, interpolations and alterations of the missionaries. Without meaning to level a general censure against these devout men, it may be safely averred that if we absolve them of wilful misrepresentation they cannot be acquitted of weakness; since they appear to be led away by every idle tale that the artful Chinese imposed on their credulity.

The readers of the Asiatic Researches will recollect how successfully the crafty pundits of Benares supplied the zealous Wilford with the whole genealogy of Noah; how accurately they furnished him with the identical names of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, all of them legitimately registered in the Devanagari character. Père Gaubil, however, was the dupe of his own forgeries: having assented to the discovery of Noah in the person of *Fo-she*, the supposed founder of the Chinese empire, it became necessary, in the next place,

place, to supply the accompaniment of the universal deluge, without which the identity of the new Noah could not be maintained. The Chinese sages had nothing to fabricate—they merely referred him to the *Shoo-king*, where a dreadful inundation is described to have happened in the time of Yao, who (supposing their annals to be authentic) reigned about thirteen hundred years subsequent to Noah's flood. This little discrepancy, however, in point of time, was easily adjusted by making *Yao* to speak retrospectively of a deluge that overwhelmed all China, though the very next sentence uttered by him is an inquiry after some skilful person to repair the damage under which they were then suffering. M. de Guignes proves, by a close examination of the characters, that the meaning of the passage has been totally perverted by the missionaries, and that it has no other reference than to the frequent occurrence of the Yellow river having burst its embankments.

The analysis of the characters further shews that this *Emperor* Yao of the missionaries, with his *provinces*, and *cities*, and *palaces*, was only the *chief of a tribe* inhabiting a small *district* where his people lived in *camps*, and he himself in a *house* covered with *thatch*. A Chinese city is, in fact, at the present day, little more than a collection of tents, distributed into a regular encampment, and surrounded by a high wall.

With regard to the sciences, there is nothing in their books that warrants the translations of Gaubil and the other French missionaries, which tell us 'that *Hoang-ty* was a great astronomer, and that he appointed officers to observe the heavenly bodies.' The character *chen*, which they render *to observe*, simply means to 'foretel future events'—so that these state officers were a sort of astrologers or fortune tellers, as indeed they still are. But (say they) *Hoang-ty* caused a celestial sphere to be made; and, lest the truth of this exploit should be called in question, we are favoured by Grozier with an exact drawing of it, made about 4,500 years ago, with its equinoctial and ecliptic, its tropics, colures, meridians, &c. as neatly and accurately executed as if the whole had been taken from a globe by Messrs. Adams or Dolland. The character *kay*, out of which this celestial globe has been constructed, has no other signification than *a cover—an abstract—a compendium*.

With regard to arithmetic they never had, nor can have, the least knowledge of it beyond the mechanical operations performed by the *swan-pan* or abacus. It is remarkable enough that the character by which these operations are represented is composed of a demon or spirit repeated—a double devil—in allusion, perhaps, to the ratio of the powers of the balls on the wires of the *two* compartments of the *swan-pan*, which is, in fact, a table of notation and multiplication: their numeral characters are, notwithstanding, when written, incapable

incapable of being applied to arithmetical operations, without a total change of their present notation, and the introduction of the cypher or zero, of which they have not the least conception; but without which their symbols are deprived of that power of location which characterises the Arabic numerals. In the notation of 28, for instance, we have *three* characters to express *two* powers, thus, 二十八, *ul-she-pa;* while 100, of *three* powers, is noted by *one*, 百, *pé;* as is 1000, of *four*, 千, *tsien*. 'They are great lovers of the mathematics,' says honest Père Samedo; 'but, to say the truth, they know but little about them.' We may assent to this without much hesitation, when we read in the Pekin Gazette of May, 1800, an Imperial Edict, announcing the intended marriage of the Princess *Hojie*, and ordering the *Tribunal of Mathematics* to select a fortunate day for the celebration of the nuptials.

Without arithmetic, and without a single principle of geometry, it is absurd to talk of their early skill in the calculation of eclipses; there is not, in fact, any such word, nor any character in the whole Shoo-king that can by any meaning, direct or metaphorical, be twisted into such a signification. The first eclipses are those recorded by Confucius, in the *Tchun-siou*—not as predictions from calculation, but as events that had occurred—three of which, however, never happened any where, and two others could not have happened in China. 'May we not, therefore, suspect,' asks M. de Guignes, that these 'eclipses have been observed elsewhere, and that Confucius, to enhance the merit of his country, inserted them in his history as having happened in China?' Without thinking quite so ill of Confucius, such a trick would be consistent enough with Chinese vanity; but the error, we believe, has arisen from the imperfect and confused state of their chronology.

What knowledge, indeed, could a people possibly possess of the abstract sciences, at a time when, it would appear, from their own records, that a great portion of them lived in woods and caverns; that their lands were undivided, and without culture; that they had neither markets nor medium of exchange; neither canals, nor roads, nor boats, nor carriages; whose country was so overrun with thickets and jungle, and so abundant in noxious reptiles, that the common mode of salutation, on meeting, was a hope that the person addressed had not been bit by the snakes!—*Vou-to-hou*.—

Such, however, was China, according to the strict letter of Chinese books, at the very time they were making celestial globes, astronomical observations, calculations of eclipses, and settling the precise point where the ecliptic intersected the equinoctial, by means

means of gnomons!—such were the forefathers of a people, who, not three centuries ago, firmly believed the earth to be a vast square, in the midst of which was their favoured country—who never doubted that eclipses were occasioned by a monster devouring the sun or moon, and whose learned men and state-officers, on such occasions, turned out with drums and gongs and trumpets, making all manner of hideous noises to frighten the monster away, and liberate the suffering luminary—in which, in due time, they always succeeded—who, having lost an intercalary moon or two, were in no little danger of inverting the seasons, and happy, in their dilemma, to employ the Jesuit missionaries to set their almanac right, and to keep it so.

But then their music!—In this divine art we must allow them to excel:—Père Amiot has written almost a whole volume to prove that the voice of Hermes Trismegistus, compared with that of *Lyng-lun*, was no better than the drone of a Scotch bagpipe, and that Amphion's lyre was a mere Jew's harp to the *kin* of *Pin-mou-kia*. These worthies, eight centuries before Greece was cheered with a musical tone, were, as Grozier can testify, by a single touch of the *kin* and the *ché*, turning the course of rivers, making rocks dance, and causing the wild animals to leap for joy. Père Amiot however confesses, like an honest man, that notwithstanding all he had written, he could not forbear observing that the perfection of Chinese music consisted in figurative or metaphorical harmony—in sounds as silent as those of the spheres:—while Vossius, who had imagined the encomiums bestowed on the Chinese, by preceding missionaries, to be real, did not hesitate, in his usual way, to pronounce the relics of it to be so excellent, that, 'for their perfection in the art, the Chinese may impose silence on all Europe.' He goes on to lament most feelingly that the *tibia*, so superior to all stringed instruments, is now mute, 'excepting among the Chinese, who alone excel on it.' This *tibia*, we presume, was a kind of whistle, made of the shin-bone of a sheep, by *Chin-nong*, or some of the early pastoral chiefs whom the Jesuits, in their translations, dignify with the name of *Emperors*, and such as the Caffres still employ to call their cattle together; but no inquiry into its nature became Isaac—Our reverend commentator loved the marvellous; and, as Charles II. said of him, never refused to believe any thing, but his Bible.

When the Chinese shewed the most marked indifference for Lord Macartney's band of music, they coolly observed that English music was not made for Chinese ears; but they were perfectly astonished, when the gentlemen of the embassy drove the theatrical band from their lodgings, that Chinese music did not make its way to English hearts; though the highest object of comparison at which

which it was rated by our countrymen, was 'the confused jingle and jargon of Bartholomew fair.'

Cordially, then, do we concur in the opinion of M. de Guignes that, to appreciate the claims of the Chinese to a high antiquity, and to an early acquaintance with the sciences, we must understand their language and study their books; but, to form a true estimate of their moral character, we are equally persuaded we must study themselves alone. The materials of which this multitudinous people are composed appear to be of the best kind; they are ingenious and industrious in a very high degree; they are peaceable and abstemious; respectful and submissive; but, overlaid as they are with maxims of morality—preached by their magistrates, printed in their books, and painted on the walls of their apartments—they are, in fact, destitute of sentiment and moral feeling; a want that can only be occasioned by the practical vices of the government acting on the people, and by the palpable inconsistency between the letter of the law and its execution—between what they hear and read, and see, and what they are made to feel. Separated as they are from all other nations, and utterly ignorant of every language but their own, they are taught from their infancy to consider themselves and their country as the only civilised nation in the world. Hence the edge of curiosity, so natural to mankind, is taken off, and all admiration entirely suppressed. Set down one of those Chinese who occasionally visit England, at St. Paul's, and he will walk on without once stopping to cast a look at this stupendous building; should he condescend to turn his head, it will be merely to see what obstructs the light:—ask him what he thinks of it, and his answer will probably be, 'Chinaman house hab more fine.'—Such is the influence of national pride, and a vicious education!

The written character of the Chinese language is well calculated to keep the people in a state of ignorance. The most learned among them may be said, indeed, to employ their whole life in learning their *letters*—to know at sight the name and signification of ten, twenty, thirty, &c. thousand characters, made up by so many different combinations of a very few lines and commas. In endeavouring to explain to our readers the mechanism of the Chinese characters, and to make the present dictionary easy and familiar, it will not be necessary to follow M. de Guignes in his account of the supposed origin and progress of this extraordinary language; nor shall we stop to canvass the justness of his notions respecting the transition from hieroglyphic to alphabetic writing, because we have already recorded our opinion on this intricate but interesting subject; that transition, we agree with him, is not likely to be made by the Chinese, because they have already passed the limit of the hieroglyphics,

phics, reached the wide field of alphabetic writing, and, instead of entering it, turned aside into the inextricable labyrinth of signs and symbols, from which they are never likely to disengage themselves. When we say reached, we mean that if a distinct set of marks or characters, employed solely to represent sounds, can be called an alphabet, the Chinese have long been in possession of one; but the only use to which they have applied it is that of forming a third monosyllabic sound, by dividing two other monosyllables in the manner pointed out in our review of Mr. Marshman's Introduction to the Chinese Language. In fact, the use of an alphabet could not co-exist with the present symbols of the Chinese language; give them the one, and the other is destroyed.

Before we open M. de Guignes's dictionary, it may be necessary to give a short explanation of the principles upon which this singular, we had almost said, philosophical language, is constructed. The elements that constitute it are few and simple—a straight and a curved line, whose position is perpendicular or horizontal, turned to the right or the left, with points or commas variously interspersed, not amounting, according to the Chinese, to more than six, comprehend the whole of these elements, which they write in this shape, , but which, however, are so varied in composition, as to admit of being employed, as the Chinese say, in 56 different ways.

The whole of the Chinese characters (which, according to some, amount to no less than 80,000, though 30,000 are perhaps the extent of those that are really useful) are classified under 214 particular characters, which may be considered as the keys or roots of the language. These keys are divided into seventeen classes, the first of which consists of the six elements abovementioned, with one or two others of a single stroke or line. The second class of keys contains all those of two elements, as 十, 人, &c. the third three, as 大, 口, &c. the fifth of five, as 禾; the ninth of nine, as 香; and the seventeenth of seventeen, as 龠, the number of the class always expressing the number of elements in each key of that class. The greatest number of keys will

will be found in the classes from 2 to 8 inclusive; the fourteenth class has only *three* keys in it, the fifteenth and sixteenth only *two*, and the seventeenth or last class only the single character abovewritten, which signifies a *flute*.

Since, then, there can be no character in the language, into the composition of which some one or other of the 214 keys does not enter, it is quite obvious that little progress can be made by the learner until he has acquired a perfect knowledge of those keys, so as to be able to discover them at once as the component part of any character he may meet with. Some practice will be required to do this with facility and certainty, as several of the characters contain two, three, or even four keys. The difficulty of discovering the right one is further increased by there being no fixed place in or near the character where the key is to stand. Sometimes it is met with on the right, sometimes on the left, frequently at the top, less frequently at the bottom, of the remaining part of the character: perhaps, however, we shall not err greatly in saying that it will most commonly be found on the left side or at the top. Thus 亻, *jin*, a *man*, a key of the second class, which serves for the index of a multitude of characters, will be found, with about half a dozen exceptions, on the *left* of the character, as thus 亻大, a *great man*; whilst 刀, *tao*, a *knife* or *sword*, generally abbreviated thus 刂, will most commonly be found on the *right* of the character. 宀, *mien*, a *cover*, the *roof of a building*, a key of the third class, is invariably placed at the top; but 日, *je*, the *sun*, 月, *yeu*, *the moon*, keys of the fourth class, 口, *koo*, *the mouth*, of the third class, and many others, are sometimes found at the top, sometimes at the bottom, frequently on the right, perhaps more frequently on the left, and sometimes even in the middle of characters. On the whole, however, we should say, that the keys of more than two-thirds of the Chinese characters are placed on the *left*.

It may be useful to mention those keys that govern the greatest number of characters. Supposing a dictionary to contain 30,000 characters, more than double the number of those in M. de Guignes's work, the following keys and their corresponding characters will be pretty nearly as under :—

Keys.		No. of Characters.
手 or 扌	*shoo,* a hand - - - -	1,200
木	*moo,* wood or tree - - - -	1,200
水 or 氵	*swee,* water - - -	1,200
艸 or 艹	*tsao,* plants, grass, &c. -	1,250
心 or 忄	*sin,* the heart - - -	900
口	*koo,* a mouth - - - - -	800
言	*yen,* a word, speech - - - -	800
火	*ho,* fire - - - - - -	600
肉	*jo,* flesh - - - - - -	600
女	*nieu,* a woman - - - -	400

The keys signifying *man, sun, gold, metals,* a *gate* or *door*—*fishes, birds, shells, horses, dogs*—the *head,* the *feet*—a *cart* or *carriage*—to *walk,* to *travel,* with some others, may be each joined with from three to five hundred characters.

We are now prepared to open the Dictionary. Suppose this character 唁 occurred, of which we were desirous to know the name and signification, we should scarcely hesitate in this instance to consider the key to be 口, *koo,* mouth. Turning then to the table of the 214 keys, and looking in that column of it under 'Clefs de trois traits,' we shall soon discover it there with the number 30 immediately under it, (that being its appropriate place in the table,) and under that number the word 'page 77.' Turning to page 77 we shall accordingly find the commencement of the chapter

chapter in which all the characters are placed that have the key in question as their root or index. At the head of the chapter the key and the explanation stand as under.

30e Clef.

'口

keou

口 Clef de la bouche: bouche.

keou

(1109)

Clavis oris: os, numerale buccellarum. *Seng—x*, animalia domestica; *x—ky*, modus proprius loquendi patriæ; *y—x*, una buccella; *ho—x*, ostium fluminis; *hou—x*, ostium lacus; *hai—x*, maris ostium; *kia—x*, homines unius domus; *ho—tsong—x—tchu, ping—tsong—x—y*, infortunia ex ore exeunt, morbi per os intrant; *chy—x*, maledixi.'

The marginal number (1109) is the numerical place of the character in the Dictionary, which is exceedingly useful as a reference to synonims, and also as a ready and convenient reference from a catalogue of Chinese monosyllables at the end of the book to their respective characters in the Dictionary. The letter *x* is substituted for the marginal word *keou* to avoid the repetition of it.

We have only as yet, however, turned to the key. We must now count the remaining number of lines and points in the character we are in search of, which in the present instance is *seven*. Proceeding then to that division of the chapter of characters arranged under the key 口, which has for its title '7 traits,' we shall find the identical character standing about the 20th from the commencement of this division as under.

'唁 Faire un compliment de condoléance à quelqu'un sur la perte de quelques parens ou d'une dignité.

yen Aliquem, sive ob dignitatem amissam, sive ob con-

(1264) sanguineos vitâ functos, invisere et consolari.'

If we should take the literal sense of the two component parts of this character to be the true sense in which it is meant, (the one part being *mouth* and the other *word*,) we might infer that 'compliments of condolence in China were mere mouth words'—but more of this presently. Let us take another example to explain the use of the Dictionary.

Suppose we should meet with these two characters 杲 and 杳, whose component parts are precisely the same though

differently

differently arranged; those parts too, it will be obvious, are both of them keys, the one being *je* the sun, the other *moo* wood or tree; looking in the table for the key 日, we are referred to page 274, and as the remaining part of the character 木, *moo*, has four strokes, we proceed to that division of the chapter of characters under the key *je* marked '4 traits,' and in this division we find only 22 characters, none of which are either of the two characters in question. The real key therefore, we may conclude, is not *je* but *moo*; and turning to the page directed in the table of keys and to the division '4 traits,' (the number in the remaining part of the character,) we first find

杲 Clair, blanc.
Clarum, album, patens.
kao
(4109)

And the very next to it,

杳 Grand, obscur.
Amplum, obscurum, profundum, quietum.
yao
(4110)

As *moo* is the character which represents the planet Jupiter, it may be presumed that the opposite meanings of those two characters have some metaphorical allusion drawn from the relative situations of the sun and this planet.

Another example may be sufficient. In this character 汪, we need scarcely doubt that the key is 氵, *swee*, water. Turning then to that key in the table and to that page in the Dictionary pointed out under the key, and proceeding with the eye till it meets the division '4 traits,' we shall find our character standing the third from the top, as under.

汪 Eaux profondes et étendues, débordement d'eaux, inondation, surnom.
ouang Aquæ profundæ et amplæ, aquarum exundatio, inunda-
(4861) tio: cognomen. *x—tchy*, lacus; *x—yang*, mare; *x—x* dicitur de lachrymas continente.

In this way the discovery of any other character in the Dictionary is sufficiently simple and easy, provided we are acquainted with the key; and though all the keys are printed as they occur at the top of the page, which alone would be sufficient to guide the search to any required character, yet the numeral reference from each key

to the page greatly facilitates the operation. The Dictionary, however, is not so complete as it might have been made. The remaining part of every character, besides the key, should either have been explained immediately after the explanation of the whole character, or by a number referring to some other page, where, as a character, the explanation of this remaining part might be found. This assistance would not only have given additional facility to the learner in acquiring the sense of the characters, but would have contributed greatly to make the study of the language more interesting, as he would then see at once whether the general sense of the character had or had not a relation to its constituent parts.

In the next place as words or sounds are so ambiguous in the Chinese language, it would have been proper, in the illustration of the meaning of characters, by examples of two or three words joined together to give also the written characters of the additional words employed. In the Latin explanation, for instance, of the character 汪, *ouang*, above extracted, we have no means to discover the separate signification of the word *tchy* of the compound *x—tchy* or *ouang—tchy*, which, collectively, are stated to signify *a lake*. The vocabulary of Chinese monosyllables at the end of the book will not help us much; for on referring to that vocabulary we shall find a host of *tchys*, amounting to no less than 231: they are classed, it is true, into 8 divisions, each having a different mark or accent; but dividing 231 by 8, there will still remain 29 to exercise our doubts which of them to select for reference to the Dictionary; and after all, having referred to the whole 29 characters, we may still doubt which of them is the character in question. Looking for *yang* in the compound *ouang-yang*, the *sea*, in the same example we find 45 *yangs*, or so many different characters so called; but as one of them singly signifies the *sea*, we may presume *that* to be the *word* in question, and the number under it will direct us immediately to the corresponding character in the Dictionary.

Generally speaking, however, we do not see the least use in this vocabulary of Chinese monosyllables; we are not enabled by them to trace a character from its sound, or to write a character from having its name, which is one great object of a Dictionary. In the present form of M. de Guignes's work, we may, it is true, be enabled to read and translate a Chinese book; but it affords us no assistance to turn any other language into the Chinese character. Had he given us a Latin—or French-Chinese as well as a Chinese-Latin-and-French dictionary, the work would have approached nearer to perfection, and have been far more useful.

From the few examples which we have given, it cannot fail to be

observed that the meaning of the key governs the sense of the character. If this was found invariably to be the case, the Chinese might truly be considered as a philosophical language; as one that approached more nearly than any attempt hitherto made, to an 'Universal Character,'—in fact, as the only practical system of pasigraphy that promised success. The principle of the structure is, indeed, admirable; but the plan has been sadly marred in the execution. In the first place the greater number of the keys have been ill chosen to represent the roots or indices under which corresponding ideas ought to be classed. They are not such as are suited for a generalization of objects or ideas; such as ought to embrace the grand features of nature, whether animate or inanimate; to represent the leading qualities and circumstances, the actions, passions and affections, so as to shew at a glance the general character of the picture employed—we call it picture, because there are some grounds to believe that in the origin of the language each character was a rude representation of the object intended to be represented. It is however no longer the picture-language of the ancient Egyptians and the Mexicans. Père Amiot, in his letter from Pekin to the Royal Society of London, brings forward a number of ancient characters where the object intended to be expressed is evidently attempted to be represented; as well as some others still in use, in which he thinks the object may yet be traced,—for instance in a man, thus , though the legs only remain. A river, he thinks, may still be recognised in , and fire in , the one being intended to represent waves and the other sparks. The sun he says was once , but has been changed, for the sake of convenience, to ; and the moon, which once was to . Something too resembling the object is fancied in , a dog; but more distinctly seen in , a cultivated field; in a bow, and in to shoot with an arrow. Faint as these resemblances are, they are but few in number, and lead not to any effectual purpose for understanding the language. We shall do much better to consider all the characters as composed of certain conventional marks, out of which 214 have been selected as so many *genera*, and

and under which all our ideas are to be arranged and classified, forming so many *species* belonging to each genus.

That the *genera* are ill-chosen will at once be seen, when we mention that the *nose*, the *teeth*, *old age*, *obedience*, *hemp*, *salt*, *vases*, the *face*, the *voice*, the *bones*, a *dragon*, a *tiger*, a *tortoise*, and many others equally incapable of generalization, are among the number. There are seven or eight different keys to represent the act of *walking:* the numeral *eight* is a key, under which is arranged the numeral *six*. About two-thirds of the keys being the representatives of such limited and individual objects, it is obvious that the language must be imperfect, uncertain, and obscure: where the keys are well chosen, the signification of almost every character governed by them has a direct affinity with the meaning of its key. Thus under the *heart*, all the characters will be found to express some passion, sentiment, or affection of the mind, as love, hatred, joy, grief, fear, courage, malice, &c.; under trees or wood, all manner of buildings, ships, machines, and implements made of wood, as well as all trees of every kind for use or ornament; under water, all that relate to seas, rivers, lakes, ponds, canals, &c. and also to rain, dews, liquors, and all humid substances.

In the next place, the characters connected with the keys appear for the most part to have been ill selected; so that no human ingenuity can trace the connection between the *species* and the *genus*. We shall first give a few specimens where the direct and palpable meaning from the connection is obviously pointed out; then of those whose signification is as obviously metaphorical, and lastly, a few of those bungling specimens of composition, where the author could have possessed no feeling or conception of the beauty and accuracy of expression of which his materials were capable.

1st, Those of obvious signification. 汪, *ouang*, a sheet of deep water, is composed of *water* and *majestic:* 囚, *tcheu*, a prison, a *man* in a *square*, a person shut up within four walls. *Water* and *mother*, the sea, the mother of all waters. *Mouth* combined with *great*, makes *uproar*, *noise*. *Man* added to *great*, makes a great man, a man in power. A *tree* and *great*, a great tree growing alone. *Good* with *word*, is praise. *Tears* are expressed by *water* and *eye*.

The repetition of a character denotes plurality, as 人, man, 人人, a multitude; thus, *to* signifies many; *to to*, all; *moo*, a tree; repeated, a thicket; thrice repeated, a forest.

2dly, Those characters used metaphorically are much more numerous. In this way we should suppose the number, where the allusion is pretty obvious from the separate signification of the component parts, may perhaps amount to about one-fifth part of the language. Of these the following are a few examples:

信, *chong*, faithful, a *man* and *word; fire* and *water* express calamity; *fire* and *sword*, the same; and, what is singular enough, the *broken reed*, from which we, and the Latins, &c. before us, took the idea, is, with the Chinese also, expressive of misfortune and calamity; probably from the very extensive use of the *arundo bamboo.*

悶, a *heart* and *door*, grief, oppression; 聞, an *ear* and *door*, to listen; a *heart* and *slave* signify wrath, wrangling, contention; a *heart* and *knife*, affliction; a *heart* under the *point of a sword*, patience; a *heart* and *middle*, fidelity; a *heart* and *field*, meditation; *words* and *fine* or *grand*, deceit; *heart, truth,* and *words*, sincerity; a *bargain* or *contract* is a *word* and a *nail;* a *kingdom* is a *mouth* and *warlike instruments* within a *square*, *arms* and *counsel* being the best protection of a state; *mouth* and *ten* make *antiquity*, to which, if *words* be added, the character implies the doctrine of the ancients. *Time*, twice repeated, is *eternity*.

Some of the allusions though local and peculiar, may yet be explained; as, for instance, the character *woman*, combined with that of *son*, signifies *good, agreeable*, because it denotes affection, and because the want of children is considered as a reproach. A second, or assistant wife, (called by the missionaries a concubine,) is denoted by *woman* and *honour* or *exaltation*. The character of *woman* repeated is *strife;* thrice repeated, inordinate desire, falsehood. Quiet, silence, are expressed by *woman* and the *inner apartment* of the house. A *spinning wheel* is composed of the *wheel* of a carriage and *royal*, being an allusion to the wife of Hoang-tie, the inventor of spinning silk. A *king* within a door or *gateway* is the character expressing the intercalary moon, because on this occasion the king or chief came and stood in the door. A *mouth*, added to a sage or *learned man*, expresses virtue, happiness, gain, because the words of a sage lead to those results. In these allusions the language may certainly be considered as characteristic of the nation. We observe, for instance, that the combination of the character *woman* is almost universally employed sarcastically or in a bad sense, which is perfectly consistent with a people among whom females are held in little consideration; thus, slavery, wrath, contention, deceit, falsehood, are all arranged under the key for woman; quiet, ease, rest,

is a woman shut up, and happiness, comfort, &c. is expressed by a *woman* under a *roof* or *cover*, which can only mean the grave, over which a roof is generally built.

3dly, This class, of which Europeans can trace no relation between the meaning of the separate parts and the whole, composes the great mass of Chinese characters, of which we shall give a few examples.

A *heart* under the character *heaven*, thus 忝, signifies *shame, dishonour*. *Moon* repeated is a friend or companion, perhaps one of two *months* acquaintance; a *hand* combined with the *sun* is to dig the earth; with the *moon*, to open, to break. The key *water* joined to the key or character *woman*, thus 汝, is the personal pronoun *thou* or *ye*. The key *wood* or *tree* above the key or character *mouth*, thus 杏, is an apricot, but under the *mouth*, thus 呆, a stupid ignorant fellow; and through the *mouth*, thus 束, it signifies to bind, to stop, the number ten, &c. The key *wood*, *before* the character *west*, is the sleep of birds, rest in general; but *under* the character *west*, is a chesnut tree, and also to be afraid. By what possible combination of circumstances or allusion the key *horse* and the numeral *ten*, thus , can be made to express a *one-year old horse*, would probably puzzle a Chinese to explain. We shall mention but one more: the key which signifies a *tortoise*, of sixteen ‘traits,’ joined to another character composed of forty-eight, making altogether sixty-four strokes, is employed to express a talkative person.*

This almost general deviation from the principle on which the language was originally formed, would induce us to conclude that these characters were never meant for the Chinese; but that they had received them from a people more ancient than themselves, and in fitting them to their monosyllables, had wholly misapplied them. It was the opinion of M. Bailly and the Abbé Roussier,

* For a more detailed account of the construction of this singular language, we must refer our readers to Art. I. No. VI. of the Quarterly Review.

after

after the long and elaborate researches made by the one into their astronomy, and by the other into their musical science, that the Chinese were themselves the remains of some ancient and civilized nation, who had preserved the fragments of a true system, without preserving the principles on which it had been grounded; a conjecture which, if admitted, would at once account for the non-progressive state of the sciences for so many ages.

The characters must, we think, originally have belonged to a polysyllabic language, each component part of every character being a significant syllable. This is far from being the case as we now find them. The separate parts, as we have observed, have not in a great majority of the characters the least affinity to the signification of the compound; and, in general, the *name* of the compound character, which is invariably a monosyllable, has no relation to any one of the *names* of the several parts of which it is compounded. For instance, we find no trace of 杳, *yao, obscurity,* in 木, *moo,* a *tree,* or *je,* the *sun,* whose combination would naturally have suggested *moo-je;* nor can it be conceived by what possible association of ideas *je,* the sun, and *yué,* the moon, when combined, should have been called *ming;* there not being a single letter in *ming* common to either of the other. *Ming* is a syllabic sound that might have existed in their spoken language before the introduction of any written character, expressive of brilliancy and splendour; and in fitting the compounded character of the sun and the moon to this old monosyllable, they followed the dictates of common sense: but this is rarely the case; for in general we meet with associations which chance or caprice only could have formed. We believe that there is no instance of the Chinese having created a new *word;* but new characters are added to the language every year; hence it necessarily follows that old names must be given to them, and hence the want of connection between the sound and the meaning of the new character, or any of its parts. In fact, we can conceive nothing either in art or nature so perfectly discordant and ill-suited to one another, as the written and spoken languages of China. Most certainly they were never meant to be brought together, or to be made use of by one and the same people. Whence they had these characters, or what circumstances led to the adoption of them, their history does not say, though we believe there are numerous volumes in their language which treat on the origin of them. We pretend not to be prepared for such deep research; but we would recommend it to the new professor of the Chinese language at Paris, who

who was just placed in the chair by Louis XVIII. when that monarch was driven from his throne by the basest treachery that ever disgraced a civilized people. Had M. de Guignes lost it by his homage to Buonaparte? With all our abhorrence of this man, and all our contempt for his adherents, we should be sorry if that were the case; and we merely put the question from a conviction of the great superiority which De Guignes possesses over M. Abel de Remusat who, we perceive, betrays, on the very threshold, an unpardonable ignorance of his subject, by broadly asserting in his introductory lecture on the Chinese language, that the English have done nothing in it since the time of Hyde. Has then this new professor never heard of the Translation of the *Ta-tsing-leu-lee*; the Code of Laws of the Chinese Empire, by Sir George Staunton? a work that yields in nothing to the Laws of Menu, by Sir W. Jones, who had the aid of a learned pundit, whereas Sir George Staunton had no assistance, in a language infinitely more difficult and obscure than the Sanscrit?—Has he never heard of Mr. Marshman's valuable Introduction to the Chinese Language, and his ponderous volumes of translation from Confucius?—nor of Morrison's Horæ Sinicæ, or his translation of the whole of the New Testament into the Chinese language?—nor, yet more, of the *Ly-tang* and the Conquest of the *Miao-tsé*, two imperial poems of *Kien-Lung*, and the *Siao-tsee-lin* and the Chinese Genesis, and last and best, the translation of *Fan-hy-cheu*, a moral tale, all of them by the Rev. Stephen Weston, F. R. S. and F. A. S.? Surely Mr. Professor Remusat must have dreamt away the present century, to be so grossly ignorant as to assert that Hager is the only person who has done any thing in Chinese literature in England! Did he never hear of Montucci, the bold and successful antagonist of this high German doctor? He hints something indeed rather obscurely of the conscription having interrupted his Chinese studies; perhaps—but this is conjecture—he may have been dragged away to the army; if so, it will account at once for his total want of information on a subject on which he has undertaken to deliver lectures.

With all the imperfections of M. de Guignes's Dictionary, we are thankful for it in its present form. Whether Mr. Morrison will give us a better, or (if it be true that the Directors of the East India Company have taken the alarm, and thought it prudent to dispense with his services) whether he will give us one at all, we consider as very doubtful; but if Mr. Marshman would undertake to print a translation of Kang-hy's dictionary, we are fully persuaded that it would supersede all others, and be the most acceptable present which he could possibly make to the cultivators of Chinese literature in Europe.

Europeans find a great obstacle to the dissemination of Chinese literature

literature from the inconvenience and expense of cutting the blocks or single dies for the impressions of the characters. An attempt was made, and is stated to have been partially successful, to print them by types in the ordinary manner, by arranging the component parts of the characters as the compositors do the letters of the alphabet, and joining those parts together so as to compose the character required; but this we conceive to be a hopeless undertaking. The compositor, unacquainted with the multitude of parts and their endless combinations, would unavoidably commit innumerable errors, and consume a great deal of time in effecting little progress: but there is another, and, we believe, an insurmountable difficulty; the parts of the characters cross each other in all directions, which would make it impossible to put them together in the fount; for instance, how could the two parts 弓 and 大 be put together, thus 夷, in the frame? yet this is a simple character in comparison with the general mass of characters that occur. The best way unquestionably is that of the Chinese, who have one block of wood for each page. It is liable however to this inconvenience, that for a popular work, such as an Encyclopedia, of which the Chinese have a very voluminous one, it would require a whole warehouse to preserve the blocks for future editions. After all, it is neither more nor less than our recent *invention*, as we are pleased to call it, of the stereotype.

Art. III. *A Statistical Account or Parochial Survey of Ireland, drawn up from the Communications of the Clergy.* By William Shaw Mason, Esq. 8vo. Vol. I. pp. 652. Dublin. 1814.

WE have received this volume from the sister kingdom with great satisfaction. It has long been a reproach cast against us by the Irish, that we are grossly ignorant of all that relates to Ireland; and we do not pretend to deny the fact—though we must deny that it affords any peculiar ground of censure; for, we will ask, are the Irish themselves better informed on this interesting subject? Local details, undoubtedly, which fall under the observation of each individual, are known almost exclusively to the inhabitants of any particular country; but we are really at a loss to name that Irishman, to whom we could venture to refer for a general and enlarged view of the situation of his native country, in respect to the great objects which constitute the essence of national prosperity. We are sure that no books exist to which we could appeal for information.

We

We have seen some pamphlets which appeared to us liberal in their views and candid in their judgments; but slight declamations, however eloquent, are not the fountains of knowledge.—On the other hand, we have had thick octavos of statistics, and heavy quartos of laborious detail, so disfigured by the ignorance, the presumption, and the political rancour of the writers, that we turn away from what they call *facts* with doubt and perplexity, and from what they would pass off as *reasoning*, with contempt or disgust.

Under these circumstances we cannot but feel, that the readiness with which the Irish impute to the English an ignorance of their country,—which is common to themselves, and which, either with regard to themselves or to us, they have taken so little pains to remove,—partakes rather of the querulousness of those who know themselves to be in the wrong, and are ashamed to confess it, than of the candid desire of attracting the notice of intelligent inquirers.

Under these circumstances also, we are inclined to be satisfied in Irish statistics with much less than we should have expected from a similar work relating to England or Scotland;—nay, we are inclined to be pleased even with the deficiencies which are so obvious in Mr. Mason's reports. It could scarcely be hoped, under the present state of Ireland, that one comprehensive yet accurate representation could be obtained of its political condition and national character—to have executed such a work is much beyond the powers of any individual, and we do not believe that any society of authors could be found so far agreeing, even in general facts and opinions, as to concur in the preliminaries necessary to such a conjoint undertaking.

We, therefore, approve the modesty and good sense of Mr. Mason, who contents himself with rendering a less brilliant, but a more solid benefit to his country. He does not aspire to any higher title than that of a collector and editor of a series of statistical tracts on the several parishes, which (in consequence of a circular application) he is in the course of receiving from the parochial clergy of Ireland; and we think that nothing could be more judicious than the application which Mr. Mason addressed to the clergy, and nothing more honourable to themselves, and more pregnant with advantage to their country, than the manner in which, it seems, they are disposed to answer this call. Mr. Mason asked not political or philosophical disquisitions, which many could not have given, which many would have declined to give, even if they could, and which, if given, could not have failed to partake of a party spirit, or a tone of political discussion unfavourable to the cause of truth, derogatory to the character, and dangerous to the comfort of the minister himself. The readers, therefore, of these tracts must not be surprised to find sometimes a dry, and what may, at the first glance, appear an uninte-

uninteresting statement of facts: on a more mature consideration, he will see in them the evidences of the present state of national character and civilisation, and the materials of the future history of the people; and he will be pleased to find that many of the reports are distinguished by much accuracy of inquiry, force of reasoning, and very eminent literary ability.

The following is a table of the sections in which the account of every parish is arranged; and without entering into any discussion whether the arrangement is sufficiently scientific or comprehensive, we think we may assert, that it includes all the great objects of inquiry, and that, at all events, nothing can be more satisfactory, and ultimately advantageous, than the general adoption of *one* fixed scale or formula, even though it should be in some degree imperfect in its theory.

'I.—The name of the parish, ancient and modern; its situation, extent, and division, climate and topographical description.

'II.—Mines, minerals, and all other natural productions.

'III.—Modern buildings, both public and private, including towns, villages, gentlemen's seats, inns, &c.—the roads, scenery, and superficial appearance of the parish.

'IV.—Ancient buildings, monastic and castellated ruins, monuments and inscriptions, or other remains of antiquity.

'V.—Present and former state of population; the food, fuel, and general appearance; mode of living and wealth of the inhabitants; diseases and instances of longevity.

'VI.—The genius and dispositions of the poorer classes; their language, manners and customs, &c.

'VII.—The education and employment of their children, schools, state of learning, public libraries, &c. collection of Irish MSS. or historical documents relating to Ireland.

'VIII.—State of the religious establishment, mode of tythes, parochial funds and records, &c.

'IX.—Modes of agriculture, crops, stocks of cattle, rural implements, chief proprietors' names, and average value of land, prices of labour, fairs and markets, &c.

'X.—Trade and manufactures, commerce, navigation and shipping, freight, &c.

'XI.—Natural curiosities, remarkable occurrences, and eminent men.

'XII.—Suggestions for improvement; and means for ameliorating the situation of the people.

'APPENDIX.—Consisting of statistical tables, containing the value of the stock, annual produce of the parish, &c. &c.'

The volume now before us (the first of a series) contains the accounts of twenty-nine parishes, arranged in the foregoing order. It is not our present purpose to enter into any criticism of the abilities with which the parochial clergy have filled up the outline traced to them by Mr. Mason. Indeed, we are anxious to avoid any

any thing which might tend to repress the zeal of individuals to contribute to this work; and we might do ultimately more harm than good, by observing with the distinctions of praise or censure, (which, however, we have not failed to make in our own minds,) upon the exertions of persons who publish,—not for fame, nor for money, but—gratuitously, and in the execution of what they conceive to be a duty befitting their stations, and advantageous to the great interests with which, as Christian pastors, they are charged.

But though this feeling forbids us to descend to the minuteness of criticism, and though the very nature of the work disables us from offering to our readers in extracts, any view of its merits or defects, yet perhaps we may be allowed to make a few general observations in the sincere desire of contributing to its improvement.

In the first place, we must lament that Mr. Mason has not thought himself justified in using somewhat of an editor's privilege, either in suppressing irrelevant or tautological observations, or in adding (by the way of *notes*) supplementary information—the correction of mistakes—references to scattered passages relating to the same matter—and, finally, some endeavour, at least, to reconcile or explain contradictory statements.

To the *text* of the original reports we certainly should not wish him to add any thing: but surely it cannot be necessary to print them *literally* as they are transmitted to him. In such a body as the clergy of Ireland there will be found men of very different tastes, habits, and talents; and—all having the best intentions—some undoubtedly will not at first hit upon the best way of executing them. It would seem, therefore, to be the duty of Mr. Mason to endeavour to persuade his reverend correspondents that this or that passage was misplaced, or liable to misapprehension, or unnecessary; and if it should be his ill fortune (as perhaps it cannot fail to be) sometimes to encounter an author so blind as not to see his own faults, and so obstinate as not to adopt his editor's advice—we trust that Mr. Mason will not feel himself obliged to print, merely because another has written, a dull, bigoted, or mistaken report, but that he will endeavour to obtain from some other quarter a statement more worthy of his work and of the public.

We could wish, for instance, that the account of one parish had not been interrupted by the insertion of a ballad written by a farmer on a village sempstress; or that of another, by a translation of the first ode of Horace, by a mountain bard. Verses ought to be very good or very curious, and should, in either case, be immediately connected with localities, to be admitted to a place in such a work. We hope Mr. Mason will be more strict on this point in future.

We regret, also, to perceive some instances of mere *declamation* —that against absentees, for example—in which, let us venture to say

say it, the reverend writer transgresses his functions, and is unconsciously betrayed into false principles and inflammatory verbiage, which cannot but injure the work to which he is a contributor, and excite doubts concerning his own temper and talents. We touch this point lightly and generally, not only because we really wish to avoid giving offence, but because it would not be possible, in an article of a review, to define the limits where necessary or natural *observation* ceases, and where useless and injurious *declamation* begins; 'therein' the editor 'must minister unto himself,' and to the public; it is his own good sense which must decide in such cases, and we make these remarks chiefly with a view of strengthening his hands against his coadjutors;—the public, we assure him, will complain, and his work will undoubtedly fail altogether, if he does not exercise a wholesome restraint over the self-love of his correspondents.

So much for redundancies—but there is ground also to complain of some deficiencies; for instance, such observations as these not unfrequently occur:

'Section IV.—There is nothing worthy of remark in this way, except the ruins of a church and two old castles.'

Surely it is of the essence of such a work that we should have some fuller account of these ancient churches and castles—their history—documentary, if it can be obtained,—but at least, oral and traditionary. We attach particular value to information of this kind in a country like Ireland, of which the domestic history is in a state of profound obscurity, though the face of the country is studded over with the ruins of churches and castles, of each of which the history lives at least in the memory of its neighbours, and if written and compared with other collections of the same nature, would furnish a most curious and copious fund of local intelligence.

We are sorry also to see that the *statistical tables* are not all on the same plan; this will be found hereafter exceedingly inconvenient, as it will render it impossible to collect and combine these particular returns into general results, which is the only object worth attaining. In only one parish of the twenty-nine are the relative numbers of the Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Protestant Dissenters stated; this is a double subject of regret to us—regret that information so very valuable should be withheld in so great a number of cases, and that it should have been given in *one* in which the proportion of Protestants over the Catholics greatly exceeds the general rate of the country. This has an air of bad faith, which cannot but do injury to the work. We would earnestly request Mr. Mason to direct the attention of his correspondents to this important point, on which, perhaps more than any other, they will find

find the fullest employment for their candour and impartiality. As the returns, as far they relate to the Catholic population, must be for the most part matter of estimate, great differences of opinion will undoubtedly arise; all that we can expect from the clergy is, that each should give his honest and unbiassed judgment on the subject; it may be to him a subject of regret that the disproportion on the side of his own church should be so considerable as it will frequently be found; but we confidently hope that this will never be permitted to affect his calculations.

On the parts of the publication which are peculiarly Mr. Mason's, we have a few suggestions to make. The first is, that we could wish that some kind of *order* had been preserved in the arrangement of the parishes, either alphabetical, provincial, or diocesan. The twenty-nine parishes stand, we admit, in this volume in the *alphabetical* order of their names; and it is perhaps intended that the same practice shall be observed in future volumes; but this we must be allowed to say will, in the end, be no order at all. Mr. Mason's work, in its present form and style of printing, would probably consist of fifty volumes; and if each volume is to contain parishes of all counties, of all dioceses, and of names beginning with every letter from A to Z, it is clear that it would be just as well to let the printer place them according to his own fancy. We venture to suggest to Mr. Mason the propriety of adopting the *ecclesiastical* arrangement by *archiepiscopal provinces* and *dioceses*; in each diocese it might be proper to arrange the parishes alphabetically.

The objection to this has not escaped us; namely, that the publication must then be delayed till all the materials have been collected. Now this we think an objection which, if Mr. Mason and we do not greatly over-rate the zeal of the clergy, cannot be of any considerable weight. The history of one parish could not occupy much more time than that of another; and if the task of the editor be only, or little more than, to arrange the reports which he receives, the publication might surely go on sufficiently quickly. But where is the necessity for this prodigious haste? We have already said that we think the editor has something more to do than merely to receive the reports and correct the press, and we see no reason why he might not look to extend the period of his labours to three or four years. We are aware of the impatience of the Irish character, but this we think would be sufficiently gratified, and public interest kept alive, by the publication of a volume every six months.

Of the shape too of the publication we beg leave to say, that for such an object the *octavo* size seems to have been inconveniently adopted. *Quartos*, printed as quartos used to be of old, upon paper not too expensive, appear to us the best form for a work of such

 magnitude.

magnitude. Nor should we despair of seeing, by due economy of space, the reports from each of the four provinces brought into one volume.

The quarto has also the advantage of affording a more suitable size to the plates with which Mr. Mason may present his readers; but we regret to be obliged to say that the execution of the plates which have been published in this volume is utterly disgraceful—we fear that the Irish artists are not very able; certain it is that nothing can be worse than those engravings, and that even in the mere mechanical process of *striking-off*, the negligence of the workman appears to have rivalled the incapacity of the artist.

It may seem doubtful whether it be worth while to go to the expense of a map of each parish—we are of opinion that it is; and that these maps should enter as far as may be possible into local details: but then we would have no other engravings; no coins, no tombs, no landscapes, which even if well executed would not compensate for the increase of expense; but executed as they are in this volume, throw an appearance of vulgarity and ridicule over a respectable and valuable work.

On the whole, we earnestly recommend that the volume now published should be considered in the light rather of a Prospectus, than as the foundation of a work, and that Mr. Mason should with all diligence endeavour to prepare a publication, in quarto, of one of the archiepiscopal provinces. If this change of system should create any additional expense, we are quite sure it would be more than compensated by the superior value which the work would acquire; but if it should be necessary, we trust that the liberality and public spirit of the Irish government would be able to find some means of contributing to the expense of a work, the risk of which might become too great for an individual like Mr. Mason to bear, and the pecuniary responsibility of which could not fail to harass and distract his mind from his literary part of his undertaking.

We are glad to learn from the dedication that Mr. Mason's work has the countenance of Mr. Peel, the chief secretary of the lord lieutenant. It is well becoming a young man of generous feelings, of high literary attainments, and of enlarged views of his political duty, to exert the influence of his station for the local advantage of that part of the empire with which he has become officially connected; and when we see him endeavouring to encourage a spirit of literary inquiry into useful objects, and assisting with his support the humble labourers in the field of local history, we cannot refuse to offer our tribute of applause, and to express our satisfaction that Mr. Mason prosecutes his useful work under such favourable auspices.

Art. IV. *Roderick, the last of the Goths.* By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate, and Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. London: Longman and Co. 1815. Two vols. 12mo.

NO poet in our language, or perhaps in any other, has been more the object of contemporary criticism than Mr. Southey. The frequency and boldness of his flights astonished those who could not follow him, and who, naturally enough, when they saw him enlarging the range of his art beyond their conception, solaced themselves with an opinion of his having deviated from its rules. If poetry has any fundamental rules but those which best exhibit the feelings of the human heart, we confess that we are strangers to them. It is in proportion to his knowledge of these, and to his power of developing and delineating their action and effects, that the world in general will bestow their tribute of approbation upon the poet. Whether he lays his scene in heaven or earth, his business is with human sympathies, exalted perhaps by the grandeur of the objects which excite them, or called into existence by the circumstances which he creates, but still in their nature, progress, and ends, in every sense of the word, human.

These must be the main springs and active principles of a poem; and, compared to them, the power of all other machinery is weak and puerile. Our notions of divinity (unassisted by the light of Revelation) must be founded on the experience of what we ourselves feel and think. The gods who are to be introduced into a poem must have a shape and a tangibility. We can invent no form more agreeable to the eye, or more complete and adequate to all known purposes, than our own; and we can imagine no mode of intellectual existence different from that for which our own minds are constructed. By increasing the size, the beauty, and majesty of these deities, we endow them at once with a personal superiority; and by heightening in them the attributes of our own nature to a degree beyond that in which we ourselves possess them, we obtain an idea of beings of enlarged powers and intelligence. These may serve for gods to those who will be contented to take them as such; but in fact they are only mortals highly endowed. The poet can oppose them to each other, and allot to each what portion of power he pleases; but when they are called in as auxiliaries they merely rob the real characters in the poem of their interest without exciting any for themselves. No one in reading the Iliad cares much about the party feelings that distract the parliament of Olympus. Hector is not a favourite with the reader because the side on which he fights is that of Mars and Venus. We love him

him for his own sake, not for that of his patrons. When Mars, indeed, descends into the field, his presence serves to heighten the brilliancy of the scene, and to make the tempest of war rage with increased fury; but for the main interest nothing is gained by this interference. If he were made to exert his super-human powers, his antagonists could have nothing to oppose to them; and as the contest would be unequal, and the result foreseen, it would excite less attention than a contest between mere mortals; if these powers are suspended in the god during the struggle, he can only fight like any other hero of the poem, whose place he would usurp for the time.

When Diomedes is obliged to quit the field in consequence of the manifestation of the wrath of Jupiter, who does not see that the sublimity of the passage consists in the quickness with which the intelligence passes between the god and the mind of the hero?

> ———— Τυδείδης δε διανδιχα μερμήριξεν
> Ἵππους τε στρεψαι, και ἐναντιβιον μαχέσασθαι.
> Τρὶς μεν μερμηριξε κατα φρενα και κατα θυμον·
> Τρὶς δ᾽ ἄρ ἀπ᾽ Ἰδαίων ὀρεων κτυπε μητιετα Ζευς,
> Σῆμα τιθεις Τρώεσσι, μάχης ἑτεραλκεα νίκην. Ιλ. Θ. 167.

Here the communication is immediate, and without the intervention of any subordinate agent. The machinery if such it may be called, which Mr. Southey has employed in all his former poems, is of this nature. It is a machinery of intelligence and the passions, and it forms the distinguishing feature of his composition. In Joan of Arc he has made all the great events to result from the enthusiasm and virtues of his heroine. Her communications with heaven are carried on through the medium of an exalted feeling to whose dictates her prowess is to be attributed. The consequences which follow the display of it are just and natural. Her character is sufficiently elevated above common life to make it worthy of the lofty tones of poetry, yet not placed above the sphere of human sympathies, nor degraded by being made the puppet of a set of imaginary agents.

In the romance of Thalaba the same system is preserved; and though it is a tale of entire fiction which requires that the reader should admit the existence of magic for its basis, yet Thalaba is assisted by no power which might not be more than equally the protector of his antagonists; and so far from being superior in preternatural means, when he has cast off the ring which Mohareb reproaches him for wearing, he opposes only to the sorcerer

> —— the enthusiast mind,
> The inspiration of his soul:

and when he asks the penitent angels Haruth and Maruth for the talisman

talisman which is to protect and guide him to the end of his mission, he is answered,

> Son of Hodeizah, thou hast found it here,
> The talisman is Faith.

With Faith for his defence and Enthusiasm for his guide, he meets still severer trials, and ultimately accomplishes his object through the operation of these feelings. Had he carried unerring weapons, or been made invulnerable, he would merely have appeared as a tool to work out the purposes of others, and the moral agency and influence of his character would have lost its value in our eyes.

In Madoc, the next great poem which Mr. Southey produced, we have a series of human adventures and natural difficulties. Madoc is opposed to those who have every natural advantage on their side, subtlety, impetuous courage, a knowledge of the country, and overwhelming numbers. But he conquers as often by his mildness and forbearance as by his fortitude. The influence of superstition has all the effect upon the minds of his savage enemies which the actual presence of superior agents could bestow on them. Here neither nature nor historical truth is violated. The tribes of Aztlan are impelled by that which is to them a divine power: oracles and omens in the hands of their priests are to them the voice of their gods; and though even here something like machinery is employed, yet it is apparent only through the medium of the passions and purposes which it excites in their breasts. There it acts with demoniacal energy; but our good sense is never shocked by the absurdity of preternatural interference, in favour of either party. The pure faith of christianity could not be subjected to such profanation, and the unseen influence of the gods of Aztlan yields to the virtue and the wisdom of Madoc.

The 'Curse of Kehama' may be thought to deviate from the principles observed in the preceding poems, but a little examination will shew that this is not the case. The actors are all, except Ladurlad and Kailyal, endowed with super-human powers, and the opposition between them is maintained upon pretty equal grounds. The cause, however, to which the gods incline, is not always the most fortunate. Kehama, in the course of the poem, possesses himself of omnipotence, and drives the deities from their seats. In power he is therefore superior to them, but to enjoy it he wants immortality. He wants too, without being conscious that he does so, omniscience to wield it. The inordinate desire, successful in every step, and increasing by gratification, has only one more to take, but that one leads to destruction, and the immortality which it ensures brings with it an eternity of misery.

In this extraordinary poem, founded as it is upon the most extravagant

travagant and unwieldy of all mythologies, there is no interference on the part of beings of a higher nature than the actors in the scene, but the end is accomplished by agents with whose operation we are at least acquainted, if we are not familiar with its extent. Innocence is opposed to vice, patience to cruelty. The moral interest rises as the poem proceeds, and moral justice crowns its conclusion.

It is not surprising that minds educated in the habit of classifying should confine their notions of poetry within certain limits, which, because they had not been passed, were deemed impassable, or that they should censure as transgressions any deviations from the beaten path. Certainly each deviation must be daring, but an authority may be derived from its success. Without detracting from the merits of the ancients, we may yet hesitate to pronounce that no other models can be produced. Beautiful and majestic as all must confess them to be, we may still be permitted to examine into the latent causes of our approbation; and if we find that this arises from lending ourselves to a belief in their fictions, and yielding to the superstition founded on them, we are not far from discovering that the system is adapted only to the subject. The preternatural agency introduced into the poems of the ancients was suited to the people who believed its influence in real life. Homer had his gods, and Shakspeare his witches and ghosts. We look at them still with wonder and awe, but much of the charm of their effect must necessarily be lost upon an enlightened and incredulous age, and it is only by transporting our imaginations and feelings back to the periods of their fancied power that we can render ourselves at all susceptible of their influence. But this subjection, whether it be voluntary or the consequence of education, does not by any means oblige us to close our eyes to other sources of delight, or to straiten the sphere of our enjoyment.

Nature offers a boundless range to observation in all her productions animate or inanimate, and it would be bold to assert that any of them are below the attention of genius. Before vulgar optics they pass without notice; but the poet sees them decked in the forms and colours with which his 'mind's eye' invests them, gives them a body which they possessed not before, and presenting them in their new characters seems to create and to people a world from his own imagination.

Critics who exercise their trade according to precedents only, and who would exclude all models but those sanctioned by antiquity and use, may deny the existence of this power, or censure the employment of it; but experience tells us that it exists, and taste and judgment are gratified by the exercise of it. They have for ages drawn their canons from these examples, and with a notable zeal for the confirmation of their dominion, have established a school and

and promulgated its laws in the spirit of intolerance. The unenterprising and the dull have not been galled by the restraint; but real genius must have felt with indignation the pressure of the fetters which art had forged and prescription rivetted.

Mr. Southey has shewn the validity of his system in the poems of which we have thought it due to him to take a cursory view; and whether he has drawn from the inexhaustible sources of his own imagination and created both his personages and the world which he has given them to inhabit, or set before us pictures of elevated humanity, his principle has been true to nature, and his application of it consistent through even the wildest of his fables. Other poets may have drawn down the gods and mingled them in their story; but he has planted a divinity in the very breasts of men, and through the invisible agency of passion, moved them by springs at once more natural and more powerful than have ever been obtained from the inconsistent and treacherous aid of classical fictions. He comes before the public now with his system proved and matured: his march to fame has been regular, and he has made himself master of the ground over which he has passed.

The history of RODERICK, THE LAST OF THE GOTHS, is involved in so much obscurity, and so confounded with legendary tales, that little of its truth can be discovered. We hardly know more than that in the beginning of the 8th century the Moors, at the invitation of Count Julian, governor of Ceuta and of Andalusia, invaded Spain, and after a continued battle of eight days, defeated the Spaniards on the plain of Xeres.

In accounting for the treason of Count Julian, the historian is obliged to take tradition for his guide; and, though the politician and the philosopher may find more probable and more plausible motives for the crime, the Spaniards will continue to ascribe it to a thirst of vengeance for the honour of his daughter violated by Roderick.

In a short preface Mr. Southey has told us of the enmity between the royal families of Chindasuintho and Wamba. Theodofred, the younger son of the former, had been defeated and deprived of his sight by Witiza, who was of the family of the latter. Favila, the brother of Theodofred, was murdered at the instigation of his wife, by Witiza, with whom she lived in adultery, and who forced her son Pelayo into exile. Roderick recovered the throne of his father, and retaliated upon Witiza the cruelty inflicted upon the unfortunate Theodofred; but he spared Orpas the brother, or, according to some, the son of the tyrant, and Ebba and Sisibert the produce of the adulterous connection with the mother of Pelayo. This mistaken clemency allowed the seeds of disorder to take root; and when the Moors made their appearance they found

in

in a divided kingdom no lack of cowards and traitors to yield them obedience and succour. In the disorder which followed the defeat at Xeres, the king quitted the car in which he rode, and mounted his horse Orelio for flight: his real fate was never known, but his crown, his robe, and the royal steed were found on the banks of the Bætis, and it was supposed that 'the last of the Goths' had perished in its stream.

The fabulous Chronicle of Don Rodrigo relates, that after the battle he stripped off his royal attire and wandered to the court of Portugal. Here he found a hermit, with whom he abode three days, at the end of which the anchorite died, after having prescribed a rule of life to the fallen king. He remained in this solitude one year, subject to as violent temptations as St. Anthony, and like that holy person resisting them all. At the end of this time he was directed by an immediate command from heaven to follow a white cloud which should conduct him to the spot where his penance was to terminate. He obeyed the injunction, and his supernatural guide stopped over another hermitage. The elder of the place, the only one remaining of a brotherhood which had been dispersed after the defeat of the king, assisted him in his devotions and obtained from heaven a revelation of the ultimate penance enjoined. With the aid of this good father, Roderick was to inclose himself alive in a tomb with a two-headed serpent, and in that situation to await his death patiently. The chronicle goes on to state that the tomb was discovered in the 13th century, and that it bore this inscription, *Hic jacet Rodericus, ultimus Rex Gothorum.* Mr. Southey is inclined to credit the fact of this discovery, as there do not appear to have been any interested motives connected with the assertion of it, or any 'intention of setting up a shrine' to enrich the monks of the place.

The poem opens with a brief statement of Roderick's offence, the Moorish invasion, and the disastrous result of the battle on the plain of Xeres.

The character of Roderick is immediately brought forward. He is represented with the rudiments of greatness and goodness in his nature, but betrayed into error by uncontrouled passions, while his virtues render him doubly susceptible of the pangs which his conscience inflicts upon him. In a state of excitement and elevated feeling which, though they do not produce actual disease of intellect, prepare him for self-deception, he imagines that he is called upon by heaven to preserve his life and to repent.

He quits the field of battle disguised in the weeds which he strips from the dead body of a peasant. The night is passed in a feverish contest between hope and despair, and the morning presents to his view the sad effects of his crime, in the desolated and deserted country

country through which he passes. For seven days he continues his journey northward, and on the eighth finds himself on the banks of the Guadiana, 'fast by the Caulian Schools.' Here he meets with one solitary monk, whom age, a sense of duty, and the hope of receiving martyrdom at the hands of the infidels, had retained in the service of the altar. Impatient for his celestial crown, he had gone out to look for the approach of the morn, and on his return finds Roderick stretched in agony before the cross. Romano, the monk, raises him, speaks to him of comfort, and urges him to confession of his sins.

This act may be considered as the beginning of his penance, and not the least difficult portion of it. The poet has shewn his judgment and his skill in human nature, by the mode in which he has represented the performance of this act, which gives us a clear and early insight into the character of his hero. Roderick struggles with himself before he can make a successful effort to speak.

> ' At length, subduing
> His nature to the effort, he exclaim'd,
> Spreading his hands, and lifting up his face,
> As if resolved in penitence to bear
> A human eye upon his shame—" Thou seest
> Roderick the Goth . . . . . .
> the ravisher,
> The cause of all this ruin !" Having said,
> In the same posture motionless he knelt,
> Arms straitened down, and hands outspread, and eyes
> Raised to the monk, like one who from his voice
> Expected life or death.

The confessor and his penitent then leave the monastery: and as they catch a last sight of its walls see the Moorish army advancing in the distance. They cross the Tagus and the Zezere, and reach the sea at Nazareth, where they take up their abode in a hermitage in which they find a cross planted upon a grave.

The second book develops still farther the character of Roderick. After twelve months sojourn in the hermitage, Romano dies; and when the king had performed the last offices to his friend in laying him by the side of the last tenant, he digs, with rather too much effort, his own grave, at the feet of both.

The effects of solitude now return upon the penitent with redoubled force, and he is struck by the thought that when he shall have laid himself in this narrow house, there will be no pious hand to perform for him the rites of sepulture; but that, instead of enjoying Christian burial, he shall become the prey of the sea-birds, even in the helplessness of his extremity. Other temptations assail him in their turn. Self-justification in the weakness of human nature,

nature, and shame, thus prompt him to suicide. But this thought alarms and rouses him, and he seeks refuge from its horrors in prayer. While stretched upon the grave of Romano, he addresses himself to the spirit of his departed friend in a strain which marks the high-wrought character with which the poet has endowed him.

'Oh point me thou
Some humblest, painfullest, severest paths—
Some new austerity unheard of yet
In Syrian fields of glory, or the sands
Of holiest Egypt. Let me bind my brow
With thorn, and barefoot seek Jerusalem,
Tracking the way with blood; there, day by day
Inflict upon this guilty flesh the scourge,
Drink vinegar and gall, and for my bed
Hang with extended limbs upon the cross,
A nightly crucifixion!—any thing
Of action, difficulty, bodily pain,
Labour and outward suffering, any thing
But stillness, and this dreadful solitude!'

Exhausted with this agony, he falls asleep on the grave, and the consolation for which he had prayed comes to him in his dreams.

'Roderick, it said,
Roderick, my poor unhappy, sinful child,
Jesus have mercy on thee!—Not if heaven
Had open'd, and Romano, visible
In his beatitude, had breathed that prayer:—
Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart
With such compunctious visitings, nor given
So quick, so keen a pang. It was that voice
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep
So patiently; which soothed his childish griefs;
Counsell'd, with anguish and prophetic tears,
His headstrong youth. And, lo! his mother stood
Before him in the vision; in those weeds
Which never, from the hour when to the grave
She follow'd her dear lord Theodofred,
Rusilla laid aside; but in her face
A sorrow that bespoke a heavier load
At heart, and more unmitigated woe:—
Yea, a more mortal wretchedness than when
Witiza's ruffians, and the red hot brass
Had done their work, and in her arms she held
Her eyeless husband; wiped away the sweat
Which still his tortures forced from every pore;
Cool'd his scorch'd lids with medicinal herbs,
And prayed the while for patience for herself

And

And him, and pray'd for vengeance too, and found
Best comfort in her curses. In his dream,
Groaning he kneels before her to beseech
Her blessing, and she raised her hands to lay
A benediction on him. But those hands
Were chained, and casting a wild look around,
With thrilling voice she cried, Will no one break
These shameful fetters? Pedro, Theudemir,
Athanagild, where are ye? Roderick's arm
Is withered.—Chiefs of Spain, but where are ye?
And thou, Pelayo, thou, our surest hope,
Dost thou too sleep?—Awake, Pelayo!—up!
Why tarriest thou, Deliverer?—But with that
She broke her bonds, and lo! her form was changed!
Radiant in arms she stood! a bloody cross
Gleamed on her breast-plate, in her shield display'd
Erect a lion ramp'd; her helmed head
Rose like the Berecynthian goddess crown'd
With towers, and in her dreadful hand the sword
Red as a fire-brand blazed. Anon, the tramp
Of horsemen, and the din of multitudes
Moving to mortal conflict, rung around;
The battle-song, the clang of sword and shield,
War-cries and tumults, strife and hate, and rage,
Blasphemous prayers, confusion, agony,
Rout and pursuit, and death; and over all
The shout of victory—Spain and Victory!
Roderick, as the strong passion master'd him,
Rush'd to the fight rejoicing: starting then,
As his own effort burst the charm of sleep,
He found himself upon that lonely grave,
In moonlight and in silence.'

The dream however works upon him, and he interprets it into a revelation of the will of heaven. It opens to him also the hope that his mother yet lives, and he resolves to leave his hermitage and seek the chiefs whose exertions may yet save his country. Having laid the image of the Virgin in a cleft of the rock, with the pious carefulness which religion prompted, he sets forth on his journey.

The third book begins with a very beautiful picture of the early rays of the sun darting through the intricacies of a forest. We give Mr. Southey full credit for the truth with which he has delineated a scene he must have witnessed and noticed with the eye of a painter and the feelings of a poet. As Roderick draws near to Leyria, then in the possession of the Moors, he finds that the alteration of his person by grief and penance affords him a complete disguise. The Mussulmen, among whom maniacs are considered as sacred, treat him with compassion, and ask his blessing.

'A Christian woman, spinning at her door,
Beheld him, and with sudden pity touch'd,
She laid her spindle by, and running in
Took bread, and following after called him back,
And placing in his passive hands the loaf,
She said—Christ Jesus, for his mother's sake,
Have mercy, mercy, on thee!'

He passes the Arunca and the Mondego in his way to Coimbra, Guimaraens, and Bracara. Here on every side his eyes are struck with the ruin brought upon his country, and the religious feeling which is one of the main springs of his character, is excited to indignation by a view of the profanation to which the Christian temples are subjected by the celebration of Moorish ceremonies.

Prepared for the horrors that await him, he reaches Auria, the picture of which is evidently drawn from the actual state of Zaragoza in 1809.

'Prostrate in the dust
Those walls were laid, and towns and temples stood
Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flame
Had left them, black and bare; and through the streets,
All with the recent wreck of war bestrewn,
Helmet and turban, scymitar and sword,
Christian and Moor in death promiscuous lay,
Each where they fell; and blood flakes, parch'd and crack'd,
Like the dry slime of some receding flood;
And half-burnt bodies, which allured from far
The wolf and raven, and to impious food
Tempted the houseless dog.
A thrilling pang,
A sweat like death, a sickness of the soul
Came over Roderick. Soon they past away,
And admiration in their stead arose,
Stern joy, and inextinguishable hope,
With wrath, and hate, and sacred vengeance now
Indissolubly link'd. O valiant race,
O people excellently brave, he cried,
True Goths ye fell, and faithful to the last;
Though overpower'd, triumphant, and in death
Unconquer'd! Holy be your memories!
Blessed and glorious now and evermore
Be your heroic names!—Led by the sound,
As thus he cried aloud, a woman came
Toward him from the ruins. For the love
Of Christ, she said, lend me a little while
Thy charitable help!—Her words, her voice,
Her look, more horror to his heart convey'd
Than all the havock round: for though she spake
With the calm utterance of despair, in tones

Deep-

Deep-breathed and low, yet never sweeter voice
Pour'd forth its hymns in extasy to heaven.
Her hands were bloody, and her garments stain'd
With blood, her face with blood and dust defiled.
Beauty and youth, and grace and majesty,
Had every charm of form and feature given;
But now, upon her rigid countenance
Severest anguish set a fixedness
Ghastlier than death.
She led him through the streets
A little way along, where four low walls,
Heapt rudely from the ruins round, inclosed
A narrow space; and there upon the ground
Four bodies, decently composed, were laid,
Though horrid all with wounds and clotted gore:
A venerable ancient; by his side
A comely matron, for whose middle age
(If ruthless slaughter had not intervened)
Nature it seem'd, and gentle Time, might well
Have many a calm declining year in store;
The third an armed warrior, on his breast
An infant, over whom his arms were crost.
There—with firm eye and steady countenance,
Unfaultering, she address'd him—there they lie,
Child, husband, parents—Adosinda's all!
I could not break the earth with these poor hands,
Nor other tombs provide—but let that pass—
Auria itself is now but one wide tomb
For all its habitants—what better grave?
What worthier monument?—Oh cover not
Their blood, thou earth! nor ye, ye blessed souls
Of heroes and of murder'd innocents,
Oh never let your everlasting cries
Cease round the eternal throne, till the Most High,
For all these unexampled wrongs, hath given
Full, overflowing vengeance.'

Roderick assists her in digging a rude grave for the bodies; and she then tells her story. She was the daughter of the governor of Auria. Amid the entire massacre of the inhabitants, a captain of Alcahman's host had bidden his men reserve her for an hour of dalliance; but she had contrived to divert him from his intention, and watching her opportunity when he slept, put him to death, and returned to Auria to perform the last duties to those she loved. The effect of this unexpected instance of patriotism and devotedness upon Roderick, just emerged from solitude and despair, is pourtrayed in these nervous and majestic lines.

' As thus she spake,
Roderick, intently listening, had forgot

His

His crown, his kingdom, his calamities,
His crimes—so like a spell upon the Goth
Her powerful words prevail'd. With open lips,
And eager ear, and eyes which, while they watch'd
Her features, caught the spirit that she breathed,
Mute and enrapt he stood, and motionless.—
The vision rose before him; and that shout,
Which, like a thunder peal, victorious Spain
Sent through the welkin, rung within his soul
Its deep prophetic echoes. On his brow
The pride and power of former majesty
Dawn'd once again, but changed and purified;
Duty and high heroic purposes
Now hallow'd it, and, as with inward light,
Illumed his meagre countenance austere.'

Struck with the sudden alteration, and seeing in it the promise of a similar effect wherever her wrongs shall be made known, she vows to consecrate her life to the God who has preserved it, and to her country. Roderick catches the flame from her example, resolves to devote himself to the same purpose, and to work out his own redemption by redeeming his country, concluding his vow with a triumphant prophecy of its result. Adosinda now demands his name, but he evades the question, in a way that shews the painful recollections which it calls up. She therefore gives him the name of Maccabee, and directs him to Visonia, to consult with the Abbot, which of the chiefs still faithful to their country is fittest to be made king.

He finds Odoar the prelate with Urban another priest, and tells what he has seen at Auria. The interest which he takes in the message he delivers, and the knowledge which he displays of the characters of the chiefs, excites the surprise of his auditors, who, in their turn, demand his name, but he gives only that which he had assumed.

'Odoar and Urban eyed him while he spake,
As if they wonder'd whose the tongue might be
Familiar thus with chiefs and thoughts of state.
They scann'd his countenance, but not a trace
Betray'd the royal Goth: sunk was that eye
Of sovereignty; and on the emaciate cheek
Had penitence and anguish deeply drawn
Their furrows premature, forestalling time,
And shedding upon thirty's brow more snows
Than threescore winters in their natural course
Might else have sprinkled there.'

Urban then directs him 'to seek Pelayo at the conqueror's court,' and to bid that chief take upon himself the command of the patriots.

patriots. The fourth book concludes with the solemn confirmation of the sacred mission and priestly character with which Roderick is now formally invested.

On his way to Cordoba he falls in with a company of travellers, seated round their evening fire. Their conversation is of the general distress, of the apostasy of the queen, Egitona, of Orpas and other members of the royal house; and their lamentations conclude with curses on Roderick as the cause of it. One old man only of the party enters upon his defence, and the fallen king recognizes in his voice his foster-father Siverian. The pleasure of meeting with him is however damped by the apprehension that his mother Rusilla is no more.

Departing alone on the next morning, he has an opportunity of offering up the first fruits of his vow. He is struck by a Moor, who finds him restoring the form of a mutilated cross, and Siverian comes up at the moment that he has revenged the insult by the death of the miscreant. The old man, delighted to find a similarity of feeling in his unknown companion, whose 'face is of a stranger, but whose voice disturbs him like a dream,' immediately communicates to him that the purpose of his own errand to Cordoba is to inform Pelayo, by the command of Rusilla, of the dangers that threaten his house by the apostasy of his sister Guisla. The landscape in the neighbourhood of Cordoba is painted with uncommon richness and attention to truth, and the beauty of the scenery calls forth the following apostrophe from Siverian.

'O Cordoba,
Exclaim'd the old man, how princely are thy towers,
How fair thy vales, thy hills how beautiful!
The sun who sheds on thee his parting smiles
Sees not in all his wide career a scene
Lovelier nor more exuberantly blest
By bounteous earth and heaven. The very gales
Of Eden waft not from the immortal bowers
Odours to sense more exquisite, than these
Which, breathing from thy groves and gardens, now
Recal in me such thoughts of bitterness.'

As they approach the city, Siverian is involuntarily drawn to visit the tomb of Theodofred, whose bones repose in the chapel of a palace which he had built there in his youth. It is also the burial place of Pelayo's guilty mother. At sight of this edifice, he takes occasion to chant the praises of his beloved foster-child, and to detail his recollection of the entrance of Roderick into the house of his father.

'Here drawn in fair array,
The faithful vassals of my master's house,

Their

Their javelins sparkling to the morning sun,
Spread their triumphant banners; high plumed helms
Rose o'er the martial ranks, and prancing steeds
Made answer to the trumpet's stirring voice;
While yonder towers shook the dull silence off
Which long to their deserted walls had clung,
And with redoubling echoes swell'd the shout
That hail'd victorious Roderick. Louder rose
The acclamation, when the dust was seen
Rising beneath his chariot wheels far off;
But nearer as the youthful hero came,
All sounds of all the multitude were hush'd,
And from the thousands and ten thousands here,
Whom Cordoba and Hispalis sent forth,
Yea whom all Bætica, all Spain pour'd out
To greet his triumph,—not a whisper rose
To heaven, such awe and reverence master'd them,
Such expectation held them motionless.'

The whole of the sixth book is taken up with the overflowings of the old man's heart at these recollections, and the sad contrast which he now witnesses. Roderick acquires further claims upon the attention and regrets of the reader, as the book proceeds, and at its conclusion he and his companion enter the church and prostrate themselves at the tomb of Theodofred. Pelayo himself was at that very time holding his accustomed vigils on the anniversary of his mother's death, and offering up the prayers which her last words had entreated at his hands in expiation of her crimes. The mingled feeling of filial love and horror of her guilt is described with an accuracy and force of language which is at the command only of such a genius as can place itself in the situation of the object that it means to pourtray.

Siverian delivers his message from Rusilla and Gaudiosa, and Roderick repeats to Pelayo the circumstances which he had witnessed at Auria, and informs him of the mission with which he is charged by Odoar and Urban, to persuade him to assume the crown. Pelayo,

'Stretching forth
His hands toward the crucifix, exclaim'd,
My God and my Redeemer! where but here,
Before thy awful presence, in this garb,
With penitential ashes thus bestrewn,
Could I so fitly answer to the call
Of Spain; and for her sake, and in thy name
Accept the crown of thorns she proffers me!
And where but here, said Roderick in his heart,
Could I so properly with humbled knee
And willing soul confirm my forfeiture?
The action follow'd on that secret thought:

He

He knelt, and took Pelayo's hand, and cried,
First of the Spaniards let me with this kiss
Do homage to thee here, my lord and king!'

On his return into the town he finds a female waiting his arrival. She adjures him for the sake of his mother's and of Roderick's souls to grant the request she is going to prefer. Upon demanding her name,

'She bared her face, and looking up, replied
Florinda!————————————
Pelayo stood confused: he had not seen
Count Julian's daughter, since, in Roderick's court,
Glittering in beauty and in innocence,
A radiant vision, in her joy she moved:
More like a poet's dream, in form divine,
Heaven's prototype of perfect womanhood,
So lovely was the presence,—than a thing
Of earth and perishable elements.
Now had he seen her in her winding sheet,
Less painful would that spectacle have proved;
For peace is with the dead, and piety
Bringeth a patient hope to those who mourn
O'er the departed; but this alter'd face,
Bearing its deadly sorrow character'd,
Came like a ghost, which in the grave
Could find no rest. He, taking her cold hand,
Raised her, and would have spoken; but his tongue
Fail'd in its office; and could only speak
In under-tone compassionate her name.
'The voice of pity sooth'd, and melted her,
And when the prince bade her be comforted,
Proffering his zealous aid in whatsoe'er
Might please her to appoint, a feeble smile
Past slowly over her pale countenance
Like moonlight on a marble statue.'

She tells him that she is solicited in marriage by the renegade Orpas, whose ambition is to reign as a Moor where the priestly character would have excluded him from the throne as a Christian. Her father, anxious for the continuation of his line, favours the proposal of the traitor, and she now beseeches Pelayo to send her away that she may reach a land where 'Christian rites are free.' The prince accedes to her request, and bids her hold herself in readiness to join the little company that evening, and prepare to escape with him.

In the opening of the tenth book we find Pelayo with Florinda under his care, and Alphonso with his attendant Hoya, setting out secretly from Cordoba to join Roderick and Siverian who are waiting

ing for them among the hills. The characteristics of a summer's night in Spain are brought in to embellish and give truth to the description of their march.

'The favouring morn arose
To guide them on their flight through upland paths,
Remote from frequentage, and dales retired,
Forest and mountain glen: Before their feet
The fire-flies, swarming in the woodland shade,
Sprung up like sparks, and twinkled round their way;
The timorous blackbird, starting at their step,
Fled from the thicket with shrill note of fear;
And far below them in the peopled dale,
When all the soothing sounds of eve had ceased,
The distant watch-dog's voice at times was heard
Answering the nearer wolf. All through the night
Among the hills they travelled silently,
Till when the stars were setting, at what hour
The breath of heaven is coldest, they beheld
Within a lonely grove the expected fire,
Where Roderick and his comrade anxiously
Look'd for the appointed meeting.'

Oppressed with fatigue and anxiety, sleep steals upon the party—all except Roderick, and Florinda who, finding herself in the company of a priest, rejoices in the opportunity that is offered for confession. Hitherto, it is to be remembered, he had not seen her face, nor knew who was his fellow-traveller. She reveals herself—and the effect upon Roderick is painted with a strength of language peculiar to this poet.

We must not trust ourselves to make extracts from the exquisite scene which follows, for we should not know where to stop. Florinda takes upon herself the blame of Roderick's offence; tells of her own ardent though pure passion, kindled by the contemplation of his virtues and cherished in her knowledge of the unhappiness of his domestic life;—she pleads his cause in her own accusation, and reproaches herself with the curses which her high and indignant spirit breathed in a moment of vengeance upon the man she loved best, and which had been so fatally and so widely fulfilled. Roderick, however, in her ingenuous love, finds only an aggravation of his guilt and an increase of his misery. He lays no 'flattering unction to his soul,' that may cheat him into self-forgiveness. He only seeks to know whether she recals the curse, and pardons him on *her* own account; for himself—he passes on his transgression the severe and irrevocable sentence which conscience, and a sense of remorse that solicits no palliation, appear to dictate.

We have heard it observed (and with a most imposing air of sagacity) that there is little other passion in the poetry of Mr. Southey than

than what is found in the natural affection of fathers and daughters, or brothers and sisters, and in that calm, pure, subdued sort of love which may be indulged by dutiful children under the inspection of their parents. But we would confidently ask of those who have accompanied us thus far in the poem, whether, in its strongest and most undisguised form, in its most varied workings and effects, love was ever painted with a more powerful hand, or with more fidelity to nature, than in this masterly delineation? We confess, we know not where to look for a parallel either of the situation in which he has placed his personages, the language in which he has made them speak, or the skill with which he has developed the character of his hero in this extraordinary scene.

The eleventh book brings the travellers to the castle of Count Pedro at Cangas, in Asturia. Here his vassals are awaiting him to put himself at their head—

> 'His war horse in the vacant space
> Strikes with impatient hoof the trodden turf,
> And gazing round upon the martial show,
> Proud of his stately trappings, flings his head,
> And snorts and champs the bit, and neighing shrill
> *Wakes the near echo with his voice of joy.*'

In this preparation we trace the influence of Adosinda, though she does not appear. Favinia, the wife of Count Pedro, whose character in this instance is well contrasted with that of Gaudiosa, tries to dissuade her husband from his enterprise, urging that Adosinda 'is crazed with grief,' and that the safety of their son Alphonso will be endangered by it. Pedro's banner however is waving for its lord, and at the moment that he declares his fixed resolution to follow it, Alphonso reaches the castle, and leaps from his horse into the arms of his parents.

In the following book the youth receives his knighthood. The 'maimed rites' are performed, with as much solemnity as the occasion allows, by Count Pedro and Pelayo. Nor is Roderick an idle spectator. As soon as the youth has received his honours, he steps forth and tenders to him the oath which is to bind him to the service he has undertaken. His exhortation is delivered in the same spirit which breathes through the whole poem, and gives it action and life. The character of the Goth, his royalty, his enthusiasm, his patriotism, are never lost sight of.

> 'Ne'er in his happiest hours had Roderick
> With such commanding majesty dispensed
> His princely gifts, as dignified him now,
> When with slow movement, solemnly upraised,
> Toward the kneeling troop he spread his arms,
> As if the expanded soul diffused itself,

And carried to all spirits with the act
Its effluent inspiration.'

The ceremony is scarcely complete when an alarm is given of the approach of the enemy, to whom intelligence had been conveyed of the escape of Pelayo and Alphonso. The youth redeems his pledge in the conflict, and the infidels are discomfited.

Count Eudon, whose wavering conduct had created distrust in both parties, falls into the hands of the conquerors. The conversation in his interview with Count Pedro is highly dramatic, and we are a little inclined to think that the poet has intended it to convey more than appears at first view. The indignation with which the patriotic chief receives the proposal to mediate for *honourable terms* of peace, and the representations of the enormous power of his insolent and overwhelming foes, are capable of application to times long posterior to the age in which the scene is laid. At any rate a lesson is held up by which all ages may profit, where the question lies between virtue and cowardice, honour and pusillanimity. There is a noble and characteristic frankness in Pelayo's confession that the country is too weak to call 'for service with the voice of sovereign will,' and a stimulating appeal to the highest sense of patriotism, in the declaration that the common and ordinary claims of duty being dissolved, each man is free to consult his own breast for the rule which is to guide his choice between submission and exertion. With this hint Eudon is dismissed to ignominious security, and at the conclusion of the thirteenth book the troop reaches at midnight the deserted castle of Pelayo. They are met by a multitude in whose van are female forms discernible by the glare of torches. The traitress Guisla, who had been rescued, or rather intercepted, in her flight to join the Moor, was among them.

'But who is she that at her side,
Upon a stately war-horse eminent,
Holds the loose rein with careless hand? A helm
Presses the clusters of her flaxen hair;
The shield is on her arm; her breast is mail'd;
A sword-belt is her girdle, and right well
It may be seen that sword hath done its work
To-day, for upward from the wrist her sleeve
Is stiff with blood.'

We recognise in this passage the heroic Adosinda, who comes both to witness and to improve the effects of her call upon her countrymen. Roderick here sees his mother, though unobserved by her, and she tells Pelayo of the safety of his wife and children, whom he resolves to seek at break of day.

'The nightingale not yet
Had ceased her song, nor had the early lark

Her

Her dewy nest forsaken, when the Prince
Upward beside Pionia took his way
Toward Auseva.——Roderick too had watch'd
For dawn, and seen the earliest streak of day,
And heard its earliest sounds; and when the Prince
Went forth, the melancholy man was seen
With pensive pace upon Pionia's side
Wandering alone and slow: for he had left
The wearying place of his unrest, that morn
With its cold dews might bathe his throbbing brow,
And with its breath allay the feverish heat
That burnt within. Alas! the gales of morn
Reach not the fever of a wounded heart!'

He is anxious, yet dreads, to meet his mother, and when he is informed by Siverian, who had been sent in quest of him, that she requires his presence, the invitation comes 'like a knell

To one expecting and prepared for death,
But fearing the dread point that hastens on.'

Roderick has no reason to think that his mother recognises him in the interview which takes place; but he hears the expression of her affection mingled with the forgiveness of Florinda, who is also present, and oppressed by a sorrow still keener than 'the grief which wastes away her mortal frame,' the apostasy of her father. Upon his account she asks for the prayers of Roderick; and the tears which he suffers to fall appear to flow from compassion for her misery—they are however excited by another cause.

'The dog who lay
Before Rusilla's feet, eyeing him long
And wistfully, had recognised at length,
Changed as he was, and in those sordid weeds,
His royal master. And he rose and lick'd
His wither'd hand, and earnestly look'd up
With eyes whose human meaning did not need
The aid of speech; and moan'd, as if at once
To court and chide the long withheld caress.'

Roderick perceives this recognition to be dangerous, as the feelings it is calculated to excite in himself may betray him; alarmed, but not overcome, he retires from the presence of his mother and Florinda

'Into the thickest grove; there yielding way
To his o'er-burthened nature, from all eyes
Apart, he cast himself upon the ground,
And threw his arms around the dog, and cried,
While tears stream'd down, Thou, Theron, then hast known
Thy poor lost master,—Theron, none but thou!'

An incident so extraordinary will not fail to bring to recollection our old acquaintance Argus. Homer's dog, however, is introduced for no purpose connected with the poem. He merely makes his appearance to shew that he remembers his master, licks his hand, wags his tail, and then—

'Αργον δ'αυ κατα μοιρ' ἐλαβεν μελανος θανατοιο.

Theron plays a nobler part. His recognition confirms the intrusive feelings of a mother, in Rusilla's breast, and quickens the more than half-formed suspicions in which Siverian had indulged when he found him 'resting his head upon his master's knees.'—This circumstance Mr. Southey has certainly turned to very great account; he has made it introductive of some of the finest writing in his work, where the old man is bursting to give utterance to the hope which forces itself upon him, yet dreads to find it discouraged by communication. He indulges it, however, till he at last works himself up to perfect conviction that the royal Goth did not perish in the defeat at Xeres.

The anxious and agitated feelings here called forth, are tempered by a description of Pelayo's visit to the retreat of Gaudiosa and her children in the mountains of Covadonga. They introduce him to their different apartments in the cave, and this gives the poet an opportunity of exhibiting still farther those powers of description which he has exerted in the representation of this spot of high importance in the poem, as the valley of Covadonga is the scene of the final battle.

On his return to his friends, in the eighteenth book, Pelayo finds the whole of the patriotic band drawn up 'in fair array' to greet him with the royal title. The ceremony of acclamation is illustrated by the mention of those rites which are omitted as much as of those which are observed, and all that is wanting in splendour of the actual celebration is amply compensated by the spirit which is manifested. The martial appearance of Urban the primate is perfectly suitable to the occasion.

'Bare of head
He stood, all else in arms complete, and o'er
His gorget's iron rings the pall was thrown
Of wool undyed—he held a natural cross
Of rudest form, unpeel'd, even as it grew
On the near oak that morn.'

He performs the ceremony of inauguration, and pronounces a blessing upon the prince, which, for sublimity and solemnity, has, in our recollection, no rival.

'"Lord God of Hosts,"
Urban pursued, "of angels and of men
Creator

Creator and Disposer, King of Kings,
Ruler of earth and heaven—look down this day,
And multiply thy blessings on the head
Of this thy servant, chosen in thy sight!
Be thou his counsellor, his comforter,
His hope, his joy, his refuge, and his strength!
Crown him with justice and with fortitude!
Defend him with thy all-sufficient shield!
Surround him every where with the right hand
Of thine all-present power! and with the might
Of thine omnipotence, send in his aid
Thy unseen angels forth, that potently
And royally against all enemies
He may endure and triumph! Bless the land
O'er which he is appointed; bless it with
The waters of the firmament, the springs
Of the low-lying deep, the fruits which sun
And moon mature for man, the precious stores
Of the eternal hills, and all the gifts
Of earth, its wealth and fullness!"

Roderick brings forth the shield on which Pelayo is to be elevated. The apostrophe in which he is addressed by the poet places him before us as the principal personage, even at the instant when, by the honours of the new king, he might otherwise have been involved in a momentary eclipse; and a well-timed recurrence to his vision on the grave of Romano—and an allusion to his present feelings of confidence, recal our attention to him individually, and to the exalted and inspiring principles of enthusiasm and energy whose operation the whole course of the poem is calculated to display.

At the conclusion of this book the poet quits the plain road of narration, and, suddenly bursting into a lyric strain, mingles himself with the throng. This stroke of art is admirably substituted for the mode of prophecy employed from time immemorial. It gives life and reality to the picture. The mind of the reader is involved in the business before him, for he is hurried along with the tumult and made a partaker in the action. While we feel ourselves called upon to bestow its full share of praise upon this expedient, we cannot but express our surprise, and in some measure our disappointment, that Mr. Southey has made no allusion to the late war in the peninsula, except a very slight and cursory mention of Zaragoza, either in this place, which seems so preeminently suited to its introduction, or in any other part of the poem.

The ceremony which confirms the abdication of Roderick is no sooner over than he hastens to the presence of his mother, confident that the sacrifice which he has made will obtain for him her

 forgiveness,

forgiveness, and the restoration of her esteem. Rusilla proves herself worthy of her son. She feels that he has established a character for himself higher and more permanent than that with which the accidents of rank and splendour could have invested him, and she bestows her blessing upon him with delight, proud in his heroic humiliation.

The twentieth book brings us to the Moorish camp, displaying the baseness of the renegades, but particularly that of Orpas, who endeavours to sow dissension between Abulcacem and Julian, secretly accusing the latter of perfidy, and of connivance at Florinda's flight from Cordoba. Julian, whom the poet has skilfully represented with much nobleness of nature, mingled with those baleful passions to which he yields himself, perceives the magnitude of the crime he has committed against his country, and the precarious tenure of the disgraceful favour in which he is held by the invaders. He sees too the danger to which his daughter will be exposed if he continues to countenance the selfish and ambitious views which Orpas entertains in his union with her. He therefore obtains from the Moorish chief an absolution from his promise of Florinda's hand to Orpas, and permission to have her brought to an interview with him. The softening of the rugged warrior's heart under the operation of these feelings is strongly painted, and the gleam of natural virtue which passes over him forces us to involuntary pity.

In the opening of the twenty-first book we find the apostate count performing his evening ablutions in a fountain, by the side of which his tent is pitched at a short distance from the camp. As he rises from his devotion, his daughter stands before him, and by her side

> 'A meagre man
> In humble garb, who rested with raised hands
> On a long staff, bending his head, like one
> Who, when he hears the distant Vesper bell,
> Halts by the way, and all unseen of men
> Offers his homage in the eye of heaven.'

Roderick had accompanied Florinda to the interview, evidently in the hope of still farther retrieving the consequences of his crime by rousing the conscience and repentance of Julian. The conversation is carried on between the three in the language partly of argument and partly of passion. It is apparent that Julian is but half convinced of the efficacy of the creed which he has adopted, and that in his excuses he rather seeks than feels his justification. Roderick, bold in the purpose which brought him to the spot, braves the displeasure of the count, and is not disheartened by his declaration of eternal enmity.

We

We should certainly consider it as no easy task to mould the arguments of controversy conformable to the language of poetry; but Mr. Southey has contrived to throw into those which he has adduced in favour of choice and conscience, of liberty and responsibility, a spirit not inferior to the more impassioned parts of the poem, though tempered by the solemnity and importance of their subject. The reasonings, and the whole conduct of Roderick in this interview, are full of the gentleness and tenderness of piety. The influence of Florinda's character is brought in to aid them; and her concluding speech naturally lowers the high tone of passion which prevails throughout the book, to that state of tranquillity which is felt to be necessary at its termination. While the mind of Julian is evidently affected by the topics upon which he had held such 'high converse,' she seizes upon the accidental presence of a common and natural object to enforce the arguments of Roderick, with the quickness and inspiration of genius.

'If sore experience may be thought
To teach the uses of adversity,
She said, alas! who better learn'd than I
In that sad school! Methinks if ye would know
How visitations of calamity
Affect the pious soul, 'tis shown ye there!
Look yonder at that cloud, which through the sky
Sailing alone, doth cross in her career
The rolling moon! I watch'd it as it came,
And deem'd the deep opaque would blot her beams;
But, melting like a wreath of snow, it hangs
In folds of wavy silver round, and clothes
The orb with richer beauties than her own,
Then passing, leaves her in her light serene.
' Thus having said, the pious sufferer sate
Beholding with fix'd eyes that lovely orb,
'Till quiet tears confused in dizzy light
The broken moonbeams. They too by the toil
Of spirit, as by travail of the day
Subdued, were silent, yielding to the hour.
The silver cloud diffusing slowly pass'd,
And now into its airy elements
Resolved is gone; while through the azure depth
Alone in heaven the glorious moon pursues
Her course appointed, with indifferent beams
Shining upon the silent hills around,
And the dark tents of that unholy host,
Who, all unconscious of impending fate,
Take their last slumber there.—
And now the nightingale, not distant far,
Began her solitary song; and pour'd

To

To the cold moon a richer, stronger strain
Than that with which the lyric lark salutes
The new-born day. Her deep and thrilling song
Seem'd with its piercing melody to reach
The soul, and in mysterious unison
Blend with all thoughts of gentleness and love.
Their hearts were open to the healing power
Of nature; and the splendour of the night,
The flow of waters, and that sweetest lay,
Came to them, like a copious evening-dew
Falling on vernal herbs that thirst for rain.'

Orpas has now poisoned the mind of Abulcacem against Julian, and when his counsel is asked upon the conduct of the war, the opinion which he gives in favour of delay is construed by the Moor into a proof of treachery. Orpas seizes the opportunity to advise the assassination of the count in the battle, when the blow may be supposed to come from the enemy. This piece of policy completes the character of the treacherous renegade, and the Moor does not hesitate to adopt it.

The twenty-third book is founded, if not upon the most authentic history, at least upon the belief of all good Spaniards, that a great Moorish army was destroyed in the Vale of Covadonga, by Pelayo, and his allies, the Virgin Mary and a mountain, who rendered him most effectual service upon the occasion;—the Virgin counteracting the whole system of projectiles by stopping the arrows of the Moors in their flight, and returning them with increased force into the faces of the invaders; and the mountain sacrificing a large portion of its bulk, and detaching a formidable body of earth, rock, and tree, to harass and overwhelm the flying enemy.

Mr. Southey, who certainly would be a very good Spaniard if he were not, as we have reason to believe, a very good protestant, has rejected the interference of the Virgin, and substituted a miracle of his own in the management of the incident. Half the Moorish army halts at the entrance of the valley, retaining Count Julian and his men, that they may bear the brunt of the onset, and that his assassination may be more easily effected. The remainder, under the command of Alcahman, acting on the information which Guisla had given them of the place where Gaudiosa and her children were secreted, enter the straits under the treacherous protection of a fog, which conceals their numbers and the danger which awaits them. Pelayo had stationed a large force on the heights where they had been employed in felling the trees and loosening the rocks, which, at a preconcerted signal, were to be precipitated upon the devoted host. Count Pedro and Alphonso, with the main army, were stationed at the opposite end of the valley to be

be ready to take advantage of the confusion and disorder. The exultation and confidence with which the Moors enter the pass is pourtrayed in their taunting and ironical conversation amongst each other. The little respect with which they treat their prophet in their discourse is conformable to the character of the times, (for many of the Ommiade Caliphs were notorious unbelievers in Mahomed,) and shews that free-thinking is not confined to philosophers of a later age, or incompatible with the grossest superstition.

The silence, the eager and breathless expectation which reigns among the mountaineers, as the 'passing tramp of horse and foot is heard,' is well described, and all the effect of the legendary miracle is given by the introduction of natural accidents and objects. The mist suddenly begins to clear as the leader of the enemy reaches this spot—but the poet must speak for himself.

'As the Moors
Advanced, the chieftain in the van was seen
Known by his arms, and from the crag a voice
Pronounced his name—Alcahman, hoa! look up,
Alcahman! As the floating mist drew up,
It had divided there, and opened round
The cross; part clinging to the rock beneath,
Hovering and waving part in fleecy folds,
A canopy of silver light condensed
In shape and substance. In the midst there stood
A female form, one hand upon the cross,
The other raised in menacing act: below
Loose flowed her raiment, but her breast was arm'd,
And helmeted her head. The Moor turn'd pale,
For on the walls of Auria he had seen
That well-known figure, and had well believed
She rested with the dead. What, hoa! she cried,
Alcahman! In the name of all who fell
At Auria in the massacre, this hour
I summon thee before the throne of God,
To answer for the innocent blood! This hour,
Moor, miscreant, murderer, child of hell, this hour
I summon thee to judgment!—IN THE NAME
OF GOD! FOR SPAIN AND VENGEANCE!'

The last words contain the expected signal; Pelayo passes it, and it runs through the whole line. The implements of ruin are instantly loosened, and a destruction follows like that of which we have an example in modern times, when the patriotic Hofer employed a similar stratagem to crush a detachment of Lefebvre's army in the Tyrol.

While the work of death is going on in the defile, Alphonso has been carried, in the ardour of pursuing a 'prowling band,' near to the

the quarters of Julian, and is followed by his father Count Pedro; but before either of them meet in actual hostility, the fatal messenger of Abulcacem and Orpas arrives, and plunges a javelin into the side of Count Julian. The blow is instantly retaliated upon the murderer by one of his captains; and Julian, after directing his army to join the standard of Pelayo, desires to see his daughter with the priest who has accompanied her, and to be carried into the church to make his confession, and die in the religion which he had forsaken. The priest receives his confession, absolves the penitent, administers the sacrament, and then, to the astonishment of the father and the daughter, throws himself on his knees before the dying count, prays in his turn for forgiveness, and owns himself to be 'Roderick!' He obtains the pardon of Julian who, with his last breath, informs him that his queen is dead, and that Florinda may now be united to him. But a higher destiny awaits the virtuous daughter; she has seen all she wished accomplished, her father reconciled to the church, Roderick fulfilling her idea of his character—

> 'On the Goth she gazed,
> While underneath the emotions of that hour
> Exhausted life gave way. O God! she said,
> Lifting her hands, thou hast restored me all—
> All—in one hour!—and round his neck she threw
> Her arms, and cried, My Roderick! mine in heaven!
> Groaning, he claspt her close, and in that act
> And agony her happy spirit fled.'

We are now arrived at the twenty-fifth and last book. As Roderick comes from the church he meets Count Pedro, to whom he relates the death of Julian and Florinda. At this instant Orpas advances from the Moorish ranks to solicit a parley with the soldiers of Julian, but Roderick recognizes the horse which carries him for his favourite steed Orelio. Indignant at the sight he forgets in a moment the priestly character, and, with a speech of bitter irony, seizes the bridle, reins back the horse, 'to that remember'd voice and arm of power, obedient,' and, dislodging the rider from his seat, tramples him to death under the hoofs of his charger. He then vaults into the saddle, calls for a Spanish sword, and receives the weapon of Count Julian. Thus equipped, he plunges into the thickest ranks of the enemy, scattering dismay and death on every side. A trait of national character is introduced in the exulting pride with which the Spaniards behold their champion—they see the interposition of heaven in their favour—the Moor, on the contrary, reads his fate in the omen, and resigns himself to its decrees. We here learn the death of Guisla and Count Eudon, by the hands of those to whom they had devoted themselves; and Sisibert and Ebba, 'the viperous sons of Witiza,' are called by the chief to stem the

the torrent of destruction. Roderick has now cut his way through the enemy, and approached near enough to Pelayo and Siverian to be recognised in the achievements which confirm their suspicions, as their long lost friend and master. He has just time to tell them of the death of Julian and Florinda; to desire that, if he falls, he may be buried with them; to exchange his weeds for the armour of the old man, and to bequeath Orelio to his care.

> 'Dost thou not marvel by what wondrous chance,
> Said he, Orelio to his master's hand
> Hath been restored? I found the renegade
> Of Seville on his back, and hurl'd him down
> Headlong to the earth. The noble animal
> Rejoicingly obey'd my hand to shake
> His recreant burthen off, and trample out
> The life which once I spared in evil hour.
> Now let me meet Witiza's viperous sons
> In yonder field, and then I may go rest
> In peace——my work is done!'

He then rushes again upon the enemy, and sets up his ancient war-cry, 'Roderick the Goth! Roderick and victory!' The shout runs through the host, and rouses the acclamation of hope. He dispatches Sisibert at a single blow, and then makes his way 'through the thickest ranks' in quest of Ebba, whom he finds 'performing well a soldier's part:' the contest, which ends with the death of the renegade, is judiciously and minutely described, serving as a point for the imagination to rest on, and giving an air of individuality to this part of the picture. The Moors are completely routed, and the slaughter is only stopped by the approach of night. The recal is sounded, the victors return to their standards.—But where is the champion who has headed them?

> 'Upon the banks
> Of Sella was Orelio found, his legs
> And flanks incarnadined, his poitral smear'd
> With froth, and foam, and gore, his silver mane
> Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair,
> Dispersed like dew-drops: trembling there he stood
> From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth
> His tremulous voice far echoing loud and shrill,
> A frequent, anxious cry, with which he seem'd
> To call the master whom he loved so well,
> And who had thus again forsaken him.
> Siverian's helm and cuirass on the grass
> Lay near; and Julian's sword, its hilt and chain
> Clotted with blood; but where was he whose hand
> Had wielded it so well that glorious day?——
> Days, months, and years, and generations pass'd,

And

And centuries held their course, before, far off,
Within a hermitage near Viseu's walls,
A humble tomb was found which bore, inscribed
In ancient characters, King Roderick's name.'

The critic who undertakes to give an epitome of a poem of so high a rank as 'Roderick,' has little to do but to point out in the mass of admirable matter those things which strike him as most worthy of admiration. Original in its plan, true in its fundamental elements, and consistent in its parts, it rouses the feelings, and stimulates those powers of the imagination, which rejoice in the consciousness of exertion. When we rise from the contemplation of a work, which has so involuntarily called forth the vigilance of attention by its development of character, its display of the capabilities of human nature, and by the interest which it creates, we are made to feel that our intellectual and moral existence is enlarged. This effect is produced, in the first instance, by the character of Roderick. His remorse, which awakens us to a horror of his crime, and holds out, even to 'the full-fraught man, the best endued,' a profitable example of the evils into which inordinate passions may betray him in an unguarded moment, proves the ingenuousness of his mind, and, while he is lowest in his own esteem, gives the first and surest earnest of his future energy and virtue. When, by an effort consistent with his character, he rises above the despair in which he feels it disgraceful to be involved, we recognize the salutary workings of repentance in the self-devotedness with which he seeks to retrieve the consequences of his faults. From this point he springs into a new state of moral existence, and his progress, though rapid, is regular and consistent. In solitude and in contemplation he has obtained a knowledge of his own heart, and acquired self-controul; the powers with which nature has originally endowed him, enable him to controul others, and strengthen the influence of his enthusiasm over all within the sphere of his example. The priestly form in which he appears may be considered as necessary for all that passes with Florinda and Julian. His sacred character secures attention, while the remoteness of the era in which the action of the poem is placed, and the obscurity of its history, preclude the necessity for tying him down to the observance of any particular order. Every incident in the poem is brought about by his direction, the energies of all the actors are kindled by his influence, and the victory, which effects the consummation of his wishes, is ensured by his example.

The person next in importance is Adosinda. The story of her injuries first gives a form to the sentiment with which Roderick's mind is occupied. The evidence of her sufferings operates as a powerful call upon him to revenge them, and suggests to his imagination

gination the universal distress of his country. It required no small management to derive from her services all that was necessary to the author's plan, without suffering her to trespass upon it; and to drop or suspend her office without appearing to have neglected or forgotten her. We think that Mr. Southey has steered clear of these difficulties. We recognise her exertions, without seeing her, in the eleventh book; she makes her appearance again in the fourteenth, where she is enabled to fulfil the prophecy she made when parting with Roderick at Auria; and in the twenty-third a part is allotted to her worthy of herself, and of the expectations entertained on her behalf.

The character of Count Julian, and the situation in which he is placed, are of material importance in furthering the object of the poem. The consciousness of shame which he tries to conceal by obstinacy; the self-justification which he vainly endeavours to establish by sophistry; the suspected light in which he is viewed by his adopted friends; the injuries which he and his followers are made to endure at their hands;—all these hold forth a lesson, if one were wanting, to shew that he who forgets the natural obligations of duty, and forsakes his country and its cause, must never hope for refuge in the approbation of his own heart, nor in the confidence or esteem of others. The better part of his character serves to illustrate and exemplify the principles whose operation is developed throughout the poem; and which, as we have observed, furnish its most efficient agency—the retrieving power of virtue, the force of enthusiasm and will. Julian, at his death, rewards the filial piety of his daughter; and in his reconversion to his country and his God, the triumph of her constancy and goodness is acknowledged.

Of the *manners* of the poem, or at least of their authenticity, we can say but little—as little of what may be called its costume. We believe that there are no Gothic buildings existing in Europe from even the ruins of which the author could have collected materials for embellishment; still less can we look for any record of the habits of life of a people who have so long since disappeared, and of whom so few literary monuments remain. Where, however, any notice of them could be gleaned, they have not escaped the observation of Mr. Southey. With regard to the Moors, history has afforded more ample materials, and we have, therefore, portraits of them which we can recognise, because, as their habits are less liable to change, tradition and continued customs have brought them more nearly within our view. Great praise is due to the poet for the introduction of that difference in the manners of the two parties, which he has made to result from the difference of their creeds. On the side of the Spaniards,

Spaniards, we find a spirit unbroken by adversity, hope enlivened by the justice of their cause, the courage of action as well as of sufferance, enthusiasm in the leaders, and confidence in the people. The Mussulmen are actuated by more sensual motives—the desire of worldly possessions, a spirit of conquest, and the hope of success in this life, as an earnest of reward hereafter. The christian clings to his faith, with full trust in its support and assistance, and lights up all his other passions from the altar of his adoration. The Mussulman, in his reliance on the decrees of Providence, loses his concern for results, without feeling his ardour for exertion paralysed. Each has something of that vanity universal among mankind, which ascribes to the special favour of heaven the natural effects of ordinary causes; but it is most apparent on the side of the Spaniards, where it is sanctioned by superstition and strengthened by credulity.

These are the materials out of which Mr. Southey has constructed his poem. We trace in it the same hand that produced his former works, but improved in skill, and power of application to the topics introduced. It has not the variety of Madoc, nor are there in it those examples of tenderness, and the more humane feelings, with which that work abounds. The object of the poet seems to have been to display the intensity of passion, and the action of the severer virtues. Those milder affections, in the description of which he has sometimes indulged himself to an extent that has weakened the effect of their beauty, have found a place here only in the retirement of Gaudiosa and her children, where the solitude, and the stillness of the scene has prepared the mind of the reader to receive them. The high and tumultuous tide of feeling which flows through the whole poem, would admit of no interruption or distraction, even by allusion to sentiments of a softer nature. The very love, which Florinda confesses for Roderick, partakes of the same lofty character; it is founded upon admiration and sympathy, and, though concealed by female pride and a sense of duty, it rises to the utmost pitch of passion, and reigns predominant in her breast.

Of the versification which Mr. Southey has employed we have given our readers sufficient specimens to enable them to judge for themselves. The variety of its cadences gives a spirit which relieves its grandeur, and the redundant syllable at the end of many of the lines prevents the majesty of its tone from oppressing the ear. The language is such as the best authors of the best era of our literature would acknowledge, nor can we give it higher praise than to say that its standard worth would be admitted in the mint of Queen Elizabeth's age. Many words corrupted by familiarity are here restored to their original meaning, and rescued from the perversion

version to which they have been subjected by fashion or negligence. For the mode in which Mr. Southey has treated his subject he alone is answerable; it is built upon no model, there is nothing which even the rage for classification can class with it, nor has it any thing which partakes of the character of a 'school,' except it be that school in which the moralist and the philosopher pursue their studies of the human heart, and learn to record their observation and experience.

We must now take our leave of Mr. Southey, congratulating him upon the success of his labours, which will form an epoch in the literary history of his country, convey to himself 'a name perdurable on earth,' and to the age in which he lives a character that need not fear comparison with that of any by which it has been preceded.

Art. V. *A new Covering to the Velvet Cushion.* 8vo. pp. 180. London: Gale, Curtis, and Fenner. 1815.

THE fate of the Church of England is somewhat singular. By a memorable exertion of her courage and learning, she delivered herself from the corruptions of the papacy, and proved the necessity of a separation. The vindication of her cause went on, while the blood of her martyrs was shed; and at length her constancy was rewarded with that legal settlement which followed and justified her claims to a national independence. Such an event could not but call forth the bitterest hostility of the church from which she had departed. Accordingly, in the vocabulary of Rome, every degrading, every opprobrious term has been heaped on our protestantism. It is the fountain of all mischief, civil and religious. In the one case, it has loosened the ancient bonds of society through the encouragement given to resistance; and in the other, it is the parent of ecclesiastical dissension. Nor are these reproaches confined to the age which gave birth to them. They still subsist; and we are viewed by Roman Catholics, even in our own country, with the same odium which fell, though with a more fatal effect, upon our forefathers.

But while these consequences have arisen from the assertion of our independence on a foreign church, accusations of the most astonishing nature have been brought against us at home, and we are treated by many of our sectaries, as if we were still immersed in the corruptions of the papacy! When we issued from the bosom of Rome, we asserted together our freedom and our principles; and the ancestors of churchmen and dissenters were happy to live and die in one communion. On the foundation then laid for her, the Church of England has always stood; and her constancy is proved by the continuance of her government and discipline, and by

by the uniformity of doctrine maintained in her Liturgy. But the love of change soon began to appear, and the influence of another foreign church, reformed on different principles, soon became visible in our own. Alterations were first demanded in unimportant matters, in the dress of the officiating minister, in the posture of the worshipper, and other circumstances which hitherto had been unnoticed, or were not deemed of sufficient consequence to require a separation of communion. The impulse, thus excited, rapidly increased. The smallest points were soon swelled, by the spirit of party, into cogent reasons of dissent. Doctrines too, which had been hitherto acknowledged as scriptural, and deemed satisfactory to the conscience, were declared unholy or imperfect. Enthusiasm was promoted, and separate congregations were formed; till at length the Church of England was doomed to hear, from those who had now withdrawn from her communion, the same charges which they had once justly poured in common on the Church of Rome! This spirit of innovation still subsists, and with more than its former noxiousness. The original ground of our Reformation was national. This principle is now denied: and, in the present age, the liberty of dissent is become so wanton, that the privilege has been claimed as merely personal, and any individual professing opinions, never yet held by himself or any other, is his own church.

These principles appear in all their insolence and malignity in the publication before us. In our last number some account was given of the Velvet Cushion; and thither we must refer our readers for the plan and object of the work. The present professes to be an extension of its history and a correction of its principles. The Cushion had related the events which had befallen it during the chief part of the period from the Reformation to the present age. But whatever was its experience, it was left within the pale of an ecclesiastical establishment. It is deemed necessary, therefore, to remove it from thence to a more evangelical situation, and for this purpose the Cushion is made to continue its tale.

‘“If any person should hereafter discover this series of papers, which before terminated rather abruptly, he will perhaps conclude from the motto which I have chosen to prefix to the following narrative, that my views of things have been completely and somewhat suddenly changed. Such is, indeed, the fact; and though certain persons of fashion may possibly start with horror at the idea of any body changing their religion, and think that I am either become insane or enfeebled in my faculties by the palsy of extreme old age, I must assure them, that neither is the case—no derangement has occurred; for though the vicissitudes I have suffered might naturally enough be supposed likely to produce such an effect on stronger heads than mine, it is my happiness to enjoy all the vigour of renovated youth. A cursory survey of my

my exterior will prove that I have fallen into new hands, whose magic touch has clothed me afresh—concealed the decays of age—and I assure you cured them too by the dexterous application of a new neat covering. I feel like the fabled phœnix rising from the ashes, or the eagle new fledged with the feathers and pinions of youth and beauty, at the end of a hundred years. The fast rooted prejudices of centuries seem burnt down or mouldered away, and new sentiments, new feelings, new pleasures, have proved the happy results of a *new covering*."'—pp. 48, 49.

These glories are not obtained by the Cushion till after several removes, and its final happiness is, to be purchased by a 'committee of dissenters.' Of course, it is far more pleased with this than with any former situation. Now too it has the happiness of attracting converts from the establishment itself. The very 'churchwardens,' who had so long loved it, and regretted its removal, come to 'gaze upon its altered aspect;' and others are, by degrees, allured within the 'dissenting walls.' Here, indeed, the Cushion wishes to repose as in its final home; and it witnesses the only pure and true doctrine in the 'pulpit of the Reverend Mr. D———, the present much esteemed minister of the congregation.'

Such is the general outline of this publication. As to the manner in which it is written, it is difficult to say any thing favourable. The work of which it is the continuation was sufficiently wanting in good taste; but all its improbabilities, its wildness of plan, its fatiguing conversations, and quaintness of phrase, are here carried to the extremity of endurance:—and those who are fond of denying that the sectaries of our country are apt to be hostile to literary talent as incompatible with their notions of faith, may be convinced of their error by the present volume. Still this would be tolerable, did we not observe the most decided marks of that ignorance and rashness of judgment so often betrayed by dissenters, when they speak of the Church of England. If we are to believe this writer, we might have spared ourselves the trouble of an imperfect reformation; and, in effect, we are still within the verge of popery! We have creeds which cannot be proved to have issued from the mouth of Christ or his apostles. We have forms of worship established by human authority, and we are called upon to determine whether we will follow the 'King, the Parliament, the Church, or Jesus.' In our Liturgy too, among other enormities, the minister is permitted to pronounce absolution to the repenting sinner; and over all our departed brethren, when laid in the earth, is pronounced the same hope of the 'resurrection to eternal life!'—To the more vulgar part of these objections it would be a needless waste of labour to make a particular reply. We may securely leave to any understanding, not perverted by party feelings, the interpretation of the principle on which the Church of England places its declaration of the forgiveness of sins. There is no assumption

sumption of personal power, as in the Church of Rome: no Grand Penitentiary absolves in the name of a Pontiff. Every thing is resolved into the will and mercy of God; and the occasional form permitted in the 'Office for the Sick,' is fully explained by the general absolution in the standing service of the church. The same judgment will be formed, by any mind not incapable of candour, concerning the expression in the Burial service. This writer has, indeed, misquoted it for the sake of making the offence which he cannot find; but our 'sure and certain hope' is declared, in the passage which he has mutilated, not concerning the individual, on whom no sentence is pronounced, but concerning the resurrection of all good men to eternal life. Yet were it otherwise, what offence could fairly be taken, if the hope were openly expressed, as it is in another passage, that even the sinful brother whom we lay in the earth may be forgiven, and that he may also become the object of divine mercy, at the resurrection of the just?

Leaving therefore these minuter points, we will rather bestow some attention on the general principle now at issue between the Church of England and those who dissent from it, a principle on which depends the whole character of our Reformation. The objection to our establishment is conveyed in the description given by this writer of the nature of true evangelical liberty.

'"A church of Christ is any particular community of professed Christians, voluntarily associated for the purpose of keeping the divine commandments, as appointed in the gospel of Jesus Christ. The object of their union is not worldly, but spiritual. They are attracted together by the *love* of Christ, actuated by the *spirit* of Christ, and obedient to the *authority* of Christ. They acknowledge 'one Lord,' and they have 'one Master.' They do not take their religion from the pretended successor of Peter—or from reformers, however illustrious—or from human statutes, however commanding—or from governments, however excellent, or from kings and heads of the church, however unexceptionable in private character, or revered as civil magistrates—'CHRIST is all and in all.' The term Church is never used in Scripture in a *national* sense."'—pp. 170, 171.

This is followed by a similar attack on our forms of worship, on the order of bishops and their pretension to communicate, by ordination, 'any kind of gift, talent or qualification not previously possessed;' and the whole is closed with certain reflections which may be regarded as issuing from the common body of our separatists.

'"What errors then have subsisted in the world! How many *human traditions* have intruded into Christian worship! What a cloud of *inventions* has darkened the holy light from heaven, that sheds its glory in the sanctuary! How many Uzzahs have put forth a feeble and an impious arm to prop the ark of God, imagining it required *their* support! How many have disfigured, while they intended to decorate religion, by

by unauthorised pomp and ceremony, and demeaned while they professed to dignify the Son of God, by stripping him, so to speak, of the sackcloth of ' a man of sorrows,' and arraying him in the purple of an earthly potentate!"'—p. 173.

To this we reply with all confidence, that we wholly disclaim human authority, of any kind, as the foundation of the faith and worship of the Church of England. These rest altogether on the divine will declared in the Scripture; nor do we accept the support of human authority unless as subsidiary to Revelation, and in concurrence with it. On this principle was planted our Reformation; and it is the ignorance or the scorn of this truth which has led so many to conclude, that the public maintenance of a religious establishment is incompatible with the ' love of Christ.'

When it became necessary to deliver our church from the dominion of the See of Rome, and from the corruptions which had infected the pure profession of the Gospel, two methods of proceeding were presented to the agents in that great work. On one side, was the unrestrained freedom of private opinion, which has been so fatally indulged by our later sectaries—opinion loosely and arbitrarily adopted without ecclesiastical learning, without research into the ancient practice of the Christian Church, and without a careful provision of the means of forming an enlightened judgment. On the other hand was the propriety of deriving assistance from the religious institutions of the primitive ages in conjunction with the study of the Scripture—institutions which, on account of their proximity to the times of the apostles, might appear best adapted to the wants of a church desirous of re-establishing itself on the purest models. The preference was justly given to the latter mode, since it offered the surest standard of faith and discipline, and, while it satisfied the conscience as to the more important points relating to God, held out the best defence of the Church of England against its enemies. And unquestionably, in no subsequent age of our establishment have the literature and history of the first three centuries of the Christian Church, from the time of the apostles, been so effectually studied and so carefully taught as in the period immediately following the first acts of our Reformation. It was indeed one distinguished mark of divine Providence, that so many materials had been preserved as the means of ascertaining the points in question. These were to be sought for in the mixed mass of the histories and controversies of the church, as well as in the evangelical doctrines positively taught during the early ages; and they were amply furnished in the long and illustrious list of writers, from Clement, Ignatius and Polycarp, to Eusebius and Sulpicius Severus, to Chrysostom and Ambrose, to Basil, the Gregories, and Jerom. Hence resulted the discovery

discovery of the usages and sentiments of the early church in illustration of the letter of Scripture and the labours of the apostles. Now was ascertained the general reception of that doctrine and discipline which, from so early a prevalence, must be supposed most consonant with the views of the inspired founders of the original churches. Of this the more prominent points were the Divinity of Christ, with the solemn remembrance of his death, resurrection and ascension; the baptism of infants in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; the sole worship of the Deity thus interpreted; the free use of the Scriptures, and the establishment of collective assemblies of the faithful; the celebration of the Lord's Day, and the episcopal government, visible in every region of the world to which the Gospel had been carried;—a government however exhibiting no traces of the tyranny of one over the ecclesiastical rights and just independence of different and distant nations. These may be called the common notions of the primitive church; and they had on the minds of our reformers that influence which was due to so prevalent and so unsuspected a testimony. They were in full agreement with the Scripture itself, and hence they drew the authority which was attributed to them. That there were shades of difference indeed, on certain points, between several of the writers of those ages, is not to be doubted; but these do not affect the conclusion which was drawn; nor can it be denied, that from the primitive writings taken together, the general state of the Christian Church is satisfactorily ascertained during the ages in question. If it be asked, whether there were not individuals in those ages who set the example of that license which is now so loudly claimed, and who ventured to produce their private opinions on the ground of personal choice alone,—we answer that there were several; but that their cases have the most powerful tendency to discredit the cause which they are intended to support: for who were they?—persons on whom the brand of heresy was fixed by the general judgment of Christian antiquity; and hence we are enabled to discover, beyond contradiction, the sentiments and condition of the church at large in its earlier and purer state, before the papacy was formed, and before the intermixture of civil and religious interests under an establishment could have produced those evils which some are so prone to attribute to any secular maintenance of the gospel. This fully appears from the writings of Irenæus, Epiphanius, Tertullian, and others who were expressly engaged in the refutation of heresies: and their testimony is still more valuable, as they were only the precursors of those councils which were afterwards assembled, when certain private opinions began to threaten a wider mischief, and when it became necessary to protect the purity of the faith by the collective judgment

ment of bishops summoned together from the whole Christian world. It is impossible therefore, with any regard to truth, to maintain that the articles of faith declared by those councils were human inventions, or imposed merely by human authority; since it is obvious that the anxiety of the councils was to place them on the original foundation of Scripture, and to appeal to the general reception of them by the church before the heretical opinions sprang up, against which their judgment was directed. This was eminently proved in the councils of Nice and Constantinople. The standard to which they had recourse was that of Scripture and Christian antiquity: they appealed to the latter as exhibiting the best testimony of the interpretation of the Scripture in the ages immediately following that of the apostles; they declared that no novelties subversive of the truth should be admitted, and in one of their canons professed that this was done through an unshaken attachment to the ancient tenets and usages of the church.—Τὰ ἀρχαῖα ἔθη κρατείτω. Can 6. Nic. Syn.

This general statement of the principles of our Reformation may be sufficient to expose the ignorant malevolence of the writer before us. We will only add, that perhaps it is Daillé, who has taught so many of our sectaries to believe, at least to affirm, that the government and discipline of our church were invented in a comparatively late age, and that their principal support was human authority.* But these persons are too much heated to make an obvious distinction. The testimony of early writers, and of councils, as to the state of the church, is no proof, in itself, of the human origin of ecclesiastical practice. On the contrary, it appears from the same testimony, that the faith and government, which it is now attempted to degrade, had been in full vigour from the times of the apostles; and the appeals to this fact are a convincing argument, not of the late creation of the tenets of the church, but of their apostolical descent.

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* Yet Daillé openly professes his admiration of the Church of England and its Reformation. 'Anglicanam ego ecclesiam exoticis, pravis, superstitiosis cultibus, errorisbusque aut impiis aut periculosis egregie ex scripturarum cœlestium norma purgatam, tot tamque illustribus martyriis probatam, pietate in Deum, in homines caritate, laudatissimisque bonorum operum exemplis abundantem, lætissimo doctissimorum ac sapientissimorum virorum proventu jam a Reformationis principio ad hodierna usque tempora florentem, equidem eo quo debui loco ac numero habui hactenus, ac dum vivam habebo: Ejus honos, nomen, laudes semper apud me manebunt.—Testes meæ hujus de præstantissima illa ecclesia existimationis possum laudare non paucos, neque contemnendos viros. Itaque, qui hac mente, hoc animo hactenus fui, non potui non judicare insignem mihi ab iis fieri injuriam qui mecum sic agant quasi de Britannica, vel Ecclesia, vel Reformatione, male sentiam.'—*De Cult. Lat.* It is true, that in his zeal against the See of Rome he has, in many instances, urged certain objections which also affect us. For his inconsistencies, Daillé himself must be answerable; but it is proper that those who will see nothing but abuses should yet know, that no acknowledgments more positive, no praises more splendid can easily be drawn from any writer than those which are bestowed by this idol of sectarian spleen on the Church of England.

 ART.

Art. VI. *The Journal of a Mission to the Interior of Africa, in the Year 1805. By Mungo Park. Together with other Documents, official and private, relating to the same Mission. To which is prefixed an Account of the Life of Mr. Park.* London. 1815.

SOME of our readers may require to be told that the African Association and the African Institution are two distinct societies, whose views and objects are altogether different; both of them, however, composed of the most respectable and enlightened men that this country can boast, and both engaged in African objects—the Association being no less distinguished for its exertions in promoting the extension of geographical discovery on this long neglected continent, than the Institution for its unwearied efforts in abolishing the odious traffic which for three centuries the people of Europe have carried on, in buying and selling its unhappy inhabitants.

Mr. Park's first journey into Africa was performed under the authority, and at the expense, of the Association; who, on his return, allowed him to publish an account of his travels for his own benefit; in the composition and elucidation of which he was assisted by some of its most able and distinguished members. His second journey was undertaken by the immediate orders, and at the expense of, government; at the suggestion, however, of some of the leading members of the Association, and with the same views as those of the former mission. It was stated in his instructions, that the great object of the journey was that of pursuing the course of the Niger 'to the utmost possible distance to which it could be traced;' and, among other matters, to 'discover whether any and what commercial intercourse could be opened with the natives of the interior of Africa.' It was natural therefore to conclude, that the documents relating to this last mission, which were officially transmitted to the Secretary of State, would by him be placed in the hands of those members of the African Association under whose superintendence, and by whose aid, the former volume had been published with so much credit to the author, and received with so much satisfaction by the public. This, however, was not the case—they were put into the hands of the Institution—probably, through inadvertence—by design it could scarcely be, as that would seem to convey a kind of censure on the members of the Association. On the question of fitness, it will not be necessary for us to decide in whose hands documents of this nature would most advantageously be placed—in those of Sir Joseph Banks and Major Rennell, or of the Duke of Gloucester and Mr. Wilberforce.

The determination once taken, that the original and official documents should be printed, and, as it would appear, without alteration,

ration, it became of less moment into whose hands they fell; but we are rather puzzled to find out a satisfactory reason why their appearance has been so long delayed. However limited the additional information contained in them might be, there could be no doubt of the propriety of laying it before the public. It was but common justice to the family of the deceased, that they should enjoy the benefits accruing from the publication of the work, and we would fain hope that no delay was occasioned by any difference of opinion on that point. It was also proper, indeed it was but just to the memory of a man who had sacrificed his life in the service of science and discovery, that some account of that life should accompany his labours—but it was neither just nor proper, that the memory of one who had thus devoted himself should be calumniated, not for acts done or omitted to be done, but for being *suspected* of entertaining *opinions* on a subject which had no bearing on the special service on which he had been employed.

'It is painful,' says his biographer, 'after bestowing this well-merited praise, to be under the necessity of adverting to two circumstances unfavourable to Park's memory, connected with the history of this publication. These are, first, an opinion which has prevailed, that Park was a supporter of the cause of slavery, and an enemy to the abolition of the slave trade; and, secondly, a report equally current, that the travels, of which he was the professed author, were composed, not by Park himself, but in a very considerable degree by Mr. Bryan Edwards.'

The connection which either of the circumstances here mentioned may have 'with the history of this publication,' we confess our utter inability to discover; and can only regret, with the biographer, that 'topics,' which he admits to be 'thus personal and invidious,' and which he 'wished to decline,' had not been avoided; our regret is the greater, since it would appear that 'he did not feel himself at liberty to suppress them.' Unwilling as we are to entertain sentiments derogatory to the character of the African Institution, and with every disposition to believe that the individual, who has undertaken to prepare this volume for the press, is, as he informs us, 'alone responsible for whatever else is contained in it besides the official documents,' yet as the publication of it was avowedly entrusted to the directors of the Institution, and as it is elsewhere stated, that the task of writing the life of the traveller 'was confided *by the Institution to one of its directors*,'* we find it difficult not to identify them with the anonymous writer of the 'account of the life of Mungo Park.' Knowing, too, as we do, the impression that will necessarily be made by a sentence of condemnation, sup-

* *Edinburgh Review.*

posed

posed to proceed from so numerous and powerful a body, armed with a more than ordinary influence over the feelings and opinions of the public, we are the more anxious to remove, as far as we are able, the unmerited stigma which is here attempted to be fixed on the memory of Mr. Park.

The two charges, left as we have quoted them, might serve only to excite a smile at the solemn manner in which they are brought forward. Park is employed by a small but select society of literary characters, at their own expense, to ascertain a geographical fact, which had divided the opinions of the western world for more than two thousand years; in this he completely succeeded, after unparalleled difficulties, and at the imminent risk of his life. In the prosecution of further discoveries in the same branch of science, by the recommendation of the same society and under the immediate auspices of government, he actually lost his life; but another society, which sets up no pretensions to science or discovery, gets possession of the papers, and *one of its directors* avails himself of the occasion to attack the memory of the traveller, because he had not deemed it proper to go out of his way to volunteer opinions on a subject with which he had no concern—the abolition of the slave trade.

This charge is rather curiously made out. First, Bryan Edwards was the friend and adviser of Park—therefore, Park must think as Bryan Edwards did. 2dly, Bryan Edwards was the advocate of the West India planters, and the supporter of the West India interests, and in the House of Commons a leading and systematic opponent of the abolition of the slave trade—therefore, Park was also a systematic opponent of the abolition. 3dly, As secretary of the African Association, Edwards had constant communication with Park; and the latter even visited him at his country-house—therefore, 'Edwards *must* have seen the advantage to be gained for the slave trade by a skilful use of the influence which his situation gave him.' 4thly, As 'the first object of Edwards *must* naturally have been to gain the services of Park in the direct support of the slave trade'—therefore, he gave that support, as is incontrovertibly proved, *by his silence*—'which,' says his biographer, 'was in itself a sufficient proof of a bias existing in the mind of the writer, unfavourable to the abolition.' Once, however, he admits, and but once, the mention of the slave trade does occur in Park's Travels, but then it is 'hastily dismissed with a slight and unmeaning observation,'—'a truism,' he calls it, 'of no practical value or importance.'—The passage is this—

'If my sentiments should be required concerning the effect which a discontinuance of that commerce (the slave trade) would produce on the manners of the natives, I should have no hesitation in observing, that

that in the present unenlightened state of their minds, my opinion is, the effect would neither be so extensive nor beneficial as many wise and worthy persons fondly expect.'

This cautious opinion is construed by his biographer into an insinuation 'that the zeal manifested in favour of the abolition originated solely in ignorance and enthusiasm'—an inference which we conceive cannot fairly be drawn from the premises. The friends of the abolition are extremely zealous, as all the world knows, and yield with reluctance to any opinion that tends to damp their ardour; but we can easily conceive that men of a less sanguine temperament, with an equal abhorrence both of the principle and the practice of trafficking in human beings, may have derived, from local experience of the state of society in the interior of Africa, a conscientious conviction, 'that the particular circumstances to which this traffic owes its origin, and the difficulty of abruptly interrupting its progress, have, to a certain degree, lessened the odium of continuing it.'* It is possible that a traveller of this description may have been satisfied in his own mind, that greater evils were to be apprehended from an immediate and total abolition, before any progress in civilization, than those arising out of a continuance of a gradually diminishing trade, keeping pace with a gradually increasing civilization. That such would have been the just conclusion in the early stages of the question, when Park visited Africa, we are free to declare our entire conviction; nay, their own experienced governor, Mr. Ludlam, tells them, twelve years afterwards, when the total abolition had been accomplished, that these 'wise and worthy persons' would be disappointed. It is therefore the more unfair towards Park's memory, that he should be censured in the year 1815, when circumstances had totally changed, for an opinion formed from actual experience on the spot in the year 1796.

We view the slave trade with feelings of utter abhorrence, and most cordially rejoice in the prospect of its universal abolition; but we cannot shut our eyes against the truth, nor subscribe to the principle, that because an author does not volunteer an opinion against this traffic, he is to be traduced while living, and reproached when dead. With regard to Park, we are unable to discover what reasonable cause of offence he can have given to the Institution. They admit that 'the principal illustrations of the arguments in favour of the abolition have always been derived from the statements contained in Park's Travels'—what would they have more? It is admitted too, and the biographer says he can state with great confidence, 'that he uniformly expressed a great abhorrence of

* Declaration of the Plenipotentiaries assembled at Vienna.

slavery

slavery and the slave trade;' but that 'he considered the abolition of the slave trade as a measure of *state policy*; and that it would be improper for him to interpose his private opinion relative to a question of such importance, and which was then under the consideration of the legislature.' Such forbearance one would think might have taken off the edge of censure—but not so; it has exposed him, on the contrary, to the imputation of meanness and duplicity; by sacrificing his feelings, and lending his aid to the support of a cause which his heart abhorred, in order to secure the patronage of Mr. Bryan Edwards. And how is this charge supported? First, by an accusation of saying nothing—and then of saying too much.

The second charge, we apprehend, is brought forward to strengthen the first, though, if true, it would in fact totally destroy it; but it is true; the fact was notorious to the whole world; and was neither denied nor attempted to be concealed either by Park or Edwards: but it is also true, that, materially as the latter assisted the former in the composition of his work, he never attempted to influence a single opinion, nor ventured to insert a single circumstance that was not either on record in the Journal, or obtained from the traveller in the course of conversation. It would be mere malice (of which we fully acquit the biographer) to bring forward a charge at this distance of time, so unconnected with the 'history of the present publication,' and so unimportant, unless it were meant to supply some proof of the existence of that influence which Edwards is alleged to have 'skilfully' exercised over Park, but of which this solitary surmise only is offered. As a principle, we cannot allow that it is unfavourable to a traveller's reputation to accept assistance in preparing his observations for the public eye. We are not aware that it was ever considered as injurious to the fame of Commodore Byron, the Captains Wallis, Carteret and Cook, or to that of Sir Joseph Banks, because, from the journals of the former, and the notes and observations of the latter, Hawkesworth compiled the voyages vulgarly called after his name. Captain Wilson was never, we believe, deprived of the merit of discovering and describing the Pelew islands, though every one knew that the narrative was drawn up by Mr. Keats; and Lord Anson was not deemed unfit to fill one of the most important offices in the state, because his chaplain first reduced into some order, and Mr. Robins afterwards corrected and amended, the account of his voyage round the world. Why then should the assistance of Bryan Edwards be deemed 'unfavourable to the memory' of Mr. Park?

With the exception of this ungenerous attempt to depreciate the memory of Park, the life of that unfortunate traveller is written with good taste, feeling and judgment; and we cannot but hope, for

for the sake of justice, and a due regard to his fame, as well as to the feelings of his friends, that, in a second edition, the editor will meet with no obstacle in his wishes to suppress the obnoxious passages to which we have alluded.

It is now time to give some account of the volume. It consists of a Life of Park, with an Appendix of six articles, the Journal of his last mission as far as Sansanding, and the Journal of Isaaco, a Mandingo priest, who accompanied him to that place in the capacity of a guide, and was afterwards sent to Sego to ascertain his fate.

The story of Mr. Park's life is soon told. He was born in 1771, of respectable parents, his father being a yeoman of Ettrick forest, and was the seventh of thirteen children; he received his education at the grammar-school of Selkirk; was intended by his father for the Scottish church, for which his serious turn of mind well fitted him, but made choice of the medical profession; served his time with Mr. Anderson, a surgeon, in Selkirk; went through the usual course of studies, and attended the usual lectures during three successive sessions at the University of Edinburgh; and, in the summer vacations, gave all his leisure to botanical pursuits, in which he was assisted by his brother-in-law, Mr. James Dickson, a distinguished botanist; was afterwards by him introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, who recommended him as an assistant-surgeon to an East Indiaman, in which he proceeded to Bencoolen, in 1792.

On his return from India the following year, the Association for Promoting Discoveries in the Interior of Africa was looking out for a proper person to supply the place of Major Houghton, who had been sent out to explore the course of the Niger, and to penetrate, if possible, to Tombuctoo and Haoussa; and of whose death intelligence had recently been received. Park, caught with the prospect which such a mission held out for gratifying his passion for travelling and his taste for natural history, and sensible of the distinction which was likely to result from new and important discoveries in the geography of Africa, offered himself for this service; and, after some inquiry into his qualifications, the offer was accepted by the Association.

He sailed from Portsmouth in May, 1795, and arrived at the Gambia on the 21st of the following month, proceeded to Pisania, a British factory about 200 miles up that river, where he was most kindly received by Dr. Laidley. Here he remained for several months, collecting information respecting his intended journey, and learning the Mandingo language.

Leaving Pisania on the 2d December, 1795, with the view of proceeding easterly towards the Niger or Joliba, he soon found it necessary, in consequence of a war between two chiefs of the interior,

terior, to make a detour to the northward, towards the territory of the Moors, and, on the 7th March, was taken prisoner by Ali, a Moorish chieftain: after a series of unexampled hardships he escaped with great difficulty, in the month of July following; and, after wandering for three weeks through an African wilderness, arrived at Sego, the capital of Bambarra, situated on the bank of the Niger, and said to contain about 30,000 inhabitants. The first sight of this river, the grand object of his journey, amply repaid him for all his previous sufferings. Few things, indeed, can be supposed to carry more gratification to a mind ardent in the pursuit of truth, than to have ascertained, beyond the possibility of a doubt, the extraordinary fact that the course of this great stream was from west to east, as Herodotus had pronounced it, though controverted by the geographers of the middle age, whose opinions were followed by almost all modern writers, with the exception of a few, and particularly of those two distinguished geographers D'Anville and Major Rennell, who maintained the correctness of the ancient opinion, now firmly established by Park.

Finding it unsafe to remain at Sego, he proceeded about seventy or eighty miles down the river to another large town, called Silla. Here he soon discovered that the obstacles to his farther progress were insurmountable, and being reduced to the greatest distress, was reluctantly compelled to abandon the design of proceeding eastward. He therefore left Silla on the 3d August, 1796; pursued the line of the Niger, against its stream, to the westward, and about the 23d of the same month, arrived at Bammakoo, the frontier of Bambarra; at which place the river ceases to be navigable. From hence he travelled over a mountainous and difficult country, for several weeks, on foot, encountering all the horrors of the rainy season, and on the 16th September reached Kamalia, in the territory of Manding, worn down by fatigue and in a reduced state of health, which brought on a severe and dangerous fit of sickness, that confined him at this place for more than a month. The preservation of his life was entirely owing to the hospitality and benevolence of a negro, of the name of Karfa Taura, who received him into his house, and whose family attended him with the kindest solicitude. This humane and benevolent creature, on hearing of a white man travelling through the country, during Park's last mission, and concluding it to be his former guest, took a journey of six days to meet him, and expressed the utmost joy at seeing him again.

He had still five hundred miles to traverse, the greater part a desert, before he could reach any friendly country on the banks of the Gambia; and no opportunity occurred that afforded any chance of accomplishing so long and perilous a journey, till, on the 17th April, 1797, he joined a caravan of slaves moving to the westward, and,

and, after a journey of great labour and difficulty, on the 4th June reached the banks of the Gambia; arrived at Pisania on the 10th, from whence he had departed eighteen months before, and was received by Dr. Laidley 'as one risen from the grave.' On the 15th June he embarked in a slave ship bound to America; was driven by stress of weather into Antigua; sailed from thence on the 24th November, and on the 22d of the following month arrived at Falmouth, after an absence from England of two years and seven months.

'Immediately on his landing, he hastened to London, anxious in the greatest degree about his family and friends, of whom he had heard nothing for two years. He arrived before day-light on the morning of Christmas-day, 1797; and it being too early an hour to go to his brother-in-law, Mr. Dickson, he wandered for some time about in the streets in that quarter of the town where his house was. Finding one of the entrances into the gardens of the British Museum accidentally open, he went in and walked about there for some time. It happened that Mr. Dickson, who had the care of those gardens, went there early that morning upon some trifling business. What must have been his emotions on beholding, at that extraordinary time and place, the vision, as it must at first have appeared, of his long lost friend, the object of so many anxious reflections, and whom he had long numbered with the dead!'—*Life*, p. 15.

Retiring to his native spot on the banks of the Yarrow, he composed the account of his travels, of which it is not necessary for us here to speak. It was received with applause, and is still, as his biographer observes, 'a popular and standard book:' after its publication he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Anderson, of Selkirk, with whom he had served his apprenticeship. For two years he appears to have led an inactive life; and at length, with apparent reluctance, went to reside at Peebles, in order to exercise his profession, where it would seem he met with full employment, but found a difficulty in reconciling himself to the humble drudgery of a country practitioner of medicine and surgery. He therefore eagerly caught at a hint from Sir Joseph Banks that, in consequence of the peace of 1801, another mission to Africa might be undertaken, and if so, that he would be recommended as the proper person to be employed for carrying it into execution; but nothing further transpired till the autumn of 1803, when he was summoned to attend the secretary of state for the colonial department, the result of which was an offer from Lord Hobart to be employed on this service. He requested a short time to consult with his friends, and returned for that purpose to Scotland; but the point was already decided in his own mind. From the moment of his interview with Lord Hobart his determination was in fact taken; he hastily announced his acceptance of the proposal; employed a few

few days in settling his affairs and taking leave of his friends; and in December, 1803, left Scotland for London. On his arrival, he found that the expedition had been postponed to the end of February, 1804; and a change of administration taking place, it was further put off till September. In the mean time, he employed himself in learning the Arabic language and the use of astronomical instruments.

Lord Camden having now succeeded to the office of secretary of state for the colonies, called on Mr. Park for a written statement of his opinions as to the plan and objects of the expedition, which was accordingly delivered on the 4th October; but his instructions, grounded upon his own memoir, in the shape of a letter, which could not have employed half an hour in writing, were not ready till the beginning of January following—a delay which was fatal to Park and to the expedition.

On the 30th January, 1805, he left Portsmouth in the Crescent transport, and arrived on the 8th March at Porta Praya, in St. Jago, one of the Cape de Verde islands, for the purpose of taking on board a supply of asses; left it on the 21st, and arrived at Goree on the 28th of the same month.

At Goree, Lieutenant Martyn, of the royal artillery corps, and thirty-four soldiers of the garrison, volunteered their services on the expedition; the Captain of the Squirrel allowed two of his seamen to do the same, which, with Mr. Anderson, his brother-in-law, a respectable surgeon, Mr. Scott, a draughtsman, both from Selkirk, and four ship-carpenters, who had volunteered from England, made up the number of forty-three Europeans.

'They jumped,' says Park, 'into the boats in the highest spirits, and bade adieu to Goree with repeated huzzas. I believe that every man in the garrison would have embarked with great cheerfulness; but no inducement could prevail with a single negro to accompany me.'

From Kayee, a small town on the Gambia, he writes to his relation, Mr. Dickson, as follows:

'Every thing at present looks as favourable as I could wish; and if all things go well, this day six weeks I expect to drink all your healths in the water of the Niger. The soldiers are in good health and spirits. They are the most *dashing* men I ever saw; and if they preserve their health, we may keep ourselves perfectly secure from any hostile attempt on the part of the natives. I have little doubt but that I shall be able, with presents and fair words, to pass through the country to the Niger; and if once we are fairly afloat, *the day is won.*'

Notwithstanding these apparent high spirits, he must have been fully aware of the positive certainty that he would have to encounter the excessive tropical heats, the violence of the tornadoes or hurricanes which always precede and follow the rainy season, and that

that this would, in all probability, overtake him long before he could reach the nearest point of the Niger. It is greatly to be lamented, that the journey was not put off till the rainy season was over. We cannot conceive how the 'expectations of government' could have been 'disappointed,' much less how any 'censure' could attach to another for a delay which its own tardiness alone had made necessary: every reasonable man would not only have pronounced his justification, but applauded his resolution. He adopted, however, says his biographer, 'that alternative which was most congenial to his character and feelings; and, having once formed this resolution, he adhered to it with tranquillity and firmness.'

The melancholy result of this expedition, of which the details are recorded in the Journal, is summed up in the following letter addressed to Lord Camden.

'*On Board of H. M. Schooner Joliba, at Anchor off Sansanding,*
'*Nov.* 17, 1805.

'My Lord,

'I have herewith sent you an account of each day's proceedings since we left *Kayee*. Many of the incidents related are in themselves extremely trifling, but are intended to recall to my recollection (if it pleases God to restore me again to my dear native land) other particulars illustrative of the manners and customs of the natives, which would have swelled this bulky communication to a most unreasonable size.

'Your lordship will recollect that I always spoke of the rainy season with horror, as being extremely fatal to Europeans; and our journey from the Gambia to the Niger will furnish a melancholy proof of it.

'We had no contest whatever with the natives, nor was any one of us killed by wild animals, or any other accidents, and yet I am sorry to say that of forty-four Europeans, who left the Gambia in perfect health, five only are at present alive; namely, three soldiers, (one deranged in his mind,) Lieutenant Martyn, and myself.

'From this account I am afraid that your lordship will be apt to consider matters as in a very hopeless state, but I assure you I am far from desponding. With the assistance of one of the soldiers I have changed a large canoe into a tolerably good schooner, on board of which I this day hoisted the British flag, and shall set sail to the East with the fixed resolution to discover the termination of the Niger, or perish in the attempt. I have heard nothing that I can depend on respecting the remote course of this mighty stream; but I am more and more inclined to think that it can end no where but in the sea.

'My dear friend Mr. Anderson, and likewise Mr. Scott, are both dead; but though all the Europeans who are with me should die, and though I were myself half dead, I would still persevere, and if I could not succeed in the object of my journey I would at last die on the Niger.

'If I succeed in the object of my journey I expect to be in England in the month of May or June by way of the West Indies.

'I re-

'I request that your lordship will have the goodness to permit my friend Sir Joseph Banks to peruse the abridged account of my proceedings, and that it may be preserved in case I should lose my papers.

'I have the honour to be, &c.'

To Mrs. Park, two days after, he writes,

'I am afraid that, impressed with a woman's fears, and the anxieties of a wife, you may be led to consider my situation as a great deal worse than it really is. It is true, my dear friends, Mr. Anderson and George Scott, have both bid adieu to the things of this world, and the greatest part of the soldiers have died on the march during the rainy season; but you may believe me I am in good health. The rains are completely over, and the healthy season has commenced, so that there is no danger of sickness, and I have still a sufficient force to protect me from any insult in sailing down the river to the sea.

'We have already embarked all our things, and shall sail the moment I have finished this letter. I do not intend to stop or land any where till we reach the coast, which I suppose will be some time in the end of January. We this morning have done with all intercourse with the natives, and the sails are now hoisting for our departure for the coast.'

From this moment all authentic information concerning the unfortunate traveller ends. These letters and his Journal were brought back from Sansanding by Isaaco the Mandingo priest. Numerous reports, however, were spread abroad, and most of them of an unfavourable nature. Colonel Maxwell, then governor of Senegal, with the consent of government, engaged Isaaco to undertake a second journey to ascertain the truth. He left Senegal in January, 1810, and returned on the 1st September, 1811, with a confirmation of the story of Park's death, though by no means satisfactory. He kept a journal in the Arabic language, the translation of which is properly enough printed in the volume, though a most tedious and uninteresting document, excepting in that part which relates to Park and his companions after their departure from Sansanding. Near this place he meets with Amadou Fatouma, the guide he had recommended to Park, and the same, we presume, whom Park, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, mentions as having hired at Sansanding to accompany him to Kashna. 'On seeing me,' says Isaaco, 'and hearing me mention Mr. Park, he began to weep, and his first words were "They are all dead;—they are lost for ever, and it is useless to make any further inquiry after them." I told him I was going back to Sansanding, and requested he would come the next day there to meet me, to which he agreed.' Here Isaaco's journal is interrupted, and this guide's account of their proceedings is inserted, from Sansanding to Yaour in Haoussa, whither, he says, he had agreed to accompany Park, and

and when he left him to proceed on his voyage. This part is exceedingly interesting.

'Next day Mr. Park departed, and I (Fatouma) slept in the village (Yaour). Next morning I went to the king to pay my respects to him; on entering the house I found two men who came on horseback; they were sent by the Chief of Yaour. They said to the king, "We are sent by the Chief of Yaour to let you know that the white men went away without giving you or him (the chief) any thing; they have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them; and this Amadou Fatouma, now before you, is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both." The king immediately ordered me to be put in irons, which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me; some were for killing me, and some for preserving my life. The next morning early the king sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river side. There is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river; one part of the rock is very high; there is a large opening in that rock in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through; the tide current is here very strong. This army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself; he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him, throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time; two of the slaves at the stern of the canoe were killed; they threw every thing they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing, but being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men and jumped into the water; Martyn did the same, and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing their weapons at the canoe without ceasing, stood up and said to them, "Stop throwing now, you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself, therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me." They took possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the king.

'I was kept in irons three months; the king released me and gave me a slave (woman.) I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above. I asked him if he was sure nothing had been found in the canoe after its capture; he said that nothing remained in the canoe but himself and a sword-belt. I asked him where the sword-belt was; he said the king took it, and had made a girth for his horse with it.'

Thus the fact of Park's death rests entirely on the credit that may be due to Isaaco, and to the statement made by Amadou Fatouma; that statement is called 'a journal:' but we apprehend it was verbally given to Isaaco six years after the events it relates had happened, and the most material of which Fatouma himself had from the only surviving slave at an interval of three months after the transaction.

transaction. The biographer observes that the story is not ill told, but that some of the facts are very questionable; and that the circumstance of Park and Lieutenant Martyn leaping hand in hand with the soldiers into the river, is much too *theatrical* to be literally true. The Arabians we know are the best story-tellers on earth, and the description of the scene of action is not unworthy of Sinbad the Sailor. It is, however, but a translation from Arabic, and in all probability not the most pure. Of the main fact of Park's death there can now be no doubt; and that he fell somewhere in the Haoussa country, to the eastward of Yaour, is also probable, for Isaaco, as appears from the continuation of his journal, confirmed the story of the belt. 'I immediately sent a Poule to Yaour to get me the belt by any means, and at any price,' and he staid at Sansanding waiting eight months for his return. 'He brought me the belt, and said that he had bribed a young slave girl belonging to the king, who had stolen it from him, and that he could not get any thing more, as nothing else was to be found which had belonged to Mr. Park or his companions.' 'This Amadou,' says Isaaco, 'being a good, honest, and upright man, I had placed him with Mr. Park; what he related to me being on his oath, having no interest, nor any hopes of reward whatever, after obtaining the belt, I thought it best to return to Senegal'—with the belt we take for granted, though Governor Maxwell in sending the Journal neither transmits nor mentions it.

Of the merits of a Journal written under every conceivable disadvantage, and never meant in its present shape for the public eye, we shall say nothing. Under the afflicting circumstances in which the writer of it was placed, we are only surprized he preserved the fortitude to make any record of his proceedings. Of this sad and melancholy tale of sickness and sorrow our notice must be brief.

The party, we have already mentioned, left Kayee on the 27th April; their course for the first 400 miles was precisely the route of Mr. Park's return from his first journey as far as Fankia; the incidents are but few, and those not very interesting. At Jindey he observed the natives dying very fine blues with the indigo leaves, by a very simple process, and without using any mordant whatever; it consisted chiefly of repeated dipping of the cloth in a lye called *sai-gee*, which is a solution of wood ashes made from two different species of mimosa filtrated through straw, with the leaves of indigo immersed in it either fresh from the plant or dried in the sun.

On approaching the Simbani woods, Isaaco took alarm lest they should be attacked by some of the Bondou people, who were in a state of civil war, owing to a disputed succession; but having laid a black ram across the road, repeated a long prayer over it, and then

then cut its throat, all apprehension was at an end, and no further doubt entertained of a prosperous journey. The Gambia at Kussai, near 300 miles from its mouth, is a hundred yards across, and had a regular tide, rising about four inches. It swarmed with crocodiles and hippopotami, thirteen of the former being seen at one time and three of the latter. At this place, John Walters, one of the soldiers, fell down in an epileptic fit, and expired in about half an hour. At Bady they had some squabbling with the chief and the people, who seized Isaaco, tied him to a tree, and flogged him; but a little present, as usual, set all right. At Bee-creek they met with a more serious adventure, which had nearly been fatal to the expedition.

'We had no sooner unloaded the asses at the creek than some of Isaaco's people, being in search of honey, unfortunately disturbed a large swarm of bees near where the cattle had halted. The bees came out in immense numbers, and attacked men and beasts at the same time. Luckily most of the asses were loose and galloped up the valley; but the horses and people were very much stung, and obliged to scamper in all directions. The fire which had been kindled for cooking being deserted, spread and set fire to the bamboo, and our luggage had like to have been burnt. In fact, for half an hour the bees seemed to have completely put an end to our journey.'—p. 87.

The result of this attack was three asses missing, two killed, and one unable to proceed, the horse of the guide lost, and many of the people very much stung.

At Dentila they smelt iron from the ore, and the flux used for this purpose is the ashes of the bark of the *kino* tree. This tree produces the drug long known under the name of the *gum kino*, and used by Doctor Fothergill as a specific in certain complaints; the origin of it was not known till the present journey; from a specimen sent home to Sir Joseph Banks it is now ascertained to be a new species of *pterocarpus*.

On the 8th June they encountered a heavy tornado with much thunder and lightning; one of the carpenters died in the night, and the following day five of the soldiers, who had slept under a tree in the rain, fell sick. On the 10th, they had two tornados, accompanied with drenching rain that covered the ground three inches deep.

'The tornado which took place on our arrival had an instant effect on the health of the soldiers, and proved to us to be the *beginning of sorrow*. I had proudly flattered myself that we should reach the Niger with a very moderate loss;—but now the rain had set in, and I trembled to think that we were only half way through our journey. The rain had not commenced three minutes before many of the soldiers were affected with vomiting; others fell asleep, and seemed as if half intoxicated. I felt a strong inclination to sleep during the storm; and as soon as it

 was

was over I fell asleep on the wet ground, although I used every exertion to keep myself awake. The soldiers likewise fell asleep on the wet bundles.'—p. 54.

At Shrondo, Park obtained permission of the Dooty or chief magistrate to visit the gold mines, which he found to be nothing more than wells or pits about ten or twelve feet deep on 'a small meadow spot of about four or five acres extent.' The gold was obtained in minute particles by washing, of which there is given a particular description with figures. (p. 56 et seq.) At Dindikoo were similar pits, but the search for gold did not seem to interfere with the more important pursuit of agriculture; for the mountains were cultivated to their very summits. They are described to be of a coarse, reddish granite, composed of red felspar, white quartz and black shorl.

'The villages,' says Park, 'on these mountains are romantic beyond any thing I ever saw. They are built in the most delightful glens of the mountains; they have plenty of water and grass at all seasons; they have cattle enough for their own use, and their superfluous grain purchases all their luxuries; and while the thunder rolls in awful grandeur over their heads, they can look from their tremendous precipices over all that wild and woody plain which extends from the Falemé to the Black River.'

Lieutenant Martyn and half the people were now (June 13th,) either sick of the fever or unable to use exertion, many of them slightly delirious—'very uneasy,' says Park, 'about our situation.' Having reached Fankia, they here quitted his former route and struck off to the northward. In the steep and rocky pass of the Tambaura mountains they had a sad scene of confusion; 'loaded asses tumbling over the rocks, sick soldiers unable to walk, black fellows stealing; in fact it certainly was *uphill work* with us at this place.' At Serimanna, two of the soldiers were so ill that they were obliged to leave them in the care of the dooty. On the 18th, Park himself became very sick, and from this time scarcely a day passed but some of the party lay down unable to proceed. The country, however, was beautiful and romantic beyond description; 'the whole,' says Park, 'between the *Ba-fing* and *Ba-lee* is rugged and grand beyond any thing I have seen;' but the people seemed to have little compassion for their situation, of which, indeed, they took advantage by robbery and extortion at every village they approached.

In crossing the *Ba-fing*, at Konkromo, a canoe, in which were three soldiers, upset, and one of them was unfortunately drowned. It was here a large river, and full of hippopotami. At this place Isaaco had a ring made of gold which was smelted, and worked with some dexterity; 'but the people here are *all thieves*;' they stole

stole their baggage, and every thing they could lay their hands on.

On the 30th June, Mr. Anderson and Mr. Scott fell sick of the fever; several of the party had died, or were left behind in a dying state. Tornados were frequent, and at night they were disturbed by the roaring of lions prowling about the tents. One of the seamen became so ill, that he begged to be left in the woods. A loaded pistol was placed by his side, and some cartridges put into his hat.

In crossing the *Ba-Woolima*, Isaaco met with a strange, and nearly a fatal adventure. In attempting to drive six asses across the river, just as he had reached the middle, a crocodile rose close to him, and instantly seizing him by the left thigh, pulled him under water. With wonderful presence of mind, he felt the head of the animal, and thrust his finger into its eye; this forced it to quit its hold; but it soon, however, returned to the charge, and seizing him by the other thigh, again pulled him under water. Isaaco had recourse to the same expedient, and thrust his fingers a second time into its eyes with such force, that it again quitted him, rose to the surface, floundered about as if stupid, and then swam down the stream. Isaaco, in the mean time, reached the shore, bleeding very much; the wound in his left thigh being four inches long, that on the right somewhat less, but very deep, besides several single teeth marks on his back. In six days he recovered, so as to be able to travel; but this delay of six days brought them so much deeper into the rainy season. Park himself continued very sick, and unable to stand erect without feeling a tendency to faint, and 'all the people either sick, or in a state of great debility, except one.' While they halted at this place, however, to their great astonishment, the seaman, who had been left behind in the woods, came up, perfectly naked, having been stripped of his clothes by three of the natives. The poor fellow died a few days afterwards.

On the 11th July, travelling N. West, they reached Keminoom, or Maniakorro, a strong fortified town, surrounded by walls and a ditch. The people here were all thieves, and especially the king's sons, one of whom had the impudence to snatch Park's musket out of his hands, and ran off with it; and while he was pursuing him, another of the royal descendants had made free with his great coat. They attempted to steal the asses, and succeeded in carrying off various parts of their baggage. Some of the people who had accompanied them told those of Mareena, to which place they were now approaching, 'that the Coffle was a *Dummulafong, a thing sent to be eaten*; in English, *fair game* for every body.' The inhabitants of Mareena were therefore resolved to come in for their share, and accordingly stole five of the asses during the night.

Mr.

Mr. Scott and Lieutenant Martyn were now so ill, that they lay down by the side of the path, unable to walk. Isaaco's people, however, brought them up to the town. On the 22d they reached Bangassi, a large and populous town, better fortified than even Maniakorro. Here one of the people died, and another was left in a dying state; and scarcely had they left the town, when three of the soldiers, and one of the carpenters, lay down under a tree, and refused to proceed. 'Found myself (says Park) very sick and faint, having to drive my horse loaded with rice, and an ass with the pit saws. Came to an eminence, from which I had a view of some very distant mountains to the east-½-south. The certainty that the Niger washes the southern base of these mountains made me forget my fever, and I thought of nothing all the way but how to climb over their blue summits.'

On the 30th July, another man was left with the dooty at Nummasoloo. 'I regretted much (observes Park) leaving this man; he had naturally a cheerful disposition; and he used often to beguile the watches of the night with the songs of our dear native land.' The whole of the forty asses purchased at St. Jago had either died or been abandoned on the road, which was a serious misfortune, as it was not easy to purchase others to supply their places.

The whole of the route from Bangassi to Koolihori was marked with ruined towns and villages; few cattle were seen, but the country abounded with numerous wolves which, it was not doubted, devoured some of the unfortunate men whom it had been found necessary to leave behind.

On the 6th August, they reached Ganifarra, but not without leaving three more of their companions on the road. The rains now fell in torrents, and were almost perpetual, the remainder of the party getting worse, and Mr. Anderson scarcely able to sit on his horse, the bridle of which was held by Park. In this state they perceived, in an opening between the bushes, three large lions bounding towards them, abreast of each other. Park walked boldly forwards to meet them, fired his piece at the centre one, upon which they all stopt, looked at each other, and then sprang away, and disappeared in the bushes.

At Koomikoomi they halted two days, to see how Mr. Anderson's fever would terminate: here another of the party died. It was an unwalled village, surrounded with extensive corn fields.

'It is a common observation of the negroes, that where the Indian corn is in blossom, the rain stops for eleven days. The stopping of the rain evidently depends on the sun approaching the zenith of the place; the Sun, by this day's observation, being only seventy-one miles north of us; and it is a wonderful institution of Providence that, at this time, the

the maize here is all in full blossom; and on passing through the fields, one is like to be blinded with the pollen of the male flowers.' (p. 136.)

On the 15th August, they reached Doombila, at which place Park was met by his worthy negro friend Karfa Taura. 'He instantly recognized me,' he says, 'and you may judge of the pleasure I felt in seeing my old benefactor.' Here they waited till the 18th, in hopes of Mr. Scott coming up, who had not been lately seen. Concluding he had gone back to Koomikoomi, four negroes, who had carried Mr. Anderson hither, were sent in search of him, while the rest of the party proceeded on their journey. On the 19th, they left Toriba, and ascended the mountains to the south of it till three o'clock, when, 'having gained,' says Park, 'the summit of the ridge which separates the Niger from the remote branches of the Senegal, I went on a little before; and coming to the brow of the hill, *I once more saw the Niger* rolling its immense stream along the plain.'

Pleasant as the sight of this river doubtless was, as promising an end to, or at least an alleviation of, their toilsome journey of more than five hundred miles, in which privation and distress, disease and death, had been their almost daily visitors, 'the prospect,' says Park, 'appeared somewhat gloomy.' Three fourths of the soldiers had died on their march, and no carpenters were left to build the boats in which they were to prosecute their discoveries. Of thirty-four soldiers and four carpenters, who left the Gambia, only six soldiers and one carpenter reached the Niger!

They embarked about a mile and a half to the eastward of Bambakoo, where the current, running at the rate of nearly five miles an hour, wafted them along without the exertion of rowing. The river here was a full English mile in width, and enlarged to twice the width at the Rapids, of which there were three principal ones, at no great distance from the place of embarkation. On one of the islands they passed an elephant, and near another three hippopotami; the canoe men were afraid lest these should overset the canoes; and they speared a fine turtle. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the views of this immense river; sometimes as smooth as a mirror, at other times ruffled with a gentle breeze, down the current of which the canoes swept at the rate of six or seven miles an hour.

Mr. Park had, since his arrival at Marraboo, been subject to attacks of the dysentery; and, finding his strength failing very fast, resolved to charge himself with mercury. He accordingly took calomel to such a degree that he could neither speak nor sleep for six days; but the salivation put an immediate stop to the dysentery, which had proved fatal to so many of the soldiers.

Isaaco, who had been sent forward to Sego with a present to Mansong, king of Bambarra, to secure his friendship and protection,

tion, met the party on his return at Samee, bringing back the present for which the king had said he would send his people to Samee. Accordingly, five of them brought hither a present of a *milk-white* bullock from Mansong; they came, they said, to hear from Mr. Park's own mouth what had brought him into Bambarra; and, having fully explained to them his views and his motives, one of them answered, 'We have heard what you have spoken; your journey is a good one, and may God prosper you in it; Mansong will protect you; we will carry your words to Mansong this afternoon, and to-morrow we will bring you his answer.' Two days after they returned with the king's answer, which was as follows:

'Mansong says he will protect you; that a road is open for you every where as far as his hand extends. If you wish to go to the East, no man shall harm you from Sego till you pass Tombuctoo—the name of Mansong's stranger will be a sufficient protection for you. If you wish to build your boats at Samee or Sego, at Sansanding, or Jinnie, name the town, and Mansong will convey you thither.'

Mr. Park immediately made choice of Sansanding, as the most eligible place for fitting out his canoe, because he could live more quiet and free from beggars than at Sego, and because Mansong had not expressed any desire to see him. On their passage to this place in an open canoe, the heat of the sun was so insufferable as to make him almost delirious: 'there was *sensible heat* sufficient to have roasted a *sirloin*.' On reaching Sansanding such crowds of people flocked to the shore, that they were obliged to be driven away with sticks before the baggage could be landed. Here they were accommodated with two huts, one to sit in, and another, adjoining, for the baggage. Two of the few remaining soldiers died at this place; and the body of one of them was carried away out of the hut during the night by the wolves. One would think that the activity and bustle conveyed by the following description, would alone have kept these prowling animals at bay.

'Sansanding contains, according to Koontie Mamadie's account, eleven thousand inhabitants. It has no public buildings, except the mosques, two of which, though built of mud, are by no means inelegant. The market-place is a large square, and the different articles of merchandize are exposed for sale on stalls covered with mats, to shade them from the sun. The market is crowded with people from morning to night: some of the stalls contain nothing but beads; others indigo in balls; others wood-ashes in balls; others Houssa and Jinnie cloth. I observed one stall with nothing but antimony in small bits; another with sulphur, and a third with copper and silver rings and bracelets. In the houses fronting the square is sold scarlet, amber, silks from Morocco, and tobacco, which looks like Levant tobacco, and comes by way of Tombuctoo. Adjoining this is the salt market, part of which occupies one corner of the square. A slab of salt is sold commonly for eight thousand cowries; a large butcher's

butcher's stall or shade is in the centre of the square, and as good and fat meat sold every day as any in England. The beer market is at a little distance, under two large trees; and there are often exposed for sale from eighty to one hundred calabashes of beer, each containing about two gallons. Near the beer market is the place where red and yellow leather is sold.

'Besides these market places, there is a very large space which is appropriated for the great market every Tuesday. On this day astonishing crowds of people came from the country to purchase articles in wholesale, and retail them in the different villages, &c. There are commonly from sixteen to twenty large fat Moorish bullocks killed on the market morning.'

On the second day of Park's arrival at Sansanding, hearing nothing of Mr. Scott, who had been left behind sick, he sent a messenger to procure some intelligence of him. 'He returned in four days, and told us that *Mr. Scott was dead.*' But the severest blow of all was yet to come.

'October 28th. At a quarter past five o'clock in the morning, my dear friend Mr. Alexander Anderson died, after a sickness of four months. I feel much inclined to speak of his merits; but as his worth was known only to a few friends, I will rather cherish his memory in silence, and imitate his cool and steady conduct, than weary my friends with a panegyric in which they cannot be supposed to join. I shall only observe, that no event which took place during the journey, ever threw the smallest gloom over my mind, till I laid Mr. Anderson in the grave. I then felt myself as if left a second time lonely and friendless amidst the wilds of Africa.'—p. 163.

An ordinary mind would, long before this last blow, have succumbed under the accumulated distress and disappointment. But even this misfortune, severe as it was, seems not to have produced any thing like despondency. His mind is still bent on the great object of his journey. Mansong had promised him a canoe. On the 16th October it arrived, one half of it quite rotten. They then sent to Sego for another half; when it arrived it would not fit the one already received. Isaaco was again dispatched to Sego, and on the 20th returned with a large canoe; but half of it was very much decayed and patched. Park, therefore, set about joining the best half of this to the sound half formerly sent; and, with the assistance of Abraham Belton, a private, after eighteen days hard labour, he 'changed the Bambarra canoe into his Majesty's schooner Joliba;' her length was forty feet, and breadth six feet; and, being flat bottomed, she drew only one foot water when loaded.

Here ends the Journal, and with it, as we said before, all authentic account of the unfortunate traveller. The rest has been supplied only from the doubtful sources we have already noticed.

Although

Although Park's last mission to Africa has not been productive of new geographical discoveries, Sansanding being considerably short of Silla, which he had reached on his first journey, it has plainly demonstrated, as Park himself observes, 'first, that with common prudence, any quantity of merchandize may be transported from the Gambia to the Niger, without danger of being robbed by the natives; secondly, that if this journey be performed in the dry season, one may calculate on losing not more than three, or, at most, four men out of fifty.' His unfortunate death, and that of his companions, being entirely owing to the improper season of travelling, and to no other circumstance, will not, it is to be hoped, damp the ardour of prosecuting further discoveries, and future endeavours to settle that interesting question in geography—where is the termination of the Niger? 'The *sources* of great rivers,' says Park's biographer, 'have often been the object of popular, and even of scientific curiosity; but it is peculiar to the Niger to be interesting on account of its *termination*.' This point is discussed in the Appendix, No. 4, but brought to no satisfactory conclusion.

When the course of the Niger was ascertained to be towards the East, it gave rise to three questions among geographers: 1. Was the Niger the great western branch of the Nile, called the *Bahr el Abiad*, or white river? 2. Did it lose itself in the lakes or swamps of Wangara or Ghana; and waste away by absorption or evaporation? Or, 3. Did it find its way in the natural course of rivers into the southern Atlantic, or Indian Ocean? The first point was disproved by Major Rennell, in the most satisfactory manner; because, if answered in the affirmative, it must have united with the other great branch of the Nile, the Bahr el Azrak, or blue river, on the plains of Sennaar, which plains, if there be any dependence on Bruce's measurements by the barometer, are, at least, 5000 feet above the level of the sea, a height which, there is every reason to believe, exceeds that of the source of the Niger, and much more so the elevation of the country about Bambarra, where it becomes navigable. It would be absurd therefore to suppose that, after flowing 2300 geographical miles, and after its descent to the level of the Sahara, or great desert, it could mount upwards to join the Nile on the elevated plains of Sennaar. Mr. Jackson's gossipping stories, told at third hand, of negroes who navigated the Niger from Tombuctoo to Cairo, we deem to be unworthy of the smallest attention. The third idea was given up from its being well known that no river discharged itself on the eastern coast of Africa, that could at all be considered as the Niger. The affirmative to the second question was, therefore, concluded to be the only rational and the least objectionable solution of the problem. It was supported by analogies, and it had moreover the advantage of coinciding with ancient

ancient opinions, Ptolemy having terminated the Niger in an inland lake.

Previously, however, to Park's departure on his second mission, he had received a strong impression, in consequence of some suggestions of a Mr. Maxwell, who had formerly resided on the coast of Africa, that the Niger discharged its waters into the Southern Atlantic, through the Congo or Zayr. This suggestion of Mr. Maxwell was, in his opinion, supported by many circumstances, for instance, the ignorance of all the inhabitants of North Africa of the termination of the Niger—from Horneman having mentioned, that at Bornou the Niger takes the name of *Zad*, which, he says, is the name of the Congo at its mouth, and six hundred miles inland (Maxwell says *Enzaddi*)—from the course of the Bahr-Kulla of Browne, supposed to be the Niger, being the course that the latter ought to take, in order to join the Congo; and, lastly, from the inundations of the Niger corresponding with those of the Congo.

These impressions were certainly not weakened by the information collected at Sansanding. In his letter to Sir Joseph Banks, he says that the guide which he procured here, was 'one of the greatest travellers in this part of Africa;' that from him he had learned, that 'the Niger, after it passes Kashna, runs directly to the right hand or the South;' that 'he was sure it did not end near Kashna or Bornou, having resided for some time in both these kingdoms.' To Lord Camden he writes, that 'he was more and more inclined to think that it can end no where but in the sea;' and both to Lord Camden and Mrs. Park, he speaks confidently of reaching the sea-coast.

In the absence of further information on this interesting question, and to enable us to form some estimate of the value of this hypothesis, it will be necessary to collect the substance of what is known of the river generally called Congo, which is, in fact, the name of the kingdom through which it flows, the name of the river being *Zayr.*

It is agreed by all writers, who mention this river, that it is remarkable for a peculiarity, by which it is distinguished from all other rivers in the known world, namely, that it runs in almost a perpetual state of flood;—its depth, which probably exceeds that of all other rivers, never varying more than nine feet; whilst that of the Ganges and the Nile, inconsiderable streams when compared with the Zayr, varies above thirty feet.* The floods, however, of the Zayr, though nearly perpetual, are periodical; the highest beginning in March, the lowest in September; and as it is well known that all rivers, whose streams flow through one of the tropical regions,

* The Zayr discharges into the sea, when at its lowest state, 4,000,000 cubic feet of water in a second of time, which is ten times the quantity discharged by the Ganges at its highest flood.

have

have but one flooded season in the year, which happens when the sun is on the same side of the line with the course of the river, there must be some peculiar cause or circumstance to give to the Niger the singular property of having two floods. No other river, that we are acquainted with, of any magnitude, has this property. The Amazons, perhaps, comes nearest to it. The main branches of this mighty river flow through southern latitudes, and are flooded by the periodical rains which follow the sun to the southern tropic; but several of its tributary streams rise to the northward of the equator, others at no great distance from it on the south, and the whole collected mass of waters is disembogued into the ocean immediately under this line. Some part of its course passing thus through regions of perpetual rains prevents that low ebb, which it would otherwise experience, when the sun had reached the northern tropic, and when the southern streams were diminished or dried up till the annual return of rain. But if a river could be found, whose source is at or near one of the tropics, and its termination near or within the other, that river, towards its mouth, would necessarily have two floods every year, the larger flood being at the time when the sun was on the same side of the line with its termination, and the smaller when at the side of its source; and these two floods would vary but little, as the loss by absorption and evaporation would be made up while the stream was passing through the region of perpetual rains, which may be said to extend to three or four degrees on each side of the equator.

The Zayr is precisely under these circumstances, and all its phenomena may be satisfactorily accounted for by supposing the sources of this powerful stream to be placed in North Africa.

Another character, we believe, is peculiar to this river: the flood tide makes no impression on its perpetual ebbing stream, which, on the contrary, forces its way with a rapid current for many leagues into the sea where its waters may be taken up perfectly fresh. In this fact all the old Portugueze writers agree; and the following description, taken from them, with due allowance for the conceit and pedantry of the age, has been fully verified in our time.

'Zaire is of such force, that no shippe can get in against the current, but neere to the shore: yea it prevailes against the oceans saltnesse threescore, and as some say, fourscore miles within the sea, before his proud waves yeeld their full homage, and receive that salt temper in token of subjection. Such is the haughty spirit of that stream, which, over-running the low countries as it passeth, and swollen with conceit of daily conquests and daily supplies, which, in armies of showers are, by the clouds, sent to his succour, runnes now in a furious rage, thinking even to swallow the ocean, which before he never saw, with his mouth wide gaping eight and twentie miles, as Lopez affirmeth, in the opening; but meeting with a more giant-like enemie, which lies lurking under the cliffes

cliffes to receive his assault, is presently swallowed in that wider wombe; yet so, as always being conquered, he never gives over, but in an eternall quarrel, with deepe and indented frownes in his angrie face, foming with disdaine, and filling the air with noise (with fresh helpe) supplies those forces which the salt-sea hath consumed.'—*Purchas his Pilgrimage.* Edit. 1613. p. 583.

The Amelia frigate, commanded by Captain Irby, in attempting to get into the Zayr with an ordinary breeze, and before the regular sea breeze set in, was swept round by the current towards the great Moona Mazea bank, on the north side of the entrance, and was perfectly ungovernable; and even with the breeze, it was necessary to creep close along the southern shore, where, in many places, they could find no bottom by sounding; the current running down at the rate of seven miles an hour. They succeeded in getting the ship 48 or 50 miles up the river, the current still running constantly down at the rate of $6\frac{1}{2}$ to 7 miles an hour. This rapidity of the current, with the frequent eddies and whirlpools, made it a more dangerous task to get the ship down again with safety out of the river. In the mid ocean, opposite to its mouth, they fell in with large floating islands covered with trees and bushes torn from the banks by the violence of the current; and when the Amelia was at anchor out at sea in 15 fathoms water, 12 miles distant from Cape Padron, the south point of the river's mouth, the current was running at $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour, the water being perfectly fresh, coloured like rain-water and much agitated.

In the same year, Captain Scobell, of the Thais, being upon this part of the coast, observes, 'In crossing this stream I met several floating islands, or broken masses from the banks of that noble river which, with the trees still erect, and the whole wafting to the motion of the sea, rushed far into the ocean, and formed a novel prospect even to persons accustomed to the phenomena of the waters.' The bottom of the sea is every where covered with mud to the distance of sixty leagues in the direction of N. W., from the mouth of the river, to which extent the Thais found the current still setting the ship.

We have a survey of this mighty river by Mr. Maxwell, published in 1795. From this it appears, that the width from Shark Point across the Moona Mazea bank to the opposite shore, is about 15 miles, the mid channel near the mouth 100 fathoms deep, the current 6 miles an hour. At 23 miles from the extreme point of its embouchure the channel contracts to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and the depth is still marked 100 fathoms. At 54 miles it spreads out into several branches, divided by islands, sandbanks, and shoals. At 90 miles it again contracts into one channel of a mile and half in width, the depth, for some distance, being 30, but afterwards 50 fathoms, which is carried

ried up to the distance of 130 miles, where the survey ends; by information derived from the natives, it is stated to be navigable from 50 to 60 miles beyond this, where the navigation is interrupted by falls or cataracts, which they call *Gamba Enzaddi.*

Mr. Maxwell says in his letter to Mr. Keir that, according to accounts received from travelling traders, it is as large at 600 miles up the country as at Embomma, 90 miles only from its mouth, and that it is there also called *Enzaddi.*

If Mr. Maxwell's survey be at all correct, the Zayr, if not the first, is at least the second river in the world. The master of the Amelia says, 'Mr. Maxwell's chart conveys a good idea of the river, but the soundings are not correct:'—he observes, however, what must occur to every one, that the mud and earth brought down by this rapid stream, whirled about in numerous eddies, must cause the banks to shift, and the soundings to be constantly changing. In the rainy season Mr. Maxwell says the rise of the river is not more than nine feet.

It is rather surprizing that the Portugueze, who discovered the Zayr, and who for centuries have had their slave establishments in Congo and the neighbouring kingdoms, should not have traced the origin of this great stream; but the truth is, the Portugueze discovered much more than was ever made public. Barros, the best historian of their discoveries, deals so much in generals, and quotes so sparingly his authorities, which were however of the highest order, that he constantly leaves one to regret the want of further details. 'The king of Congo,' he says, 'received an account of the rebellion of the Mundequetes, a people who inhabited certain islands in a great lake, out of which flows the river Zayr, which runs through the kingdom of Congo;'—and he further says, that Don John of Portugal sent certain persons to penetrate into the interior, and 'to extend their discoveries beyond the Great Lake.' It appears too that Don John sent several embassies to the king of Tombuctoo, among which he particularly mentions those of Pero de Evora and Gonçaleanes, Mem Royz, and Pero de Asturiga, but of whose adventures and discoveries we know nothing, not even the place they went from or the route they pursued.

All the old Portugueze and Spanish missionaries, whether on the east or west coasts of South Africa, speak of the waters of the Nile and of the Zayr being derived from the same sources; that these sources are large lakes in the neighbourhood of the equator and to the southward of it, among which Zembré was considered as the 'great mother and chiefe ladie of the waters of Africa.' Lopez left Rome to visit Congo a second time, for the express purpose of obtaining 'full information concerning the Nile;' and by him we are told that the Zayr derives its floods from three lakes; the

the first the Zembré, the second the Zayr, (probably the Aquelunda,) and the third 'a great lake out of which the Nile is supposed to proceed.' The missionary Marolla speaks of a vast collection of waters from whence one great stream flows through Egypt, and the others through the countries watered by the Zayr. In short, there appears to have been a very prevailing impression that the Zayr was in some way connected with the Nile, and the Nile with the Niger; but whether their notion was derived from the information of missionaries or of the natives, or whether they merely followed Ptolemy and the Arabian geographers, who considered the Nile and the Niger as flowing out of the same lake, not very distant from the equator, we have no materials to form a decided opinion. If the information be derived from eye-witnesses, they must be considered as careless observers; for although it may not be an absolute physical impossibility that two rivers should flow in opposite directions, or indeed in any direction, out of the same lake, yet the contrary approaches so near to an axiom in geography, that no instance is perhaps known of such an occurrence. It is more probable that those lakes from whence proceeds the remotest branch of the Nile, whose source yet remains undiscovered, are situated, if they exist at all, on the elevated ridge that runs northerly through Abyssinia; and that the lakes into which the Niger falls, and out of which the Zayr issues, lie along the western feet of the same ridge; so that the stream, after crossing the line, is thrown back to the westward, and, following the general slope of the country, flows into the southern Atlantic.

Of the existence of one of these lakes, (the Aquelunda,) there can be no doubt. Marolla says, 'that Francis de Pavia was invited one day by the Queen of Zinga to fish for mermaids in this lake; that they saw thirteen, and caught one female, who had nails on her fingers, and long black hair; that she refused all food, and lived only twenty hours.' The story was discredited, not from any doubt of the existence of mermaids, but from an opinion that none of the seal tribe took up their fixed abode in fresh water lakes or rivers. Thus Virgil,

———*insolitæ* fugiunt in flumina phocæ.

If, however, we are not very much mistaken, the *phoca Siberica*, or silvery seal, is the constant inhabitant of the Baikal lake, whose waters are perfectly fresh and clear as crystal, and whose distance is not far short of 2000 miles from the sea.

Three objections are stated against the identity of the Niger and the Zayr by the editor of the present volume, which he seems to think 'weighty and formidable.' The first of these is, that the hypothesis supposes the course of the Niger to lie through the vast chain

chain of the *Kong* mountains, (anciently *Montes Lunæ*,) 'of the existence of which there appears to be no doubt;' that from their situation in the midst of a great continent, 'they may reasonably be supposed to be of vast size and extent;' that it is difficult therefore to understand 'how the Niger could penetrate this barrier, and force a passage southwards.' To render this objection valid, we should demand at least three points to be previously established: 1. The existence of these lunar mountains, of which we entertain the strongest doubt, for this simple reason, that it rests wholly on *hearsay*, and even this on very slender authority. Park, in his first journey, saw two or three peaks, near which the Gambia, the Senegal, and the Niger are supposed to take their sources; but instead of a central belt extending across Africa, he did not know whether they extended thirty, three hundred, or three thousand miles. 2. That, in the absence of all correct information, some analogous chain of mountains of three thousand miles in length, abutting upon another chain equally long, and at right angles with it, should be pointed out as a parallel instance in the economy of nature as to the distribution of mountainous ranges. 3. That, admitting its existence, it should be proved to be one solid, compact, and unbroken range of primitive granite, which alone is able, and we doubt even if it be able, to oppose a barrier to the passage of a great river. The immense range of Himmaleyeh, covered with eternal snow, (the Imaus of the ancients,) afforded no barrier to the streams of the Ganges and the Buramputra; the *Rocky Mountains* refuse not to open their *gates* for the passage of the Missouri; nor the Alleghenny chain to the Delaware, the Susquehanna, or the Potomack. Indeed we know no instance of a mountainous range offering a permanent barrier to the pressure of an accumulated mass of waters, or the constant action of a running stream. The falls of Niagara are known to recede or travel upwards; and when the remaining part of the mountain-rock shall be worn away by the action of the water, down whose steep sides it is now precipitated, the Lake Erie will disappear, and its place be supplied by a fair and fertile valley.

2. The second objection to the identity of the Niger and the Congo is 'the length of its course, which would exceed 4000 miles; whereas the course of the Amazons, the greatest river in the new or old world with which we are acquainted, is only about 3500 miles;' that 'although the existence of a river considerably greater than any yet known may be within the limits of physical possibility, yet so improbable a supposition ought not to be adopted on slight or conjectural reasoning.' This is at least a *safe* way of arguing the question, but by no means satisfactory or conclusive; it would imply that the continent through which this new river is supposed to flow,

flow was just as well trod and traversed as Europe, Asia, and America, whereas the interior of Africa, from Tombuctoo to the confines of the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, a straight line of 3000 miles nearly in difference of latitude, is as much unknown as the interior of Spitzbergen. If the course of one river, which flows wholly on one side of the equator, and consequently kept up by one season of rains, with only a slender addition of water from the north of the line, is known to extend to the length of 3500 miles, we are not able to discover why another river, whose source is on one side, and its embouchure on the other side of the equator, and whose stream is in consequence kept up by two periodical rains, should not extend five hundred miles farther, or indeed why its extent should be limited but by the limits of the continent itself through which it flows.

We anticipate an objection with regard to the Niger, that the elevation of the country about its source, not being sufficient to admit the possibility of its joining the Nile, is, à fortiori, inadequate to send its waters to a distance very nearly double that of the Nile. Such an objection is easily removed. The Abyssinian branch of the Nile runs upon an elevated ridge which Bruce computed to be full two miles above the level of the sea; the western branch, the Bahr el Abiad, or white river, joins the former, as we have already observed, at an elevation of one mile. Mr. Park unfortunately affords no data to estimate the height of the ridge out of which the Senegal, the Gambia, and the Niger collect their streams; but, from a consideration of the short distance of the two former from the sea, and the portion of that distance through which the tide flows up the Gambia, together with Park's general description of the country, we should say that 4000 feet rather exceeded than fell short of the greatest elevation; but we require no such height for our argument; we will suppose the source of the Niger to be 3000 feet only above the surface of the ocean; the declivity or slope of the bed would then, in the course of 4000 miles, be nine inches in each mile. Condamine has calculated the descent of the Amazons at $6\frac{2}{3}$ inches per mile, in a straight line, which, allowing for its windings, would be reduced, according to Major Rennell's estimation, to about four inches a mile for the slope of its bed. This able geographer, the first of the age, has observed, in his dissertation on the Ganges, that from Hurdwar to the sea, a distance of 1350 miles, the surface is an apparent uniform plane with no perceptible declivity; that, however, by a section, taken by order of Mr. Hastings, of sixty miles parallel to a branch of the Ganges, it was found to have nine inches of descent in each mile in a straight line; but that this descent was reduced, by the windings of the river, to four inches a mile, the same as the bed

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of the Amazons; and that this small descent gave a rate of motion something less than three miles an hour in the dry, and from five to six miles an hour in the wet season; but seven or eight in particular situations and under certain circumstances.

It will hence appear that the proportion of velocity communicated by the descent alone is small in comparison to that which is communicated by the pressure of an increased volume of water forced into the same channel. If, indeed, a stream of water be suffered to run into a horizontal canal, at one of its ends, it will cause a current through the whole length; or, if a slope of one-tenth of an inch in a mile be given to its bed, the water will flow in a sensible current.

The rapidity of the stream of the Niger, therefore, which does not exceed that of the Ganges in the wet season, would admit of a satisfactory explanation, supposing it to be the Zayr, and its course 4000 miles, from declivity alone. Velocity however might be communicated by the fresh supplies which it is known to receive from the country of Matamba to the south of the line; and the steep declivity of its bed, falling at once from 50 to 100 fathoms, could not fail of giving a fresh and vigorous impetus to the rapid current with which this mighty river rolls its waters into the ocean.

The course of the Niger in an easterly direction inclining a little to the northward, may perhaps be urged as another objection to the identity of the two rivers. Park, however, was informed by his travelled guide that, having passed Bornou, the Niger turned off to the southward; if we could suppose it to reach the equator, we should require no other evidence than that which we possess of the general slope of the country to the westward, to pronounce its next direction to be towards that quarter. In some of the old writings, South Africa is called the 'Wedge of Africa,' from its two sides converging almost to a point at the Cape of Good Hope; but it is a wedge, or inclined plane in a more correct sense of the word, the back of which is the great chain of mountains called Lupata, or Spine of the World, which, commencing at Cape Guadafui, extends to the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope. From the summit of this eastern range, the country slopes to the westward, in the same manner as, from the corresponding western range of South America, that continent slopes to the eastward, by which the Southern Atlantic becomes the common reservoir of the waters of both. The Orange river, whose source is in that part of the range which is behind Sofala, crosses South Africa, and, after a course of about 1000 miles, falls into the Southern Atlantic; and Doctor Cowan found every stream which he crossed between that river and the country of the Barraloos, running to the west or north-west.

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Though rivers, from the great length of their course, sometimes become narrower and more shallow towards their termination, which indeed is a common character of African rivers, it does not follow that the copious and rapid stream of the Zayr should furnish an argument against the great length of its course, as the hypothesis which supposes it to be the Niger would supply a complete answer to any such objection.

3. The third and last objection to the hypothesis is, that no traces whatever of the Mahommedan doctrines or institutions are to be found on the coast where the Niger (supposing it to be the Zayr) terminates; that none of their effects on the manners and customs, nor that predominance of the Arabic language, every where discoverable in North Africa, have been remarked on the coast of Congo and Angola; and that the inquiries of Mr. Maxwell, from negroes who had come down the Congo, from great distances, had not led to the supposition that Mahommedan priests had visited the countries on the banks of that river. This objection is not quite correctly stated: that most marked of all Mahommedan institutions, circumcision, happens to be universally practised in Loango, Congo, and Angola, and indeed on the opposite coast as far as the confines of the settlement of the Cape of Good Hope; there are also, on both sides of southern Africa, many traces of the Arabic language. The very name of the river, *Zayr*, is Arabic, and signifies *roaring, turbulent, rapid*—all of which epithets are remarkably characteristic of the Congo. There is also, on the opposite side of the continent, a river and a kingdom of the name of Zayr; the former falls into the sea near Sofala, and, being a mountain stream, has the same character, we doubt not, as its nobler namesake.

We are aware of Marolla's derivation of *Zayr* from *Zevuco*, and hardly know which to admire most, the closeness of the *sound* of the derivative to its primitive, or the closeness of the *sense*. The Portugueze, who discovered the river, inquired naturally enough of the natives what was its name; the answer was, '*Zevuco*'—*I can't tell*—and hence, says the missionary, it was called *Zayr*—a specimen of etymological affinity, yielding in nothing to that of *Jeremiah King* and a *cucumber*. The word *Zaad* too is Arabic, and signifies *frightful, terrific*, which is a name not unappropriate to the cataracts of the Zayr, called by Mr. Maxwell *Enzaddi*; but we lay not much stress on etymologies. What difficulties may have impeded 'the spirit of enterprise and proselytism which belongs to the Mahommedan character,' it would be impossible to say until we shall have obtained some better information of the interior of Africa, from the lakes and swamps of Wangara and Ghana to the southern tropic, of which, in fact, we know nothing. Park learned

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from his guide, at Sansanding, that they would 'touch on the Moors no where but at Tombuctoo.' The southern side of the river was free from them; so is the whole coast from the bight of Benin southwards. The impediments, therefore, would appear to be rather owing to moral than physical causes; a people who could pass the Sahara, or Great Desert, would find no physical obstacles in tracing the course of a navigable river, little as internal navigation is practised in any part of Africa; or in making their way along a fertile coast. We know not enough of the condition of Africa in the dark ages to decide what the obstacles may have been; but it is pretty certain that the Christian kings of Abyssinia were, at that time, more powerful than at present; so powerful indeed that they were enabled to extend their protection to the petty chieftains along the coasts of Guinea and Benin, who, as we learn from Barros, sent ambassadors, on every new succession, across the country, to do homage to and obtain the sanction of the reigning sovereign of Abyssinia, who was not then, as now, hemmed in by the Gallas on one side and the Arabs on the other. This Christian empire, so much sought after by the Portugueze in their early enterprises, stretched much farther than now to the south and to the west, and was unquestionably a more effectual check to that 'spirit of enterprise and proselytism which belongs to the Mahommedan character.'*

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* The following *literal* translation from De Barros is so curious, and this author so little known to the English reader, and indeed to the readers of any nation, that the insertion of it here, will not, we think, be considered as out of place. The information it contains was fully verified, and was one of the many sources of knowledge opened by the Portugueze that led to most important results.

'Among the many things which the King Don John learned from the ambassador of the King of Benin, (who was at Lisbon about 1485,) and likewise from John Alfonso de Aveiro, as related to him by the inhabitants of those parts, it was said that to the east of the King of Benin, by twenty moons, (which, according to their reckoning, and their slow rate of travelling, might be about two hundred and fifty of our leagues,) there was a king, the most powerful of those parts, whom they called Oganè, who was held in as much veneration by the pagan princes bordering on Benin, as the Pope is among us; and to whom, by a most ancient custom, the kings of Benin, at the commencement of their reign, sent ambassadors, with a great present, notifying to him, that by the decease of such a one, they had succeeded to the kingdom of Benin, in which they requested he would confirm them. In sign, or proof, of this confirmation, this Prince Oganè used to send them a staff, and a covering for the head of the make of a Spanish helmet, the whole of shining brass, instead of scepter and crown; and of the same brass, he also sent a cross of the make of those worn by the knights commanders of the order of St. John, (Malta,) to be hung about the neck as a religious and holy thing; without which things the people held that they (the kings of Benin) did not reign justly, nor could be called true kings. And during all the time that this ambassador was at the court of this Oganè, he, as an object of religion, was never seen by the ambassador, who only saw certain silk curtains, behind which he was placed. And when the ambassador was about to take his leave, a foot was shewn from the curtains, as a proof that he (Oganè) was there, and granted the articles delivered—to which foot they paid reverence as to a holy thing. And also as a kind of reward for so long a journey, there was given to the ambassador a small cross of the same make as that sent to the king, which they hung about his neck, and with which he became free and exempt from all ser-

The argument then in favour of the identity of the Niger and the Zayr, may be summed up in a few words.—There is in North Africa a great river of which nobody knows the end—there is in South Africa another great river of which nobody knows the beginning—the river of North Africa flows to the southward—the river in South Africa comes from the northward. When to these facts are superadded the singular phenomenon of the South African river being in a state of flood for six months in the year, when no rain falls to the southward of the line, and consequently can only be supplied from a country to the northward of the line where in those six months the rains prevail; it will hardly be denied that there are at least strong and rational grounds for conjecture, that the Niger and the Zayr are one and the same river—a conjecture which lends additional interest to the pursuit of discovery, and which will not be diminished if it should turn out that the *sources* of the Zayr and the *termination* of the Niger have, though unconsciously, long been known.

ART. VII.—*Specimens of the Classic Poets, in a chronological Series from Homer to Tryphiodorus, translated into English Verse, and illustrated with Biographical and Critical Notices.* By Charles Abraham Elton. 3 vols. London. 1814.

MR. ELTON, who has already appeared before the public as a translator of Hesiod, has here undertaken a task of greater variety and extent. The idea, as well as title, of the present work,

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servitude, and privileged in the country of which he was a native, in like manner as knights commanders are among us.

'I (continues De Barros) knowing these things, and that I might be able to write them with the greater truth, (for the King Don John had, in his time, well investigated the matter,) when in the year 1540, certain ambassadors from the King of Benin came to this kingdom, one of them, who might be a person of about seventy years of age, had a cross of this kind; and upon my questioning him concerning it, he answered according to what I have above written.'

'And as in that time, whenever India was mentioned, people always spoke of a very powerful king called Preste John of India, who they said was a Christian; it appeared probable to Don John, that through this prince he might find an entrance into India, because through the religious Abyssinians who visited those parts of Spain, and also from the friars who had gone from hence to Jerusalem, (and whom he had directed to inform themselves concerning this prince,) he had learned that his states were situated in that country which lies beyond Egypt, and which extends to the sea of the south:—the king therefore, with the cosmographers of the kingdom, taking Ptolemy's general table of description of the whole of Africa, with the land-marks on the coast, according as they had been placed by the discoverers, and setting off the distance of two hundred and fifty leagues to the east, where, according to the accounts of the Beninians, the states of this Ogané ought to be, they found that this must be the Preste John, as both of them were concealed behind silk curtains, and held the sign of the cross in great veneration; and he (the king) also concluded, that if his ships should follow the direction of the coast which they were discovering, they could not fail to arrive at the land where lies the Praso Promontory.'—*Barros*, Decad I. Book iii. Chap. 4.

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may, probably, have been suggested by the chronological selections of English poetry published by Mr. Ellis and Mr. Southey; in its application to classical poetry, or, at least, to classical translation, it seems to be more original. It is always a pleasing and curious study to follow the gradual progress of language and the revolutions of taste; and selections of this kind, when judiciously made, serve, in some degree, the purpose of a cabinet of minerals, and exhibit the writers of a country in their relative characters, as well as in their individual peculiarities. A brick, it is truly said, does not give us a notion of a house; nor does a fragment of schist or whinstone represent the general appearance of the rock; but it is something to know, that the house is not of marble, nor the rock of granite; and thus a few extracts from Homer or Milton, though they may raise no conception of the Iliad or Paradise Lost, will, at least, impress our minds with their distinguishing characteristics.

The ancient poets, from which passages are translated in these volumes, are sixty: thirty-three Greek, and twenty-seven Latin. These comprehend the entire series of what may be termed classical poetry; and of these, about one-fourth exist only in short fragments, or in writings of doubtful authority. But the dramatic poets are excluded from this list; an exclusion for which there seems no adequate reason, since detached scenes, to say nothing of their lyric parts, might supply, at least, as good a conception of Æschylus and Euripides, as insulated passages of Homer or Virgil. On more satisfactory grounds, the various poets whose relics are preserved in the Greek and Latin Anthologies, find no place in Mr. Elton's translations; and the apprehension of encumbering himself with a multitude of authors of a late age and inferior merit, seems to have prompted rather an arbitrary definition of the word '*classic*,' as distinguishing the pagan from the christian poets.

The present translator has endeavoured to accommodate himself to the different style of his poets, by adopting a variety of measures. We do not, in every instance, perceive the grounds of his choice: but the changes are sufficiently frequent to relieve the reader's attention, and prevent that satiety, which uniformity, especially in translation, is apt to produce. His success is very unequal: many specimens are, in a high degree, brilliant and spirited, while others are cold, stiff, and lagging. In general, we like him better in rhyme than in blank verse, though the arguments in behalf of the latter measure in his Preface may shew that he is of a different opinion. One cause, and probably the main cause, of Mr. Elton's inferiority in blank verse, is a theoretical bias in favour of literal, or, as we should call it, servile translation, with which, of course, it is not so easy to comply under the restrictions of rhyme. 'The fit standard of a translator is fidelity,' we are told in his Preface, where the long

long disputed question, as to the propriety of close or loose translation, is discussed with arguments which it is not necessary to controvert. The truth seems to be, that strict translation best satisfies the critic; loose translation most pleases the multitude. He who would escape censure, must avoid deviations, which a reviewer will detect; he who would obtain popularity must shun dullness, over which a reader will yawn. And this is founded on a plain matter of fact, of which every one is aware, though every one cannot express it so elegantly as Denham: 'It is not his business alone to translate language into language, but poesie into poesie; and poesie is of so subtile a spirit, that in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the transfusion, there will remain nothing but a caput mortuum: there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words.' But in blaming literal translation, executed without regard to this law, we do not, of course, mean to recommend the opposite error. There is a style of low and slovenly paraphrase, which commonly indicates a mind too dull to seize the spirit, or too indolent to grapple with the difficulties of its author. In all translations, to represent the original character is the first duty. But he who must lose much of the precision and gracefulness of language, and even the collocation of words, is no more to be blamed for replacing them by new graces of his own language, than a musical performer for enriching the text of his composer by touches suggested by his own skill and enthusiasm.

The following stanzas from the first Pythian Ode of Pindar, may, perhaps, in some degree, appear stiff to an English reader:—they have, however, considerable merit in representing the severe, and rather hard manner of that poet.

'The monarch eagle then hangs down
On either side his flagging wing,
And on Jove's sceptre rocks with slumbering head;
Hovering vapours darkling spread
O'er his arch'd beak, and veil his filmy eye:
Thou pour'st a sweet mist from thy string;
And, as thy music's thrilling arrows fly,
He feels soft sleep effuse
From every pore its balmy-stealing dews,
And heaves his ruffled plumes in slumber's extasy.
Stern Mars hath dropp'd his sharp'd and barbed spear;
And starts, and smiles to hear
Thy warbled chaunt, while joy flows in upon his mind:
Thy music's weapons pierce, disarm
The demons of celestial kind,
By Apollo's music-charm,
And accent of the zoned, full-bosom'd, maids
That haunt Pieria's shades.

But

But they whom Jove abhors, with shuddering ear
The voices of the Muses hear;
Whether they range the earth or tossing sea:
Such is that hundred-headed giant, he
Of blessed Gods an enemy,
Typhon, who lies in chasm of Tartarus drear;
To whom Cilicia's legend-fabled cave
His nourish'd being gave:
Now on his shaggy breast
Sicilia's isle and Cuma's sea-girt shore
Are ponderously prest:
And that round pillar of the sky
With congelation hoar,
Ætna, crushes him from high;
While the year rolls slow,
Nurse of keen-encrusted snow.

From forth whose secret caves,
Fountains pure of liquid flame
With rush and roaring came;
And rivers rolling steep in fiery waves
In a stream of whitening smoke,
On glowing ether broke:
And in the dark and dead of night
With pitchy-gathering cloud, and glare of light,
The volleying fire was heard to sweep,
Masses of shiver'd rock with crashing sound
Dash'd midst the sullen ocean's waters deep.
There that Vulcanian dragon casts
His fiery whirlpool blasts,
Blazing in horrid light
On the scared ken of mortal sight;
Far bursting, marvellous to hear,
On the passing traveller's ear.'

All the fragments of Sappho, πιδακος εξ ἱερῆς ολιγη λιβας, are translated by Mr. Elton, and we think he has been remarkably happy in several; especially in the love-ode, the fire and rapidity of which is lost in the elegant version of Ambrose Philips. Some of the other Greek lyric poets follow, who survive rather in their general fame, than in the broken scraps that have been preserved: Archilochus, Simonides, Bacchylides. Justice is done to the exquisite lamentation of Danae; but the famous hymn upon Harmodius and Aristogiton, ascribed to Callistratus, is very tamely rendered.

The second volume is entirely filled with the Latin poets of the best age, from Lucretius to Ovid. As all these have been before translated, Mr. Elton has perhaps given too great space to their compositions; and the parallel which he thus provokes with so many former writers, is at least adventurous. It is evident, that the

the selector of detached passages escapes more than half the difficulty, and all the irksomeness which belongs to the department of translation; and has the advantage of chusing his ground, when he enters the list with him who has toiled through the uninteresting details and refractory obscurities of a volume. With this allowance, Mr. Elton stands tolerably fair in a comparative view of translators; and though he certainly does not equal Mr. Sotheby, who is not likely soon to have a rival, in his specimens from Virgil, he does perhaps as much justice to Horace and Tibullus as his predecessors. In his selections from the Satires and Epistles of the former, he has been judicious, we think, in sometimes employing blank verse, the only measure which can suggest to an English reader the easy and negligent style of the Roman moralist. Once indeed there is what appears to us a terrible failure, in consequence of a different metre. Mr. Elton has been deceived by the example of Pope into a notion, that the beautiful satire Hoc erat in votis, is a ludicrous poem, and that it requires a tone of vulgar doggrel in translation. Its real character, on the contrary, is moral and even melancholy sentiment, interspersed with the serious smile of philosophy at human follies. The story of the two mice is told with mock heroic gravity; a style which, if it may be classed, in a general way, with the ridiculous, will certainly lose its proper humour by such translation as these lines of Pope:

> This jelly's rich, this malmsey healing,
> Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in.

Or these of Mr. Elton,

> Served dish on dish in course complete,
> With *entremets* prolong'd the treat;
> And played the taster with the meat.

Such instances of mistaking the character of his author are however not common with this translator.

We were a little surprised at finding Gallus in the list of Augustan poets. The friend of Virgil, and the subject of that beautiful, though rather fantastic poem, the 10th Eclogue, (the prototype perhaps, or at least a sort of counterpart, of Milton's Lycidas,) did not deserve to have an unclassical scrap of voluptuous poetry, commonly published with the Basia of Secundus, gravely imputed to him. Mr. Elton indeed observes, that 'the Latinity of the delicate little Ode to Julia, however elegant, has something of a modern cast.' This is moderate and cautious, as four lines of the original will shew.

> Conde papillas, conde semi-pomas,
> Compresso lacte quæ modo pullulant.
> Sinus expansa profert cinnama,
> Undique surgunt ex te deliciæ.

We

We can only presume, as Mr. Elton is much too good a scholar to entertain doubts about this brat of the 16th century, that he was anxious to shew his qualifications, on the demise of the present incumbent,

> who, like Augustus, young
> Was call'd to empire, and has governed long,

to fill the throne of amatory poetry, as much, if that were possible, to the satisfaction of ladies of fashion.

The following description of the death of Archemorus from Statius, is a favourable specimen of Mr. Elton's powers in rhyme.

> Thus to the Grecian kings, in plaintive grief,
> The Lemnian exile gives her woes relief:
> Her absent nurseling now forgotten lies;
> Such the decree of adverse destinies.
> Plunged in the crested grass, that round him rose,
> His drooping eyes slid languid in repose;
> Long wearied with the feats of childish play,
> One hand still grasp'd the herbage as he lay.
> When lo! a serpent, floating many a rood,
> Uprose; the sacred horror of the wood,
> Th' enormous snake dragg'd on each loosen'd fold;
> Another self behind him lengthening roll'd:
> With torch-like glare his livid eyeballs glow'd,
> And his green jaws with foaming venom flow'd.
> In triple barb he fork'd his quivering tongue;
> In triple rows his jagged fangs were hung;
> His towery crest a cruel glory shed,
> And gilded radiance darted round his head.
> The rustics deem'd him holy; for the grove
> Was sacred held, the care of Argive Jove:
> To whom turf altars rose amidst the shade,
> And humble swains unwealthy honours paid:
> Thus wreath'd in many an orb, with wandering train,
> Glided the serpent round the sylvan fane;
> With bruising folds the groaning woods were twined,
> And the vast elms their mouldering bark resign'd;
> Oft with continuous sweep he stretches o'er
> The river-bed, and rolls on either shore:
> Cut by his scales, the middle waters flow,
> Cleave as he glides, and hiss and froth below.
> But now, when Theban Bacchus gives command,
> And pants at every pore the burning land;
> Now, when the water-nymphs, with dust bespread,
> Hide in the lowest sands their fainting head;
> Fiercer he writhes, untwists each winding spire,
> And deadly rages with envenom'd fire.
> Through the scorch'd pools he floats on many rings,
> And roams in vallies, dried of all their springs;

Now,

Now, roll'd supine, he lies in faint despair,
And gasps for life, and licks the liquid air:
Now, grovelling prone, he smites the groaning ground,
And sucks for dew the verdant herbs around.
His breath's hot blast the drooping herbage dries,
And at his hiss the verdure withering dies.
Vast as the starry serpent, that on high
Tracks the clear ether, and divides the sky,
And, southward winding from the northern wain,
Shoots to remoter spheres its glittering train;
Or vast as that, whose agonizing fold
On cleft Parnassus' trembling summits roll'd;
As with drawn bow the Delian archer stood,
And writhed with hundred wounds he lash'd the reedy wood.'

There is an unfortunate tameness in the passages rendered from Lucan, where Mr. Elton has lost the condensed and pointed sentiment of his original in the expansion of blank verse. Thus, in lines familiar to every scholar,

' Nor Cæsar can to aught superior bow,
Nor Pompey bear an equal. But to know
Which in the juster quarrel drew the sword,
Exceeds our power. With either party sides
A mighty judge. Heaven owns the conquering cause,
Cato the vanquished.'

This is very flat. In return, we may justly praise the specimens from Silius Italicus, Valerius Flaccus, and Oppian. Perhaps the chief merit of Mr. Elton's plan is the opportunity it gives of introducing to the poetical reader those authors of a late age and unequal merit, whose real beauties have been overwhelmed by a mass of defects, and by that sweeping criticism which is entirely founded upon defects. It has been justly remarked, that in some minor excellencies, and especially in natural description, the later and less eminent poets frequently surpass those to whom we pay the exclusive homage of admiration. The following passage from the Dionysiacs of Nonnus, which we select from several equally beautiful, has a soft and splendid colouring, and a sweetness of language, that reminds us of Mr. Southey's style in description.

' With crooked bow, a dweller of the woods
Was there; a nymph who, nourish'd on the grape,
Bloom'd in the forest's leafy wilderness:
Fair shaped Nicæa, huntress of the swift,
A second Dian, strange to love: untaught
The rites of Venus, she with arrows chased
The beasts, and track'd the mountains. No soft bower
Of maidens chamber'd her in green recess,
With fragrant foliage hid; but in a place

Of

Of rocks, a desert haunt, in gloomy glen
She dwelt. Her spindle was the bending bow;
Her threads the feather'd arrows; and, with poles
Of meshy nets, this mountain Pallas spread
The web: more pleased to weave the close-wrought lines
Of wonted chase on snare-set rocks, the whilst
Following the chaste and arrow-shooting queen,
Her comrade of the forest. Ne'er her dart
Had touch'd the feeble dappled fawn, nor struck
The fugitive scared deer, nor trembling hare.
She harness'd lions to the yoke, and lash'd
Their shaggy backs with blood-discolour'd thong,
Blaming Diana, that she left the race
Of mottled panthers, and the lion kind,
And rein'd the silly deer. Nor lack'd the nymph
Th' anointing oil of fragrance; and her cups,
With honey-temper'd draught, she dip'd in streams,
Cold-gushing from the torrent. In a cave,
Arch'd in the natural rock, her mansion was,
'Midst desert hill-crags inaccessible:
And oft, o'erwearied by the running chase,
She sate beside the panthers; or, beneath
The hollow rock, in mid-noon, lay at length,
Where the recumbent lioness had teem'd
With her young lion; but the gentle beast
Smooth'd its rough brows in blandishment, and lick'd
The maiden's limbs, and sheath'd its bending claws,
That mangled not her flesh: the dreadful mouth
E'en of the littering lioness, those jaws
Devouring, like a dog's, in querulous joy
Skimm'd, fondly moaning with forbearing lips,
And touch'd her without harm. The lion's self,
Deeming her Dian, trail'd his head on earth,
Suppliant, and bowed his shaggy-ruffled mane
Low at her feet.

Upon the whole, these specimens do considerable credit to Mr. Elton's expertness in versification, and fluency in speaking the language of poetry. To each author a sort of biographical and critical sketch is prefixed. The criticisms shew a scholar and a man of taste, but they are sometimes expressed in too peremptory a manner. He is a little too fond of reversing established opinion as to the relative merit of poets. Dejicit superbos de sede, et exaltat humiles. It is strange enough to find an ingenious man preferring the Medea of Apollonius to Virgil's Dido; but, at all events, such critical heresies ought to be propounded with diffidence.

Art. VIII. *The Physiognomical System of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, founded on an Anatomical and Physiological Examination of the Nervous System in general, and of the Brain in particular, and indicating the Dispositions and Manifestations of the Mind.* By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D. London. 1815. Royal 8vo. pp. 571.

THE writer of this volume, as its title-page imports, is a disciple and coadjutor of the celebrated Dr. Gall of Vienna; and, like his master, is so very equivocal a sort of personage, considered as a literary man, that in some respects we hardly know in what manner he is to be treated. In saying this, we do not particularly allude to the doctrines which he professes; although these savour not a little of empiricism; but rather to the mode in which they have hitherto been propagated. That a man should publish his opinions upon whatever subject, is natural enough; at least there is nothing in such a circumstance, which in the present times need excite surprize; but why he should travel over Europe for the purpose of preaching them, it is by no means so easy to explain. We do not mean to deny, but that in doing this Dr. Spurzheim may have chosen an honest method of gaining a livelihood; although we believe that to be pretty nearly all that can be said for it; yet it is one, which a person of liberal education and of a liberal profession would not, we should suppose, prefer, and which a man with any feeling of personal dignity about him, would surely disdain. But Dr. Spurzheim is a German, and not an Englishman, and it is possible that the manners of the two countries may make all the difference.

Be this as it may, we are inclined to think, that whatever be the cause of Dr. Spurzheim's unsettled plan of life, whether the love of money, or the love of cranioscopy, or the love of fame, in no respect will the success of the publication before us gratify his views. Our author must not imagine that, because he has been able to find people in this country who would listen to him with patience, he will therefore be able to find readers equally good humoured. His doctrines may possibly have passed off with very good success at a lecture; for, as Dr. Spurzheim's own experience must have informed him, there is no sort of absurdity but may be safely administered in that shape; but the difficulties which a writer has to encounter, are more considerable To suppose that nonsense may be presented to a *reader*, as to a *hearer*, stark naked and without even the decent clothing of a little sophistry, is a great mistake.

Dr. Spurzheim informs us, that he has been so long associated with

with Dr. Gall in the labours of cranioscopy, and so accessory to the improvement and propagation of his system, that the latter has, for many years, been used to talk of his discoveries only as their joint property. Notwithstanding the evil augury of the poet's admonition,

> That in your nice affairs of system,
> Wise men propose, but fools assist them,

we, therefore, took up the volume before us with the expectation of some amusement; for it seemed impossible to suppose that so many of the *learned* as our author can number among his proselytes should have been persuaded to believe in such wild doctrines as Dr. Gall's, except by a person possessed of more than ordinary talents of some sort or other. There have been instances of people not deficient, generally speaking, in good sense, who, in matters of *religion*, have sometimes suffered themselves to be imposed upon by poor, feeble-minded enthusiasts; but such instances are somewhat rarer in matters connected with *philosophy*. Accordingly, when this volume was put into our hands, it never entered into our minds to doubt for one moment but that the writer of it was some shrewd person who, in conjunction with Dr. Gall, had availed himself of the disgraceful ignorance which almost universally prevails upon subjects of abstract reasoning, to revive the foolish notions so long unthought of, respecting the seat of the soul and its faculties.—But in what language to express the surprize and disappointment which its perusal has occasioned us, we really know not, without making use of terms which Dr. Spurzheim might perhaps justly deem offensive.

We would not willingly speak with a foolish emphasis; yet we can safely assure our readers, that from the beginning to the end of this huge volume, containing, we may presume, all the arguments by which so many have been convinced, we have not met with one single remark which a man of sense would not blush to have made, nor a single inference fairly drawn from the premises to which it is attached. The premises themselves, indeed, are usually of the most incontestible description; consisting either of propositions as incontrovertible as the axioms of geometry, or else of facts which it would generally be madness to deny. But the peculiarity of Dr. Spurzheim's logic is, that from these truths, he is perpetually drawing the most sudden and unexpected inferences; and then, because his data are irrefragable, he will needs have it that his conclusions must be the same. Accordingly, whatever may be the point which he wishes to establish, he seems to think that all things in heaven and earth may lawfully be put in requisition for the purpose of demonstrating it. If trees grow, or heavy bodies fall to the ground, if a cat watches for a mouse, or a sparrow falls from the house-top, it is

is all proof of something which proves something else, which proves Dr. Gall's theory of physiognomy. By these means, and apparently without a single idea in his head, he has managed to spin out 571 royal octavo pages. We shall endeavour to follow him as far as our imperfect eye-sight will permit; but we do not pretend to say that we have always been able to perceive the points upon which the fragile web of his argument is suspended.

According to Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, the brain is the great organ of life, and the seat of all faculties whether animal or intellectual. The intellectual faculties they divide into general, common and special; by which *last* they seem to understand all those by which the characters of men are distinguished, when compared together as individuals. Thus all men have understanding, and all men have sensation; again, all men have memories and imaginations, and so forth; but some are fonder of music, or of mathematics, or of painting, than others; the faculties by which these *particular* propensities are created, they call *special* faculties, and suppose that they have all separate organs in the brain. Upon the *size* of the organs, depends the *strength* of the faculties; and as the general size and shape of the brain must depend upon the relative size and shape of the organs of which it is composed, they argue that the scull, which was intended merely as a covering for the brain, will also receive its particular form from the same circumstance, in such a manner that the most prominent parts of it will necessarily point out the most prominent features of the character. *Which positions being granted,* they contend that it must be possible by a series of particular observations, to bring the art of inspecting sculls, or, as they term it, of cranioscopy, to such perfection, that a skilful person, by merely looking at the forehead and feeling the other parts of the head, shall be able to tell such secrets as it may not always be very pleasant to have disclosed. This knowledge they profess to have arrived at. We shall now consider the proof upon which their claim to such extraordinary powers is founded.

After some anatomical observations, in which our author affirms it may be satisfactorily shewn, that the brain is a fibrous substance, and that the nerves have their origin in different parts of the body so that they ascend from the medulla oblongata, and do not, as has been commonly supposed, descend from the brain, he proceeds 'to prove that all the faculties of the mind are innate;' for, as he observes, 'the first question in *anthropology* is, whence has man his faculties?' He takes up the argument ab urbe conditâ, by proving in the first place that *matter has properties;* and having established this by induction of particulars, in the case of various vegetables, he argues with much probability, that the human body must

must be endowed with material properties also. In which case he tells us, it *some how or other* follows that 'the functions of man must be divided into those which take place without consciousness—*automatic life*; and those which take place with consciousness—*animal life*.'—Now with respect to the faculties of automatic life, they must be innate, since man possesses them in common with other animals; for 'man, being a microcosm, must possess all the properties common to him and to other beings;' the faculties of *automatic life* are therefore 'innate.' He then examines whether the faculties of *animal life* are not the same; these are, voluntary motion, the five senses, and all the sentiments and powers of the mind in general. Having demonstrated that the two former, viz. *voluntary motion and the five senses*, are given to man by nature, he next comes to consider the origin of the third, that is, of the *moral and intellectual faculties.*

He informs us 'that there are *three* modes of explaining this matter:' viz. 'either by external impressions or by internal causes,' which he next proceeds to discuss: 1. As to external causes; he shews in the first place that the powers of the human mind cannot be created by mere 'society,' 'because the faculties which are observed in other social animals are not so produced'; neither can they take their origin from 'wants,' for external circumstances only 'excite the activity of internal faculties, but do not produce them.' The next opinion which our author refutes, is that of 'several philosophers who have advanced that climate, or even the nurse's milk might be the cause of our faculties; but if this were so, why might not grown up persons who live upon veal, mutton, pork, &c. accuse the ox, the calf, the sheep, or the pig for their want of intelligence?' Again, there are some people who ascribe every thing to 'education.' Dr. Spurzheim's refutation of this opinion is singularly brief and argumentative; 'it must be answered,' says he, 'that neither in animals nor in man does education produce any faculty whatever.'

Having thus satisfactorily proved that the faculties of animal life are not produced by 'external circumstances,' our author proceeds to examine the other alternative, that is, whether they are produced by 'internal causes.' 'Attention,' he informs us, 'is commonly considered as the cause of all internal faculties.' We were not aware that this was the *common* notion, nevertheless we can assure our readers that they will find it fully refuted in the volume before us; as also another opinion, which ascribes the origin of our faculties to 'pleasure and pain;' but these our author shews are the result and not the cause of them. He is equally successful in proving that the faculties are not produced by the 'passions;' and here

here closes his *negative* proofs of the innateness of the faculties. But besides these, there are also many *positive* proofs.

The first of these is from 'analogy;' 'every earth,' he says, 'every salt, every metal, has its determinate qualities; we never gather figs upon a vine, nor grapes upon a thorn bush; we can never change a cat into a dog, nor a tiger into a lamb; why then should man be excepted?' Man, therefore, it is inferred, has 'his determinate faculties,' and they may be divided into those which he possesses in common with other animals, and those which are proper to his particular nature. In this part of his work, the Doctor argues that if it be admitted that all the instinctive aptitudes and inclinations of animals are innate, it will follow that all those qualities which man possesses in common with them, must be the same. In order to give this analogy its fair scope, it is necessary, we are told, to make a few *obvious* changes; such as the nightingale's melody into instrumental harmony, the bird's nest and the beaver's hut into gorgeous palaces and solemn temples, the base instinct of propagation into the ennobling sentiment of moral love—and by means of this *unexceptionable* principle, all the propensities of the human mind, such as friendship, love of glory, hatred, envy, and so on, may with great simplicity be proved 'common to man and other animals;' and since all these propensities are innate in the latter, he seems to think that there is no good reason why they should not be the same in the case of man. This being settled, our author proceeds to investigate whether those faculties which are *peculiar* to human nature are not also innate. For this purpose, he shews from history in general, and more particularly from the remains of mummies, that men have always had *arms, legs, heads,* and so forth, just as they have at present; that it is physically impossible *to change one sex into another*; that people excuse their frailties, by saying 'it is my nature, it is stronger than I am, I cannot help it;' and he concludes the argument as follows:—'Finally, man has been created as well as every other being; *consequently* it is rational to think that his faculties are determinate and ordered by creation. *We consequently maintain that every faculty of man is innate.*'

Such are the opinions of this great and original thinker, upon the subject of the innateness of the human faculties, which we have given at some length, not so much on account of the novelty which they possess, as to shew our readers the general powers of mind with which he is gifted. We shall now proceed to the next chapter, which is to shew 'that the manifestations of the faculties depend on organic conditions;' and here we must take the liberty of observing, that had our author shewn this at first, all that he has hitherto written might perhaps have been superfluous; for nobody would be so bold as to deny that the thorax, the spinal marrow, the

brain,

brain, and so on, are innate; consequently if our author can prove that all our sentiments and powers depend upon one or other of these, the conclusion that they do not depend upon 'society,' or 'wants,' or 'pleasure and pain,' seems to be quite obvious.—However, as it is not possible to have too much of a good thing, we exceedingly rejoice that this observation escaped our author's penetration: but to the point.

In order to shew that the character of the mind depends upon organization, he notices the well known facts, that there is a difference both between the minds and bodies of the two sexes, that some faculties come with our teeth, others with our beards; that the brains of infants have not the same distinctness of fibre as those of grown up persons. Moreover he tells us, that were not the faculties dependent upon organization, it is inconceivable how they could be trained and exercised; again, St. Paul says,

'"O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death!" and "when I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." St. Augustine, St. Cyprian, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, Eusebius, and others, consider the body as the instrument of the soul, and teach distinctly that the soul is regulated according to the state of the body; *consequently all natural philosophers, all the fathers of the church, and even the Apostles, agree with us in respect to the second principle, that all the manifestations of the mind depend upon organization.*'—119.

Having thus proved that the various functions of the mind 'cannot take place without bodily organization,' he proceeds to inquire upon what particular part of it they depend. In the first place, he shews that 'they do not depend upon the whole body;' for, as he observes, 'it is certainly not possible to measure the faculties of the mind and understanding in men, according to their size and shape;' neither do they depend upon the viscera of the abdomen and thorax, neither do they depend 'on the spinal marrow,' nor upon 'the five external senses.' These opinions he briefly refutes, in about thirty pages; and then proceeds to determine upon what part of the bodily organization they really do depend. Our readers will certainly be a good deal surprized at Dr. Spurzheim's very natural decision, which is, that without *brains* we should be quite incapable either of moral feeling or intellectual exertion. However, he undoubtedly supports this extraordinary opinion by many probable arguments; and we regret that our limits prevent us from any thing more than merely praising this part of his volume, which fills up fifty pages, for its great learning. We hasten to the next chapter, which, as it is more intimately connected with his theory than any of the preceding, we must take the liberty of recommending more particularly to the notice

tice of our readers. The subject of it is, 'The Plurality of the cerebral Organs.'

What Dr. Spurzheim has hitherto said, must be intended, we presume, for the purpose of obviating the objections of future ages; because there are few persons in the present times who would feel disposed to differ very widely with him in the *conclusions* at which he has hitherto arrived. But with respect to the position which he is now about to prove, it is quite plain, that unless he should be completely successful in his endeavours, his system will not have a foot to stand upon. For unless the brain is really composed of separate organs, each of which is the residence of a particular faculty, it is evident that we might feel a person's head, for months together, without growing at all the wiser, from any thing which the mere protuberances upon it would acquaint us with.

It is no longer since than our last number, that while examining the philosophical opinions of Mr. Stewart, we took occasion to express some doubts respecting the substantial existence of those many simple and elementary faculties with which the mind is commonly considered as being endowed. As the contrary doctrine is the foundation-stone of the admired system which our ingenious author has assisted to raise, we make no doubt that our readers will peruse, with much pleasure, the very powerful arguments by which our opinions are combated in the volume before us. Dr. Spurzheim is certainly a wonderful reasoner.

'As soon as philosophers,' says he, 'began to think of the beings of nature, it was necessary to make divisions. Moses speaks of a division into brutes which live and feel, and *into those* (sc. brutes) *which reason.* The soul (anima) was not only divided into anima of plants, anima of animals, and into anima of man, but one soul was considered as vegetative, and another as sensitive. All the inclinations were regarded as the result of *animus.* Finally, the intellectual part which reasons, was called man. Pythagoras, St. Paul, Galen, Gilbert, Gassendi, Bacon, Van Helmont, Wepfer, Leibnitz, Frederick Hoffman, Haller, Blumenbach, Soemerring, Rist, Barthez, &c. admit different causes of the different phenomena of men and animals. All those who admit only one soul in man, as Anaxagoras, Aristotle, Thomas Aquinas, Descartes, Stahl, &c. are obliged to acknowledge at least several faculties of the single soul. *Thus various principles, or at least various faculties of the same principle, have been admitted at all times.*'—209.——And, therefore, we are left to infer that they must be admitted *now.*

We do not doubt that Dr. Spurzheim *could* have shewn the justness of this inference, had he pleased, because we know he can prove one thing just as easily as another; however, as he has overlooked this part of his argument, we shall avail ourselves of the oversight, to retain our former opinion, that there is no more solid reason for dividing the understanding into faculties, than for dividing

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heat or light into faculties: but we must return to Dr. Spurzheim.

'As the principles or the faculties were divided and subdivided, so different seats were assigned to them. The reasonable soul was commonly placed in the head, the unreasonable soul in the viscera or abdomen. The Arabs placed common sense in the anterior cavity of the brain, imagination in the second, judgment in the third, and memory in the fourth ventricle. Albertus Magnus, in the thirteenth century, delineated a head, and indicated upon it the seats of the different faculties of the mind. Peter de Montagnana in 1491, Lodovico Dolci, have published similar delineations. Serveto, Charles Bonnet, Haller, Van Swieter, Mayer, Prochaska, Platner, Mallacarni, Tiedemann, Wrisberg Soemmerring, in like manner, maintain that the different parts of the brain are destined to different functions. Thus it follows, that the idea of the plurality of the seats or organs is very ancient, and that those who maintain that Gall first invented it, are mistaken. *It is only to be determined which are the faculties and which are the respective organs.*'—212.

These questions, our author tells us, he will defer for a page or two, until he has brought *a few other proofs* to shew that the faculties of the mind must have different cerebral organs.

With this view he argues that in the same manner as 'every salt, every metal, has its own crystallization, every plant, and every fruit-tree its particular organization, so in the same individual, certain propensities, sentiments, and intellectual faculties manifest themselves with great energy, while others are scarcely perceptible. *Hence,* (as he most logically concludes,) *the mass of the brain cannot preside over the same functions.*' 214. It is unnecessary to make any remark upon this admirable inference: we shall therefore leave his general reasoning, and proceed to mention two facts which he seems to think are equally in favour of the doctrine he wishes to establish. The first is, that 'study too long protracted produces fatigue, but we can continue to study by changing the object. Now if the brain were a single organ, performing all the functions of the mind, why should not the organ be still more fatigued by this new form of study?'—215.

It may be replied, we apprehend, that unless the point to be proved is *taken for granted,* the fact which has just been adduced, furnishes a much better argument for the enemies of Dr. Gall's system, than for the admirers of it. If we *think,* as well as walk and see, and hear, by means of material organs, the fatigue which may be felt from the over-exertion of any particular faculty, ought, upon Dr. Gall's principles, to produce a local affection of the brain, and to be perceived in the particular organ in which we suppose it to exist. But since, on the contrary, the sensation which we experience bears no sort of resemblance to that lassitude which always accompanies bodily fatigue, and is attended with no sort of pain either

either to the brain in general, or to any particular part of it, it is evident that we can have no reason whatever to conclude either that the brain in general, or any particular part of it, is in any way affected; consequently, as upon the supposition which our author makes, this effect *ought* to be produced, the fact that it is *not*, gives a much better right to the adversaries of Dr. Gall to adduce the phenomenon in question as an argument against his system, than he can possibly have to adduce it in his favour, however much, in other respects, it might suit his convenience to do so.

The next fact which our author adduces, is one which will give great pleasure to all those who love to know the little peculiarities by which illustrious men are distinguished; it is taken from the phenomena of dreaming.

'Some somnambulists,' says our author, 'do things of which they are not capable in a state of watching; and dreaming persons *reason sometimes better than they do when awake.* This phenomenon is not astonishing. If we wish to reflect upon any object, we avoid the noise of the world, and all external impressions; we cover the eyes with our hands, and we put to rest a great number of organs in order to concentrate all vital power in one or in several. In the state of dreaming and somnambulism, this naturally happens; consequently the manifestations of the active organs are then more perfect and more energetic; the sensations are more lively, and *the reflections deeper* than in a state of watching.'—218.

Now with all humility, we must take the liberty of hesitating before we can agree to any general inference being drawn from this argumentum ad idiosyncrasin; that Dr. Spurzheim may be capable of making 'deeper reflections,' and of 'reasoning better' when asleep than he is able to do when awake, we can easily and do most conscientiously believe; indeed we think such a supposition will very rationally account for the many preternatural beauties both of thought and argument with which the volume before us abounds; but surely Dr. Spurzheim is doing us too much honour when he supposes that we are all similarly gifted with himself; on the contrary, we are decidedly of opinion that the generality of persons, whether sleeping or waking, would be equally incapable either of reasoning or of thinking in the way of which he is so great a master.

Having thus shewn so satisfactorily that the human mind is a composition of various independent agents called faculties, each of which is provided with a separate apartment in the brain; he proceeds, in his fifth chapter, *to inquire into the means by which the particular function of each cerebral part may be determined.* Hitherto Dr. Spurzheim has only been laying the solid foundations of his system, but now the superstructure begins to be visible.

That every part of the brain has its appointed office and peculiar

liar duty to perform, after the irresistible arguments which we have seen, it is surely no longer possible to doubt. Assuming, therefore, that the question is placed beyond any future controversy, the great object of curiosity is to ascertain the particular duty which each part is destined to fulfil. It is here that the *physiognomical* department of the system may properly be said to commence, and we must particularly recommend the manner in which it is conducted to the serious attention of our readers; it is Dr. Spurzheim's chef-d'œuvre. We are informed that 'in every function we may distinguish the energy *or quantity*, and the modification or quality.' p. 241. The *last* it is extremely difficult, if not impossible to ascertain; and, consequently, the proper aim of philosophy should be to examine the *energy or quantity* of the cerebral organs. Now energy and quantity are, by the definition, *convertible terms*; it is therefore quite plain that if we know the *quantity* of any particular organ, we know its *energy*; but the *quantity* of any particular organ depends upon its *size*, consequently its *energy* must depend upon the *size* of it likewise. Moreover, this may be proved by *analogy*, for '*there is a general law throughout all nature, that the properties of bodies act with an energy proportionate to their size. Why should it not be the same in respect to the brain?*'—p. 242.

With this irrefragable datum, therefore, to proceed upon, that *the energy, that is to say* the quantity of every particular part of the brain depends upon its size, he commences his next chapter; the object of which is to shew that, 'as the brain is the principal cause of the form and size of the head,' and not, as some people might have supposed, the head the principal cause of the form and size of the brain, it is natural to conclude that the shape of the scull must be adapted to the form of the brain, and not the form of the brain to the shape of the scull. This reasoning appears to us so extremely obvious and just, that we are quite surprised nature did not perceive it. The *fact*, however, is, that the internal form of the cranium is so far from coinciding with the external shape of it, as Dr. Spurzheim shews it *ought* to do, that if we cast a mould of wax in the inside of the scull, this mould, instead of presenting the same appearances upon a smaller scale, as the scull itself, exhibits a very striking and obvious difference; which would seem to imply that the shape of the head depends, in respect to some of the details at least, upon more conditions than our author appears to admit. We trust, however, that this difficulty is not of much importance, because otherwise it will throw a degree of uncertainty upon the science of craniology, which every body would lament.

As it is, this science stands upon a rock; because, if we *only* suppose that the *energy of an organ's intellectual power and the quantity of its* material *substance, are equivalent expressions*, it must follow

low that whenever any intellectual power is remarkably energetic, the organ by which it acts must be proportionably large; consequently assuming that every such organ must produce a corresponding protuberance upon the scull, it is plain, that the most prominent part of a person's scull will necessarily point out the most prominent feature in his character; and that the most prominent feature in a person's character being known, the organ in which it is situated may also be known by means of the protuberance which it will produce upon the cranium. Now as all this is proved by *general reasoning*, and founded upon the *nature of things*, of course one instance is very properly considered just as satisfactory an evidence that the conclusion is conformable to fact, as a hundred would be.

Accordingly, if we turn to that part of the volume in which the several special faculties and their respective organs are pointed out, we shall find that, whenever any sentiment or propensity is observed as being very generally prevalent in human nature, it is always taken for granted, upon the strength of the excellent reasoning which we have just been considering, that it must *necessarily* possess an appropriate organ, although it may not be possible at the time to particularise its exact position. In like manner, if the profound persons before us should happen to have had frequent occasion to observe any remarkable protuberance upon a particular part of the head; the existence of a corresponding faculty is supposed as a *thing of course* and as a *necessary* consequence of the general principles which we have just been stating. The *specification* of the unknown organ or faculty is indeed considered by them as belonging to the department of experience, but the business of this department is so extremely simplified and abridged by means of a most beautiful contrivance, which we shall soon have occasion to notice, as to render the duties of it very nearly a sinecure.

We have before observed, that our author divides the faculties of the mind into *general*, *common*, and *special*. *Understanding* and *sensation* are of the first class; the second consists of such faculties as *memory*, *perception*, *judgment*, *imagination*, and so forth. 'These expressions,' Dr. Spurzheim informs us, 'are common, and the respective faculties have no organs, but every *peculiar* memory, judgment, and imagination, as of space, number, form, colour, tune, &c. have their particular organs.' 275. Upon this principle of classification, it might naturally have been expected that the number of these special faculties would be almost without limit; but as the human scull is large enough to admit only of a very small number of distinct protuberances, Dr. Gall and our author were, it seems, under the necessity of rejecting the claims of all except *thirty-three* to the honour of an appropriate organ.

These are, in Dr. Spurzheim's exquisite phraseology, amativeness

ness or physical love; philoprogenitiveness (or love of offspring); inhabitiveness, or a love (as far as we can understand) of dwelling in elevated situations; adhesiveness or attachment; combativeness; destructiveness; constructiveness (or love of building); covetiveness; secretiveness (or love of stealing); self-love; approbation; cautiousness; benevolence; veneration (or religion); hope; ideality (an omnigenous faculty); individuality (or of attention to particulars); form; size; weight; colour; space; order; time; number; tune; language; comparison; causality; wit; imitation.

Now, as we observed before, if we consider the very great variety of ideas besides those of *time, weight, number*, and so forth, which the mind is capable of apprehending, as well as the many sentiments of which it is susceptible, besides the *love of murder, stealing, building*, and so on, it will certainly appear that the number of our faculties as stated by Doctors Gall and Spurzheim is exceedingly small; though if we remember that each faculty has its distinct organ in the brain, and distinct protuberance upon the scull, our surprise may perhaps be excited to find them so numerous. The first of these difficulties, however, exists only in appearance, because by so very obvious a stratagem, as merely *loosening* the signification of a word, the same organ may be made to serve such a variety of purposes, and to accommodate so many dissimilar qualities, that the limitation of our faculties to the number of thirty-three is simply a matter of convenience.

In order to shew the singular utility of this artifice we shall select, almost at random, two or three examples.

We are informed that one of Dr. Gall's fellow-students possessed so excellent a memory for places, that 'he never forgot the spot where he had found a bird's nest, but always found it again without having made any artificial marks.' Now this wonderful boy had a protuberance towards the middle of the forehead which reached nearly half way on each side of it. It was therefore evident that this protuberance indicated the organ of 'local memory.' Subsequently Dr. Gall met an old woman of Munich, who had been all her life haunted with a most violent propensity to travel about; and what is remarkable, this old woman of Munich had a protuberance upon her forehead exactly similar to the one which we have just mentioned. It was therefore evident that the faculty of *local memory* must be the same as that of the *propensity to travel*. Afterwards Dr. Gall found that the same organ, which he calls that of 'space,' (from its being so *spacious* we presume,) 'makes the landscape painter—judges of symmetry—measures space and distance—gives notions of perspectives—and is strongly manifested in the busts of *Newton, Cooke*, and *Columbus*.' Again, we are informed, that to the organ of the propensity to conceal or of *secretiveness*,

tiveness, we must ascribe 'cunning, prudence, the *savoir faire,* the capacity of finding means necessary to succeed, hypocrisy, lies, intrigues, dissimulation, duplicity, falsehood; *in poets the talent of finding out interesting plots for romances and dramatic pieces,* and finally, slyness in animals.' 402. In like manner we are told that the organ of constructiveness or of a propensity to build, is found in *mechanicians, architects, sculptors, painters, milliners, lock-makers, watch-makers, cabinet-makers, joiners, turners, and field mice.* 'Adversaries of our doctrine,' says Dr. Spurzheim, 'may ridicule a comparison between *Raphael, a milliner, and a field mouse;*' but, as he very appositely remarks, 'does not the sloth creep by means of organs similar to those by means of which the horse gallops? does not the ass cry by the same organ by means of which a Catalani sings?'—391.

This is quite admirable, and in Dr. Spurzheim's very happiest manner; nevertheless, we should not be surprised if some of his 'adversaries' were to observe that, if it be permitted to apply so moveable a rule as is here used to the different characters which we meet with, the same protuberance may be made a common measure for the most heteroclite qualities, and consequently ceases, practically speaking, to be a criterion with regard to any; so that even admitting this system of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim to be ever so plausible as an hypothesis, it cannot possibly derive any sort of evidence from experience.

For the same reason it is equally impossible to contradict it from experience; because, supposing we were to meet with two persons of the most opposite characters, in every respect, having however a similar peculiarity in the shape of some particular part of their head; yet if it so happened that one was *a great mathematician* and the other an *excellent landscape painter,* or one of them a *tasteful milliner* and the other an *ingenious locksmith,* or one of them *a notorious liar,* and the other *an admirable dramatic writer,* Doctors Gall and Spurzheim immediately exclaim that they have at least one faculty as well as one protuberance in common, and that therefore their theory stands good. It is, however, evident, that if these ingenious personages be permitted to define what they mean by this or that faculty, merely according to the convenience of their particular system, and to suppose that the same cerebral organ enabled Newton to discover *the law of gravitation,* and Columbus to discover *the New World,* for no reason except that, upon any other supposition, it is difficult to account for their having so *remarkable a prominence upon the middle part of the forehead,* there can be no end to systems of physiognomy: since upon the same principles, another person might, with equal facility, demonstrate, that the character of the mind

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is manifested by the *length of the fingers* or the *colour of the hair*.

Much has been said concerning the mischievous tendency of the doctrines which we have been examining; upon this subject we shall say but little. To prove the immorality of a philosophical theory is not to give a logical proof of its unsoundness; while weighing the probability of any speculative opinion, such an argument may fairly be thrown into the *opposite scale*, but properly speaking, it neither increases nor diminishes the abstract weight of those by which the opinion is in itself supported. These last ought always to be examined, in the first instance, by themselves; in which case, if they should appear to be directly absurd, it is labour lost to prove that they are also collaterally mischievous. The labour, however, which we should lose on the present occasion would not be very great, because it would not be difficult to make even the disciples of Dr. Spurzheim understand, that a doctrine which explicitly teaches us to believe that a man may assassinate his wife, and yet be a very good-natured sort of person in other respects, *provided he happens to have a bump upon a particular part of his head*, is of a character much too liberal for the present state of society.—p. 565.

We shall therefore not give ourselves the trouble to inquire whether the physiognomical system which we have been examining leads to *materialism or fatalism, or atheism*; nor whether it may be made subservient to good or to bad uses: as far as we can judge, it is capable of being applied to no use whatever, except that of putting money into the pockets of the two excellent persons whom we have so often had occasion to name. Before we conclude, however, which we are most heartily desirous of doing, our abstract of the principal arguments upon which Dr. Gall's theory is founded, it may perhaps be expected that we should make a few remarks upon the support which it is said to derive from the *physiology of the nervous system*.

Now, we are perfectly willing to give Dr. Gall or Dr. Spurzheim, or both of them, every praise for the discoveries which they may have made in this department; we allow them every merit for their manner of dissecting the brain, for having shewn that it is a fibrous substance, that the nerves of the body have their origin in the respective parts of it, and not in the brain or spinal marrow, and for having stated the morbid phenomena of hydrocephalus much more clearly than has been attempted heretofore: but in what respect these discoveries, however ingenious they may be, can be supposed to throw any light upon the philosophy of the human mind, is, we confess, altogether above our comprehension. It was undoubtedly very foolish to conclude that the nerves had their origin

origin *at a particular point in the brain,* for no other reason than because the mind was supposed to be a simple and indivisible substance; but surely to conclude that the mind is *not* a simple and indivisible substance, merely because the nerves do *not* terminate at a point and have *not* their origin in the brain, is at least equally foolish. *Physical unity,* as is justly observed in the report of the French Institute, is one thing, and *metaphysical simplicity* is another; and whether we suppose that the mind is situated in the stomach, with Van Helmont, or in the pineal gland, with Descartes, or with our author that it is distributed through the whole substance of the encephalon, not a single conclusion can be drawn, that we are able to perceive, for the enlargement of our metaphysical knowledge, which is worth the goose-quill that we are now writing with.

But however little light the physiology of the nervous system may throw upon the nature of the human mind, generally speaking, yet there are some facts connected with the morbid appearances of the cerebral parts, which would appear to be quite conclusive against the particular theory of Dr. Gall. In hydrocephalus, for example, the cases are numerous of persons who, with several pounds of water in the brain, have lived to considerable age, without any sensible injury either to their understanding or to their character in general. The operation of this disease upon the brain is so powerful, that the substance of it, judging from *appearances,* was generally supposed to be actually *dissolved and destroyed* by it. Drs. Gall and Spurzheim have however shewn, with a good deal of probability, that this is not the case, and so far certainly they have obviated an objection which would otherwise have been quite decisive. But surely, if the mental operations be so identified with the cerebral parts, as they seem to suppose, such a preternatural distension of the substance on which all the functions of the mind depend, ought at all events to be attended with corresponding effects of some sort or other. If the organs of sight or hearing be impaired, the consequences are well known; how it happens that the organs of *thinking* and *feeling* may be afflicted with the most portentous disorders, and yet the operations of thinking and of feeling continue unaltered and undisturbed, Dr. Spurzheim does not think it prudent to explain.

But this is not all; it is well known that there is scarcely any part of the encephalon which has not, in one case or another, been found defective; large masses of the brain may be extracted; Dr. Spurzheim himself mentions instances in which bullets have been found in it; nay, he even tells us of a case which Dr. Gall was witness to, of a clergyman who had lost *one half of it* by suppuration; and yet in none of these cases (and similar ones are innumerable) do the intellectual

tellectual powers appear to have suffered the *slightest injury or interruption.*

Surely these facts would seem to be conclusive; that *whole faculties* should be taken out of the head and yet none of them be missed, that a man should *lose half his brains*, and yet suffer no diminution of mind, would seem to imply that we could do almost as well without brains as with them, and at all events must be allowed to look very unfavourably upon a theory which makes the quantity of a man's brains the measure of his understanding. But it must be no common difficulty that will appal the stout hearts of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. According to them, these facts, instead of subverting their system, merely prove that nature must have provided us with *double sets of faculties*, one on one side of the head and another on the other.

But this is a question of fact which may be partly ascertained by actual examination of the encephalon; does it then appear that the two hemispheres of the brain coincide in all their parts; that the corresponding convolutions are similarly situated on each side of the head? in short, is there any argument whatever from anatomy in favour of such an hypothesis? By no means; on the contrary, not only the lobes of different brains are not similar, but in the same brain the cerebral masses of the two hemispheres do not coincide in any one respect. How then is it to be proved that we are provided with a double set of organs? marry, by analogy; we have two eyes, and two ears, and two arms, and two legs: why then should we not be provided with two sets of faculties? Now there can be no doubt that we *should* be so provided, because otherwise it is impossible that the theory of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim can be true; but whether or not this is a sufficient proof that we really ARE so provided, we shall leave our readers to determine.

We have now, to the best of our power, put our readers in possession of the nature and evidences of this famous 'Physiognomical System' of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim. Whatever arguments seemed to possess any pretensions to the name, we have, as we went along, generally endeavoured to refute; others we have merely stated, because, to enter into a grave discussion of every foolish thing which Dr. Spurzheim may happen to mistake for a piece of reason, would have been an endless, as well as a superfluous labour. It is plain, that almost all the facts which our author adduces, are, for the most part, mere analogies either between mind and matter, or else between the organization of man and other animals. With respect to the first of these, little need be said; we have no reason, from any thing which we know of either, to suppose that mind and matter possess any one property in common; and consequently those who, after all that has been so often said upon the subject, will

will still persist in instituting analogies between them, are obviously a description of persons utterly ignorant of the first principles of sound reasoning, and who therefore can have no more right to be heard upon a speculative question than a person ignorant of the elements of mathematics, respecting the merits of a theorem of Newton. With respect to comparative anatomy, the case is perhaps not altogether the same; and supposing it to have been already *satisfactorily proved as a general position, that every part of the brain has its distinct intellectual function to perform,* we will not deny but that an acquaintance with the function of the particular parts of the brain in other animals might often assist a skilful observer to determine the function of the particular cerebral parts in the case of the human subject. We will therefore, for the sake of argument, suppose that the *general proposition* has been demonstrated; let us then see in what manner the argument, from comparative anatomy, is conducted by Dr. Gall.

We are informed by Dr. Spurzheim, that

'Dr. Gall observed in animals which have a great propensity to elevated situations, as in the chamois and wild goat, a protuberance which he *identifies* with the organ that, in mankind, produces *pride and haughtiness.* One variety of rats lives in *canals, cellars, and the lower parts of houses,* another *dwells in hay-lofts.* The difference of their organization (credat Judæus Apella!) is very sensible. Now the place where both organs are situated, viz. the organ of self-love in man, and the instinct of physical height in animals, Dr. Gall thinks are in the same place of the head. He supports his opinion by the natural expressions by which the sentiment of pride is manifested, that is, the *mimickry of this faculty is allied with physical elevation.* From the earliest infancy *proud children* are pleased with *mounting upon chairs,* in order to be upon a level with adult persons. *Adults of little stature often do* the same, (that is, mount upon chairs,) *in order to gratify their self-love.* Proud persons keep their bodies upright, their gait is haughty. In general, all expressions of pride and superiority are combined with some physical elevation. Kings and emperors sit upon elevated thrones, &c. Is it then surprizing that the same organ presides over *physical and moral elevations,* if there *be so many relations between them?*—Such is the reasoning of Dr. Gall.'—365.

We must, however, do Dr. Spurzheim the justice to say, that it appears this was too much even for him to swallow; and his protest is admirably characteristic.

'It seems to me,' says this last profound person, 'that it is impossible to confound the instinct of physical height with the moral sentiment of self-love and pride. I believe it possible to have a great opinion of one's own person in all regions and countries. The expressions or manifestations of haughty persons, for instance, *their mounting upon chairs* in order to be higher and greater, this behaviour of children, in order to be on a level with adult persons, the haughty gait of proud persons,

persons, &c. do not at all prove the identity of both mentioned organs. Examine what kind of proud children mount upon chairs and tables in order to shew their height. I am sure they are children to whom certain things have been interdicted because they are still little; or in general, children who have observed the advantages of grown up persons, in whose presence adult age has been praised. Say to such individuals, that those who are placed at the head of the company, or at its lower part, occupy their places by way of distinction, and they will endeavour to occupy the place which is praised. Thus I separate the instinct which carries animals to physical elevation from the sentiment which produces self-love and pride, and I seek for two different organs.'—367, 368.

We have given these quotations, not merely by way of shewing the exquisite absurdity of the method by which Doctors Gall and Spurzheim reason, but also as a fair specimen of the general style and manner in which the volume before us is written; and we will ask Dr. Spurzheim's own admirers, whether such strange nonsense was ever before put to paper. Because proud people get upon chairs and tables, and kings and emperors sit upon elevated thrones, therefore they must be endued with an organ in common with *rats who live in hay-lofts!*

Again, we are told, that

'Dr. Gall observed a distinct protuberance on the posterior part of the sculls of women, and, in comparing the sculls of his collection, he found a similar elevation in the sculls of children and on those of monkies; *consequently it was necessary to point out a faculty common to them all.* During five years, he was occasionally occupied with this consideration. He was in the habit of suggesting his difficulty relative to this protuberance to his auditors, and a clergyman who attended him observed that *monkies* have much attachment to their offspring. Gall examined this idea. In fine, he found that this protuberance, which is situated immediately above that of physical love, or amativeness, corresponds with the general protuberance of the occiput, and is the organ of philoprogenitiveness.'—361.

Now this, we are inclined to think, far surpasses even the *rats:* because *monkies, women, and children* have a protuberance above the occiput, it was *consequently necessary to point out a faculty common to them all*; and this faculty, which is common to monkies, women, and *children*, is the love of their *offspring!* Be it observed, that Dr. Gall does not pretend to say that *all* grown up people possess this faculty, but only *women;* it must therefore be a faculty which leaves the other sex, when they come to years of maturity; but why Providence should bestow upon us a faculty at an age when it can be of no possible use, and take it away just at the very time when it would be wanted, is a difficulty which can be explained only upon the principles of cranioscopy.

Enough

Enough has been said, we trust, to shew what degree of faith is to be placed on the evidence adduced from comparative anatomy, in favour of Dr. Gall's system. Supposing, however, that this part of the subject had been managed with the greatest prudence and good sense, still, as we said before, it is plain that comparative anatomy furnishes a sort of evidence which cannot be received until the general theory of Dr. Gall, respecting the functions of the cerebral parts, has been fully proved. It is not necessary to say, that this has not, in any degree, been accomplished; but even allowing that the arguments of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, instead of being *sheer nonsense*, had been ever so ingenious and acute, still they could not throw the slightest probability upon the doctrine which they wish to establish; because that doctrine is *matter of fact*, and matter of fact never can be proved by reasoning *à priori*.

It is always a sufficient refutation of opinions which can be verified only by reference to facts, when it can be shewn that it was not from facts that they were, in the first instance, deduced. Nothing, it is plain, can be more easy than to construct theories upon mere abstract possibilities, in such a manner as that they shall not be manifestly contradicted by experience; and, when this is the case, it may sometimes be difficult to refute them by general reasoning. But the chances against any such theory being really conformable to truth, are, from the very nature of things, necessarily so great, that a sober mind will seldom require any other evidence than the history of its origin for rejecting it. Thus, in the present instance, whether every protuberance upon the head be or be not the sign of some particular character of the mind, is clearly a question *of fact*; let it therefore be proved to be a fact, as all other facts are proved; it will then be time enough to investigate the theory of it: in such a case, the explanation which Doctors Gall and Spurzheim propose would at least have a fair claim to be heard. But these ingenious personages, instead of founding the theory which they propose, upon the fact in question, actually attempt to prove the *existence of the fact itself by the mere abstract probability of their theory*. What the value of this probability may be, we will not now inquire; but the procedure itself is so flagrant a departure from all the rules of just reasoning, and even of common sense, as would be sufficient, independently of all other objections, to justify us not only in refusing to give any credit to their pretended discoveries, but almost in refusing to take the proof of them into consideration.

Perhaps this is the plan which we should have adopted; and but for the disgraceful circumstance that there are some, even of the faculty, in this country, who profess the faith of this New Jerusalem

salem in philosophy, we should certainly owe some apology to the more sensible part of our readers, for having so long detained their attention, upon a book so utterly unworthy of their notice. Possibly Dr. Spurzheim may think that some apology is also due to him for the freedom of our remarks. Now we shall be sorry if we have given offence even to Dr. Spurzheim: but misfortunes which have been anticipated fall only with half their force. Our author tells us, that there is a certain description of persons 'who become fierce whenever they see an ingenious and penetrating man,' and that therefore he is 'far from expecting that ignorance and knavery will not attack his doctrine with abuse; but what does not man abuse?' Now when an *ingenious and penetrating man* thus roundly accuses his adversaries of *ignorance and knavery*, he can have no very just right to complain of those who merely charge him with *folly*. This then we sincerely believe to be 'the head and front' of Dr. Spurzheim's 'offending:' for notwithstanding the sovereign contempt which he seems to entertain for all those who differ from him in opinion, and the very erroneous estimate which he has formed of his own capacity, we take him to be a simple, good-natured man; and as he is clearly gifted with no greater share of sense than we should suppose indispensable for the common purposes of life, make no doubt that he devoutly believes in all the amazing absurdities which he preaches: a merit, by the bye, which from certain crumbs of information that we have picked up here and there in the volume before us, is a good deal more than we feel disposed to allow Dr. Gall.

Art. IX. *An Inquiry into the Effects of the Irish Grand Jury Laws.* By Thomas Rice, Esq. F. A. S. late of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Murray. 1815. 8vo. pp. 120.

THIS little work is a jewel of its kind—a lucky example of the ease with which a writer of genius may give to the most vulgar or ordinary subject all the graces of eloquence, and all the interest of novelty.

In a former Number we congratulated the Antiquarian Society on the possession of such a miracle of sagacity as Mr. Wansey; we little expected that even this learned body could so soon have produced a rival to that profound and entertaining writer.

A title-page more unpromising of literary amusement we have seldom read; the interior of an Irish Grand Jury room, with its details of presentments, traverses, fiats, and accounting affidavits, seems likely to afford little scope for the elegancies of style. *Prodesse*

desse quam placere would have appeared an appropriate motto for such an inquiry. Our readers then will be better able to partake than to measure our astonishment, at finding this hopeless subject adorned with all the beauties of ancient and modern literature—the highest names in poetry and oratory giving their evidence on the best manner of making Irish roads—Cicero going the Munster Circuit with Mr. Baron George, and Cervantes assisting Mr. Justice Day in *fiatting* the *accounting affidavits* for the Barony of Lower Connelloe.

We have little doubt that our readers will suspect that in our partiality to this new and splendid phenomenon, we a little exaggerate the wonder which Mr. Rice has performed, but we trust that the extracts we shall make will perfectly justify our admiration of this young author.

Nor has Mr. Rice, however fond of ornament, been wholly inattentive to the more solid object of utility; he has, we shall see, endeavoured to make the subject interesting to those who would otherwise have been little inclined to such discussions; he wins us to his object by the seductions of Virgil and Spenser, and (we may say without a metaphor) absolutely strews the highway with flowers.

The first page offers a happy instance of the use he makes of his literary attainments. His work is preceded by two quotations, one from Lucian in the original *Greek;* the other, an *Italian* sentence, judiciously selected from the works of Davila. Mr. Rice does not any where condescend to translate his quotations; which proves, either that the Irish country-gentlemen are educated in a very superior style to ours, or—what may possibly be Mr. Rice's own modest apprehension—that the ancient and foreign languages are quite as intelligible to ordinary readers as any translation he might make of them.

We therefore do not feel ourselves entitled to complain of Mr. Rice's proceedings on this point, yet we cannot but wish, if it were only for our own personal ease and comfort, that he had now and then acquainted us, if not with the meaning, at least with the connexion of the quotation with his subject: for instance, the passage from Lucian is—we quote from the first page—

Ακουσατε ως εχει υμιν τα πραγματα. Μικρον ἡμιν ως ορατε το σκαφιδιον και υποσαθρον εςι και διαρρει τα πολλα· και ην τραπη επι θατερα οιχησεται περιτραπεν.

This all learned readers in England, and all country-gentlemen in Ireland, well know is a kind of official memorial, a representation of Charon to Mercury, that his boat is hardly Styx-worthy: 'Hear,' (says the infernal navigator,) 'how matters stand; my boat is small, as you see, and crazy, and full of leaks; and if not

 properly

properly trimmed, she may chance to capsize.' This, it must be owned, does not seem a very appropriate text for a commentary on turnpikes. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Rice has, besides this treatise on *high roads*, written another on *canals*, and that the motto intended for the *latter* has, by a mistake of the printer, (Mr. Murray should look to it,) been transferred to the *former*.

The *Italian* quotation seems, at first sight, equally inapplicable. 'Some nations,' says Davila to his patron, 'were accustomed to expose their sick in the public way, in order that the pity of the passers-by might supply those medicines or that advice which might be considered as useful in their cases.' This looks like an introduction to a work on *hospitals;* but on a closer examination, we perceive it to be an occult allusion to Mr. Rice and his Reviewers. This, therefore, is *high matter*, with which the reader can have nothing to do.

But we have yet a grievance to notice: not content with keeping us in ignorance of the 'connexion of his quotations,' Mr. Rice commonly contrives to leave us in doubt of their use. Thus, having observed (p. 24) that 'a landlord may not only assist his tenants' distresses, but enable them to assist themselves,' he gives, as the accompaniment or corollary of this profound axiom, the following distich from Cervantes, which, he tells us, we are 'never to forget.'

> Se yo non me quardo
> Mal me quardoreis.'

Now whether this 'memorable' *abracadabra* is to be repeated forward and backward, or inclosed in a silk bag and worn round the neck, we are not told, and, in its present state, we can make no use of it whatever.

Again; at p. 22, Mr. Rice says

'If, by possibility, it happens that men of distressed circumstances and relaxed principles are placed upon the grand jury, (and in what country do not some such individuals exist?) the result becomes more unfortunate.'

Here we flattered ourselves that we had caught his meaning; but the *explanation* which he immediately subjoins, and which we copy to a letter, convinces us that we are still far to seek in the conclusions of Mr. Rice, and that we neither comprehend his doctrines nor his language. This is the *key* to the aphorism just quoted—'Dautant que ce sont les dames qui out fait la fondation du Cocuage, et que ce sont elles qui font les maris cocus, j'ay voulu mettre ce discours parmy ce livre.—Brantoine, *Fimmes Galantes*.'

We

We shall now offer our readers an example of the manner in which the body of the argument is conducted.

'In order to comprehend the history of the Irish grand jury laws, it will not be amiss to cast a rapid glance over the principal statutes, which have, in their turn, been enacted, condemned, and repealed.'

This our readers perceive is a plain statement, and seems to promise a dry and not very eloquent detail. Observe, however, how unexpectedly and vivaciously the author handles this unpromising topic.

'This phantasmagoria of acts of parliament will appear, it is apprehended, exceedingly dull: but the stupid exhibition is rendered necessary by the arguments which it may suggest. We may wander amidst these catacombs of departed statutes, without any reverence towards the mighty dead. No Sybil leads the way through Elysian fields, but all within view is barrenness and desolation;

"A mighty maze, and all without a plan."

'The rapid succession of these abortive and short-lived statutes, resembles the passing figures in Holbein's Triumphs of Death; and the first couple in the ghostly train might be allowed to address their followers in the spectral chorus of Luigi Alamanni,

"Morti siam come vedete,
Così morti vedrem voi;
Fummo già come voi sete,
Voi sarete come noi."*—p. 10.

We will now present our readers with some very just and sober remarks which Mr. Rice makes on the oath which a grand juryman takes not to reveal the counsels of himself or fellow-jurors,—of which oath Mr. Rice entirely disapproves.

'Why should gravel or pavement become subjects of mystery; and cutting hills and building bridges esoteric doctrines? Whatever the initiated may profess, the faith of the multitude cannot believe that these hidden conclaves are exclusively for the spiritual worship of the Egyptian idol; more particularly, as they find themselves the victims to be sacrificed, and the rewards of their industry, the offerings on the unhallowed altar.' 'There has been many analogies struck out between the worship of the Egyptians and the proceedings of grand juries:

——— nefas illic fœtum jugulare capellæ,
Carnibus humanis vesci licet. Juv. Sat. xv.'—p. 37.

The result of this impolitic oath is, as Mr. Rice states, a melancholy one.

'Many individuals, from the utter impossibility of performing the obligations of this encouragement, are induced to shrink from the contest altogether. The retreat of individuals, thus timidly virtuous, may be condemned; but the system, which produces it, is still more worthy of condemnation.

* 'Chorus in the celebrated Mascherata Il Carro della Morte.'

demnation. "Boni, nescio quomodo, tardiores sunt, et principiis rerum neglectis ad extremum ipsa denique necessitate excitantur; ita ut nonnunquam cunctatione ac tarditate dum otium volunt etiam sine dignitate retinere, ipsi utrumque amittant."* It requires a combination of high spirit, and of unbending resolution, to enter the torrent, and to struggle against its waves. Those characters are invaluable,

'Who, placed in scenes, where strong temptations try,
Although 'tis hard to conquer, scorn to fly.

'The Barony of Lower Connelloe, in itself, &c. &c.'—pp. 39, 40.

We entreat our readers to observe and admire the natural and easy transition from a grand juror's conscience to oratory and poetry, and from oratory and poetry back again to the Barony of Lower Connelloe.

The horrors of grand jury jobbing, as explained in the forcible language which Mr. Rice borrows from the ancients and moderns, have made our hair stand an end; and we lament to see that he is of opinion that grand juries are not capable of performing the additional duties which a reform would produce; and this opinion he states after the following manner:

'An attempt to concentrate, within a limited sphere, important and increasing duties, is absurd. It could only be warranted by supposing, that a constant, and a varying quantity, could continually bear towards each other the same ratio. It is an attempt to realize the promises of the bottle conjurer; and, like the mechanical condensation of air, is only calculated to elicit fire by the experiment.'—p. 43.

Of the present state of the law, Mr. Rice informs us that its provisions are less numerous than its faults; ης ραον ην αριθμησαι τους οδοντας η τους δακτυλους—p. 112. which seems to mean, (for Mr. Rice takes a wicked pleasure in reducing us to our guesses,) that 'it is easier to count teeth than fingers;' and this perspicuous and valuable quotation is, he tells us, from Lysias. ap. Dem. Phal. de Eloc. § 270.

The remedy which Mr. Rice has for all these evils is to take the management of the roads out of the hands of these local jobbers, and to create a Board of Controul for the General Superintendance of the Highways of Ireland. If such a Board should be established, Mr. Rice's claims to a seat at it cannot, we think, be overlooked; but if his pursuits or his profession should form any objection to his taking one of those offices, the case of Dr. Johnson and the Royal Academy immediately occurs to us as a precedent for conferring an *honorary* reward upon Mr. Rice,—he may, with great propriety, (now that he has ceased to illustrate Trinity College, Cambridge,) be elected 'Professor of Ancient and Modern Literature to the Turnpike Board.'

* 'Cic. Orat. pro. Sext.'

ART. X. *Reliquiae Sacrae, sive Autorum fere jam perditorum secundi tertiique Saeculi Fragmenta quae supersunt. Ad Codices MSS. recensuit, notisque illustravit* Martinus Josephus Routh, S. T. P. Collegii S. Magdalenae Præses. Oxonii. 1814. Voll. I. et II.

AMONG the various questions of theology which relate to objects of secondary importance, scarcely any one has been debated with more zeal than that concerning the due proportion of authority to be assigned to the Fathers of the Christian church, who have been immoderately extolled or depreciated by controvertists, according as their writings have seemed to support or contradict some favourite dogma.

Considering the question without prejudice or predilection, we may safely assume, as the true state of the case, that the primitive Fathers were men eminent for their piety and zeal, but occasionally deficient in learning and judgment; that they may be relied upon in general for their statements of facts, but not always for the constructions which they put upon them; that they are faithful reporters of the opinions of the Christian church, but not always the most judicious interpreters of Scripture. So much both parties may reciprocally demand and concede; and more than this we do not think necessary for the purposes of any real lover of truth. The allegorical interpreter of Scripture may be zealous to establish the infallibility of the Fathers, as a strong hold for his own fanciful notions; the Socinian may reject their testimony altogether, because he finds in their writings expressions which he cannot misconstrue nor elude; but the sober inquirer will be careful not to confound errors of judgment with a wilful perversion of facts; nor to reject the *relations* of the Fathers, because he cannot approve of their interpretations.

Whatever opinion may be entertained of the style or good sense of the early writers of the Christian church, this, at least, must be admitted:—That they are credible witnesses as to what was the Apostolical doctrine and discipline.—That having heard and conversed with the Apostles, or with their nearest followers, they were better able to judge of the intent and meaning of many parts of their writings than we can be.—That having been selected by the Apostles themselves, as in the instances of Clement and Polycarp, to preside over certain churches, they were necessarily faithful guardians and teachers of the true Apostolical faith.

It follows then, that their writings, and those of their immediate disciples, are the best sources to which we can apply, in order to ascertain the original constitution of the Christian church, its doctrines and practice.

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It is undoubtedly true, as our church expresses it, 'that the Scriptures contain all things that are necessary to salvation;' that the doctrines of Christianity are, in the first instance, to be sought for in the New Testament. But it was to be expected, in the natural order of things, that, after the decease of the Apostles, questions would arise in the church, as to the precise meaning of some of their expressions, and the nature of some of their institutions, which none would be so competent to resolve as those, who had been their immediate disciples and followers. We are bound, therefore, to regard with peculiar respect all that we can ascertain to have been said or written by them, and not to condemn precipitately any of their opinions which may happen to differ from our own. That they are, in many instances, injudicious interpreters of Scripture, we have already allowed; but it does not appear why this should detract from the value of their testimony, as witnesses in matters of fact, especially when it is borne in an oblique and apparently unintentional manner. Not that we would concede, to its full extent, even the charge of their incompetency as expositors of the Scripture; they have not wanted able defenders to resist this imputation, some of whom have gone so far as to assert, that the Fathers in general understood the New Testament better than later commentators. And it should be observed, that the greater part of their errors and misapprehensions of the sacred text, which have been raked together and displayed with so much parade by Whitby and others, relate to the *Old Testament*, in the study of which they were misled by the faulty and inaccurate version vulgarly attributed to the Seventy Interpreters.* Of those which concern the New Testament, a few only are laid to the charge of the early Fathers; the rest having been collected from the Post-Nicene writers, a race of men much inferior to their predecessors, whether we regard their learning, their style, or, what is of greater importance, their benevolence and charity: we would willingly exchange a great part of their writings for the works of Melito, or the Apologies of Quadratus and Aristides. But even were we to allow the charge which is urged against them, of misinterpreting, and *(unintentionally)* perverting certain texts, they may still be unexceptionable witnesses to the doctrines of the Christian church in their own times; and this is all that even the most orthodox need contend for. It must be remembered, that the consent of the early believers in any particular doctrine, although it affords a strong presumption in favour of its truth, is still but a collateral proof of it. The doctrine itself must, after all, stand or

* 'Les Pères ont mesprisé la langue Hebraique, et d'apprendre des Juifs: ils ont trop faict d'estat des septante Interpretes.'—Scaligerana.

fall

fall by the words of Scripture. By ascertaining, however, from other sources, what were the notions entertained by the immediate disciples of the Apostles, and propagated, in succession, to their followers, we are enabled to determine, with a degree of probability little short of certainty, in what sense some parts of the Apostolical writings are to be understood.* 'It is no hard matter,' says Dr. Sherlock, 'for witty men to put very perverse senses on Scripture to favour their heretical doctrines, and to defend them with such sophistry as shall easily impose upon unlearned and unthinking men: and the best way in this case is, to have recourse to the ancient faith of the Christian church; to learn from thence how these articles were understood and professed by them: for we cannot but think, that those who conversed with the Apostles, and not only received the Scriptures, but the sense and interpretation of them from the Apostles, or apostolical men, understood the true Christian faith much better than those at a further remove.' 'In summa,' says Tertullian, 'si constat id verius quod prius, id prius quod et ab initio, ab initio quod ab Apostolis, pariter utique constabit, id esse ab Apostolis traditum, quod apud ecclesias Apostolicas fuerit sacrosanctum.† Cicero, an academic father, and therefore an unexceptionable witness, has an observation which is singularly applicable to the case in question. 'Auctoribus quidem uti optimis possumus—et primum quidem omni antiquitate; quae, quo propius aberat ab ortu et *divina progenie*, hoc melius ea fortasse, quae vera erant, cernebat.'‡

This argument indeed has appeared so forcible to some who would gladly get rid of those authorities, that, in order to elude it, they have had recourse to the most unreasonable suppositions. Ignatius, for example, who was contemporary with St. John, and probably his hearer, and therefore, one might suppose, a tolerably competent judge of the Christian faith and doctrine, has this remarkable passage in one of his epistles.§ *Χριστὸς—εἷς ἰατρός ἐστι, σαρκικὸς καὶ πνευματικὸς, γεννητὸς καὶ ἀγέννητος, ἐν σαρκὶ γενόμενος Θεός.* This testimony, which is referred to by Athanasius, is a stumbling block in the way of those who contend for the primitiveness of unitarian doctrines, which, not being able to surmount it,

* It was very disingenuous in Whitby to represent the advocates of the Nicene doctrines as grounding them upon the Fathers *alone*, in opposition to those who drew their faith from the Scriptures; whereas we profess to establish our notion from the New Testament, as interpreted according to the *plain meaning of the words and the sense of the primitive church*. Our argument is surely a fair one: we say that such a doctrine is contained in the Scriptures—you say that it is not. Who shall decide the question? What better mode can we devise, than to ascertain what the sentiments of the Apostles and their immediate followers were upon this point? Now these we clearly discover to be the same that we ourselves entertain. The inference is plain.

† Contra Marcion. l. 4. ‡ Tusc. Qu. 12. § P. 61. ed. Voss.

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they endeavour to remove out of the way, by supposing that Ignatius was deceived by a false apostle; a supposition, of which the absurdity is only outdone by the Unitarians of the present day, who assert that even the real Apostles entertained erroneous notions as to the nature of Christ after his ascension. With men, who acknowledge no testimony which thwarts their own ideas, it is a waste of words to contend: but with the unprejudiced and candid inquirer it must surely have great weight, to find an immediate follower of the Apostles, and martyr for the cause of truth, thus clearly expressing the sense of the primitive church on one of the most important doctrines of Christianity. Here is a certain opinion, generally prevalent in the Christian world within a few years after the death of its founders, perhaps even during the lifetime of one of the Apostles, and inculcated by those to whom the Apostles had committed the edification of the church: it would be surprising indeed if this important notion should prove a fundamental and dangerous error;* let us turn then to the Scriptures, and if we there find any passages which countenance it, even though their meaning be somewhat obscure, we shall naturally conclude it to be true: much more shall we be assured of it, if we find several texts in which it is directly asserted, many in which it is implied, and none in which it is controverted. Considered in this point of view, the testimony of the early Fathers appears with its due proportion of authority: (we mean the *historical* testimony, for such in fact it is, which demonstrates to us the belief and opinions of the earliest Christians upon any disputed point:) an authority, indeed, much less than that which attaches to the words of Scripture, but still of great efficacy in corroborating that interpretation of the original text, which the common rules of construction and analogy dictate. We meet with several passages in the New Testament, which, if they are to be translated by those rules of language, to which we should adhere in translating any profane author, must be so rendered as to assert or imply the divine nature of Christ. And when we find that they were actually understood to mean this, and nothing else, by the very disciples of the Apostles, it seems a strange perversion of reason to forsake the received laws of interpretation; to adhere at one time to the literal, at another to the figurative sense of words; to adopt, in short, in our treatment of the sacred text, a mode of criticism, which, if applied to any other, would be justly derided as absurd.

* It is said of one of the greatest ornaments of our church, Bishop Bull, that learned and acute as he was, 'he was not confident of his own conclusions from Scripture, unless he found them supported by the general verdict of the primitive church; believing it easier for himself to err in interpreting Scripture, than for the universal church to have erred from the beginning.' And without doubt this sort of diffidence is highly commendable, provided it be not suffered to degenerate into a blind and implicit deference to the opinions of others.

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'I hold,' observes the admirable Hooker, 'for a most infallible rule in expositions of sacred Scripture, that where a literal construction will stand, the farthest from the letter is commonly the worst. There is nothing more dangerous than this licentious and deluding art; which changeth the meaning of words, as alchemy doth, or would do, the substance of metals, maketh of any thing what it listeth, and bringeth in the end all truth to nothing.'*

It is not, however, to be dissembled, that some modern authors, not content with attacking the authenticity of certain portions of the epistles attributed to the earliest Christian writers, have involved all the writings attributed to the apostolical Fathers in one sweeping sentence of condemnation. We allude to the remarks of Dr. Semler, which we know only from Dr. Marsh's report of them;† and we conclude that these arguments of the German divine are convincing to Dr. Marsh, at least, or he would not so readily have conceded, that 'if they prove not the whole to be spurious, they prove at least, that these writings have been so interpolated, as to make it difficult to distinguish what is genuine from what is false.' We cannot, however, help thinking, that the single circumstance of one clear quotation from the Epistle of Ignatius to the Romans, made by Irenaeus, who lived only a few years after him, is sufficient to establish the authenticity of that epistle at least.‡ But there seems to be a morbid propensity in the German schoolmen to lean towards the doubting side, and a peculiarly delicate scent in tracking out the supposed spurious parts of ancient biblical and theological writings. But he who questions the authenticity of a work which has been considered as genuine by so many learned men for so many ages, is bound to make out a very strong case before he can call for sentence. And in questions of this sort, it is always easier to attack than to defend: there is scarcely any work of antiquity, against the authenticity of which some plausible reasons may not be urged: even the reveries of the Père Hardouin on the classical poets contain some arguments, drawn from internal considerations, which it is not easy to controvert. We find the same Dr. Semler imputing the errors of Montanism to the martyrs of Lyons and Vienna, in opposition, as Dr. Routh observes, to the most direct testimony of the ecclesiastical historians, from whom it appears that those very martyrs assisted at a council which condemned the heresy of Montanus:§ so that the conclusion to be drawn from internal peculiarities is sometimes fallacious. The hypercritical nicety of some of the German controvertists will not be unaptly described in the following words: οἶμαι γάρ τινας δριμυττομένους τῷ ἀκριβασμῷ τῆς διδασκαλίας, προσλαβόντας δὲ ἐπίκουρον τῆς αὐθαδείας τὸ εἰπεῖν τινα τῶν ἱστο-

* Eccles. Pol. v. 59.
† Notes on Michaelis, vol. I. p. 360.
‡ See Pearson, Vindiciæ Ignat. c. 6.
§ Routh, pp. 262. 331.

ἱστοριογράφων παρά τισιν ἀμφιβάλλεσθαι, ῥιψοκινδύνως νόθα αὐτὰ φάναι.*

But even if we allow that the writings, usually ascribed to the apostolical Fathers, are forgeries, they are forgeries of an age very nearly approximating to that of their pretended authors: and, putting these disputable testimonies quite out of the question, we are able to discover their sentiments on some points of faith, from the report of their immediate disciples and successors. Thus, when we find Irenaeus, himself a disciple of Polycarp, citing passages from more ancient writers, under the title of οἱ πρεσβύτεροι τῶν ἀποστόλων μαθῆται, we may be sure that the opinions contained in them were those of Clemens, Ignatius, and Polycarp, and probably of the Apostles themselves. When Melito, bishop of Sardes, who was contemporary with Polycarp a disciple of St. John, and no doubt acquainted with him, speaks of the divinity of Christ as of a received notion,† is it possible to entertain any doubt as to the opinion of the primitive believers on this point, particularly when we consider the high estimation in which Melito was held by the Christian church? Other instances of a similar nature might be adduced to prove, that, even if the few writings ascribed to the apostolical Fathers be supposititious, we may yet collect, with sufficient certainty, their sentiments on some controverted points, from the works of those who lived and conversed with them for several years, and suffered martyrdom not long after them.

Under these impressions, we receive, as a valuable addition to our stock of ecclesiastical knowledge, the first two volumes of the present learned and laborious publication; which is intended to be a complete collection of the scattered fragments of the Fathers who lived in the second and third centuries, and whose works have perished, with the exception of the short extracts preserved in the later writers of the church. Our readers will perceive that the plan is in some measure similar to that of the Spicilegium of Grabe; but it has been executed by Dr. Routh in a more judicious and complete manner. The difference between the two works will be best understood from his own words:

'Grabius, probe scio, in *Spicilegio* suo *SS. Patrum*, &c. quod quidem opus nunquam absolutum est, vix centesimam partem reliquiarum, quas edo, etiam duobus voluminibus comprehendit: id vero est idcirco factum, quia pro ratione instituti omnes fere paginae complentur scriptis Apocryphis, tractatibus item Haereticorum, et fragmentis Patrum, qui

* Theodorus Studites in MS. Mosq.

† *Ap. Anastas. Sinait. in Hodeg.* p. 260. *Routh*, p. 115. Θεὸς γὰρ ὢν ὁμοῦ τε καὶ ἄνθρωπος τέλειος ὁ αὐτὸς, τὰς δύο αὐτοῦ οὐσίας ἐπιστώσατο ἡμῖν, &c. This remarkable testimony, which escaped the research of Bishops Bull and Pearson, is admirably illustrated by the learned Editor, p. 136.

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prodire solent separatim, orthodoxorum. Praeclarum sane opus, atque usibus suis commendatum. In hoc autem, quod ipse contexo, opere intra germanam atque Catholicam antiquitatem me contineo; et fragmenta omnia Patrum qui separatim eduntur, relinquo illis, qui novas eorum editiones postero tempore aggressuri sint.'—*Praefat.* p. x.

Dr. Routh justly concludes that his labours will be serviceable to all those who think it worth their while to collect, from authentic documents, the primitive doctrine and discipline of the Christian church. He seems however to suppose, and, we lament to say, too justly, that the number of those who apply for their theological knowledge to these original and genuine sources, is but small. The study of the Fathers, of the early ecclesiastical historians, of the ancient depositaries of our faith, is no longer considered an essential part of the discipline of our theological schools. We are content to take our information at second hand, frittered away in translations, extracts, and abridgments, or compressed into summaries and elements of theology. For historical testimonies, instead of referring to Eusebius, we commit ourselves to the accuracy of Lardner or Paley; for our orthodoxy, we have recourse to Bampton Lectures and controversial pamphlets.* It has been more than once observed, that to real and substantial knowledge there is no compendious road. We cannot learn the practice or opinions of the primitive church, but from the primitive church itself. It is never safe to depend, in questions of importance, upon the fidelity of an epitomizer or translator, whose ignorance or prejudice may obscure or pervert the truth. Before we can be qualified finally to decide upon any of those important points which usually form the subjects of theological controversy, we must prepare ourselves by an attentive perusal, not only of the original text of scripture, but of the writings of those men who had so much better opportunities than ourselves of ascertaining the true Christian faith and ceremonies. The candid and sincere student will not be shocked by occasional failures of judgment in men who were fallible like himself, but will know

* We cannot forbear from quoting a remark of a scholar, not less eminent for his acquaintance with this department of learning, than for his critical acumen and intimate knowledge of Latin literature, John Frederic Gronovius, whose name may justly be added to those of Scaliger, Casaubon, and Salmasius, whom Dr. Routh has mentioned, as having drunk deeply, not only of the classic Helicon, but 'of Siloa's brook that flowed fast by the oracle of God.'

'Non id agimus, ut sententias Patrum describamus, et torum sternamus desidiae, ac pro ipsorum grandibus, et solidis, succique plenis corporibus, monogrammon exile, aridum, cadaverosum, substituamus, quo in hora brumali cursim peracto, magnam cum Patribus familiaritatem contraxisse jactent, qui hodie frequentes in speciem tantum laborant.' We do not find fault with summaries and bodies of divinity; only let every one who is able, make them for himself. 'The *country parson,*' says George Herbert, 'hath read the Fathers also, and the schoolmen, and the later writers, or a good proportion of all, out of all which he hath compiled a book, and body of divinity, which is the storehouse of his sermons.'

how

how to separate those notions, which depended upon their own reasoning, from those facts about which they could not possibly err; and judging, as he sees fit, of the speculative part of their writings, will attach its due weight to all that can be considered historical. 'Habet autem, ut in aetatibus auctoritatem senectus, sic in exemplis antiquitas: quae quidem apud me ipsum valet plurimum: nec ego id, quod deest antiquitati, flagito potius, quam laudo quod est.'*

Dr. Routh has subjoined to the fragments of each writer the notes of various commentators, and his own learned and judicious remarks, which leave us nothing to desire, except it be now and then a little more compression and perspicuity. We have only one or two critical remarks to offer for his consideration, which we shall do with all deference, under the persuasion that no work was ever presented to the public in so perfect a form, as not to be susceptible of some additional polish from the labours of after-comers.

P. 42. In a metaphor, quoted by Irenaeus from some apostolical writer, occur the following words: ὅταν δὲ ἐπιμιγῇ ὁ χαλκὸς εἰς τὸν ἄργυρον, τίς εὐκόλως δυνήσεται τοῦτον ἀκεραίως δοκιμάσαι; Fronto Ducaeus suggests a better reading, ἀκέραιος, which Dr. Routh adopts. But the true reading is ἀκέραιος ὤν, which is not only sanctioned by the analogy of the language, but by the ancient Latin translator, *quis facile poterit*, rudis quum sit *hoc probare?*

P. 75. The testimony of Aristides, given by Usuardus in his Martyrology, seems to have been taken from some Greek Menology, and not from the original work of Aristides. We conclude that the learned editor has examined the MS. Menologies in the Bodleian library.

P. 78. The concluding remarks on Aristides leave the reader with an impression, that this learned Father actually *spoke* his Apology for Christianity in presence of the Emperor Adrian; *praesente ipso Imperatore peroravit* are the words quoted from the Martyrology. But the story is exceedingly improbable; and must rest on some better foundation than that of a Martyrology, before it can be believed. The words of Eusebius are these; καὶ Ἀριστείδης—ἀπολογίαν ἐπιφωνήσας Ἀδριανῷ, καταλέλοιπε. Dr. Jortin properly observes, that προσφωνεῖν means simply 'to dedicate a book,' and the same remark may with still greater justice be applied to ἐπιφωνεῖν.

P. 227. We rather wonder, that Dr. Routh should defend the legendary account which Hegesippus gives of the death of James the Just, the truth of which has been called in question by Scaliger. We think, with Jortin, that Eusebius might with propriety have subjoined to this account his remark upon the legend of the thundering legion, ἀλλὰ ταῦτα μὲν ὅπῃ τις ἐθέλει τιθέσθω.

* Cicero pro Font. 282. b.

P.

P. 350. *Synodica Epistola Concilii Caesariensis.* δηλοῦμεν δὲ ὑμῖν, ὅτι τῇ αὐτῇ ἡμέρᾳ καὶ ἐν Ἀλεξανδρείᾳ ἄγουσιν, ἧπερ καὶ ἡμεῖς. 'Habet MS. Norfolc. καὶ οἱ ἐν Ἀλ. quod potest esse verum; id tamen ex unius codicis auctoritate recipere nolebam.' *Routh.* In cases of this sort, one MS. is as good as twenty. The article οἱ is rendered absolutely necessary by what follows: παρ' ἡμῶν γὰρ τὰ γράμματα κομίζεται ΑΥΤΟΙΣ, καὶ ἡμῖν παρ' αὐτῶν.

P. 370. *Polycratis Epistola.* καὶ πάντοτε τὴν ἡμέραν ἤγαγον οἱ συγγενεῖς μου, ὅταν ὁ λαὸς ἤρνυε τὴν ζύμην. We are surprised that Dr. Routh should retain this barbarous word ἤρνυε, which is destitute of all authority, when one MS. of good note, gives ἦρε. And we are still more surprised at the following remark. 'Hesychius Ἤρνυεν, ἠκυβίστα interpretatus est. Vet. Gloss. Κυβιστιᾷ, *cernulat.* Anglice, *turns topsy-turvy.*' In the first place, the gloss of Hesychius is manifestly faulty, and should be thus corrected: Ἤρνευεν, ἐκυβίστα, from ἀρνεύειν, *to tumble,* whence ἀρνευτὴρ, *a tumbler,* Iliad. M. 385. ἀρνευτῆρι ἐοικώς. Secondly, in the Latin gloss for Κυβιστιᾷ, *cernulat,* an obvious and certain correction is, Κυβιστᾷ, *cernuat.* Lastly, this word never means *to turn topsy-turvy,* but to *fall headlong, to tumble.* Ὢ ποποὶ, ἦ μάλ' ἐλαφρὸς ἀνὴρ, ὡς ῥεῖα κυβιστᾷ, in Homer, whence κυβιστητὴρ, *a tumbler,* in Euripides.

P. 472. *Anonymi Presbyteri apud Clem. Alexandr. fragm.* Michaelis supposes the elder here referred to, to be Pantaenus, the instructor of Clement; an opinion rendered probable by the expression, ὁ μακάριος Πρεσβύτερος. The later Greek writers give to μακάριος the same sense which those of an earlier age attach to μακαρίτης, *a person not long since deceased.* So in a fragment of Dionysius, p. 167, ὁ μακάριος ὑμῶν ἐπίσκοπος Σωτὴρ, *your late bishop, Soter.* Sometimes, however, it is applied to a living person, as in the epistle of Alexander, vol. ii. p. 39: ταῦτα τὰ γράμματα ἀπέστειλα διὰ Κλήμεντος τοῦ μακαρίου πρεσβυτέρου,—ὃν ἴστε καὶ ὑμεῖς καὶ ἐπιγνώσεσθε. Valesius renders ἐπιγνώσεσθε *amplius cognoscetis,* and Dr. Routh does not correct him. It should be *salutabitis.* ἐπιγινώσκειν, in the ecclesiastical writers, signifies *to recognize and salute.* See Valesius, *in Euseb.* p. 220.

V. II. p. 78. An anonymous writer against the Montanists, after mentioning the common report, that Montanus and Maximilla hanged themselves, and that Theodotus, having committed himself to the devil, was rewarded by a broken neck, observes, with more caution than is common amongst the ecclesiastical writers, ἀλλὰ μὴ ἄνευ τοῦ ἰδεῖν ἡμᾶς, ἐπίστασθαί τι τῶν τοιούτων νομίζομεν, ὦ μακάριε, which words, if we adopt νόμιζε, the reading of one MS. afford very excellent sense: 'But *do not consider us, my worthy friend, as sure of the truth of such stories, seeing that we have not been eye-witnesses.*' We are therefore surprised to find the learned editor overlooking so obvious a correction, and proposing the following reading:

ing: ἀλλὰ μὴν ἄνευ τοῦ ἰδεῖν, δεῖν ἡμᾶς ἐπίστασθαι περὶ τῶν τοιούτων νομίζομεν, which he translates, *sed profecto, nisi ipsi viderimus, de rebus hujusmodi assensionem nobis inhibendam putamus,* giving to ἐπίστασθαι a sense which belongs only to ἐφίστασθαι, a perfectly different word.

P. 111. *Julii Africani Epist. ad Origenem.* Χαῖρε κ ριέ μου καὶ υἱὲ, καὶ πάντα τιμιώτατε Ὠρίγενες, παρὰ Ἀφρικανοῦ. This is surely a very strange beginning, *my lord and son.* We suspect it should be read, κύριέ μου υἱὲ, *sir, my son.* So in the epistle of Alexander, p. 39. κύριοί μου ἀδελφοὶ, *gentlemen, my brethren.* In the next place, the true reading is unquestionably κατὰ πάντα τιμιώτατε. The words καὶ and κατὰ are frequently confounded. Alexander, p. 41, τὸν κατὰ πάντα ἄριστον καὶ κύριόν μου (καὶ) ἀδελφόν.

P. 112. Καὶ παραδοξότατά πως αὐτοὺς ἀπελέγχει, ὡς οὐδὲ Φιλιστίωνος μῖμος. Dr. Routh proposes οὐδ' ὁ Φιλιστίωνος μῖμος, an alteration which does not please us. The sense is, *in such a manner as not even one of Philistion's mimes would have done.* Martial, *Mimos ridiculi Philistionis.* But since it is probable that Philistio acted his own mimes, as Laberius did, we had rather read ὡς οὐδὲ Φιλιστίων ὁ μῖμος. Concerning this Philistio, the reader may consult Scaliger on Eusebius, p. 179, and the Variae Lectiones of Janus Rutgersius, IV. 12.

These fragments of Julius Africanus, now for the first time collected into one view, to the number of fifty-six, form a most valuable portion of the book. The second volume concludes with a learned dissertation upon the word ὁμοούσιος, which was invented by some unlucky controvertist to plague and perplex the church for all time to come, and to set men together by the ears about an inexplicable phrase, intended to express that which, in the nature of things, cannot be expressed at all by human language.

We have noticed only two typographical errors of importance. Vol. ii. p. 174, 2. διιῤῥάγη σιδηρὰ for διεῤῥάγη σιδηρᾶ, and p. 374, 9, ἀντίστατο for ἀνθίστατο. It is impossible to speak too highly of the learning and judgment, as well as the piety, displayed in the notes of Dr. Routh, who has spent the greater part of his leisure hours for the last five and twenty years in bringing to perfection the work before us: and he has spent them well; not in that inactive ease, into which the presidency of a collegiate establishment is so apt to lull its possessor; but in labouring to promote the cause of truth and orthodoxy, by bringing, as it were, into one focus the scattered rays of those luminaries of the church, which are still conveyed to us by reflexion, long after their orbs have set. When the work shall be completed by the addition of two more volumes, it will be a κτῆμα ἐς ἀεὶ to the church; and whatever reception it may meet with in these half-learned and cavilling times, the author is sure of his reward.

Art.

ART. XI. *Historical Memoirs of My Own Time, from* 1772 *to* 1784. By Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Cadell. 1815.

IT is said somewhere, that there is no man the events of whose life, candidly and simply written, would not afford an amusing volume; and we so far agree in the truth of this general proposition, as to believe that if Sir Nathaniel Wraxall had *candidly* and *simply* set down every considerable passage of his own time, he might have made an entertaining register of that species of small facts, which, though interesting as connected with the manners or politics of the day, are of a nature so minute and fugitive as to escape the notice of the graver historian.

But Sir Nathaniel is too much an *historian by profession* to condescend to such an humble style, and he accordingly assumes in his Memoirs a far higher tone, and affects to consider morals and politics, men and measures, more after the manner of a philosopher than of 'an honest chronicler.'

Now it is with great concern we feel ourselves obliged to say, that we think the worthy Baronet has most egregiously mistaken the amount both of his resources in the way of historical information, and of his ability to give interest and consistency to the facts with which he has happened to have some acquaintance. He has little to tell, and that little he tells badly. What he advances on his own evidence is generally not worth knowing, and what he gives on the authority of others he generally contrives to render suspicious either by his manner of relating, or by not quoting his authority when he might, or by quoting authority which is notoriously incredible.

We have not the pleasure of knowing Sir Nathaniel personally, but we perceive that he is one of those good-natured people who have a very vigorous appetite for, and a good digestion of the *marvellous*, and whose belief, in any fact, is strong in the inverse ratio of the evidence. Any thing supernatural, or even highly improbable, he swallows with great alacrity; but a trite and ordinary event is altogether suspicious in his eyes, if he has not some strange, little, out-of-the-way and insufficient cause to assign for it. We have no doubt that he is one of those who believe that the treaty of Utrecht was brought about by the spilling of a cup of tea on Queen Anne's brocade petticoat.

As a politician, (a character of which he seems in no small degree ambitious,) Sir Nathaniel's self-importance not unfrequently reminds us of the 'Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of this Parish,' who, with Robert Jenkins the farrier, and Amos Turner the collar-maker, 'held weekly councils, whereof the minister of the parish spake to

to a multitude of other ministers at the visitation, and they spake thereof unto the ministers at London, so that even the bishops heard and marvelled thereat.—Moreover, Sir Thomas, member of parliament, spake of the same unto other members of parliament, who spake of the same to peers of the realm. Lo! thus did our counsels enter into the hearts of our generals and our lawgivers, and from henceforth even as we devised thus did they.'

The *Amos Turner* of Sir Nathaniel appears to have been Sir John Macpherson, also a baronet, sometime governor-general of India, and since known in London by the flattering appellation of the '*Gentle Giant*,' who, with Sir Nathaniel, appears to have devised of public matters, of which they spake to other members of parliament, and they again to peers of the realm, and lo! thus their counsels, &c. &c. Q. E. D.

We should, however, be wanting in justice to Sir Nathaniel if we did not confess that we find in the outset of his work, a very fair and modest avowal of his total unfitness for the office which he undertakes.

'I may further add, that never having held any employment, under any minister, at any period of my life, I neither can be accused of divulging official secrets; nor am I linked, in however humble a degree, with any of those ephemeral administrations, which took place with such rapidity between 1782 and 1784. I relate the events that I either witnessed, or of which I received the accounts from respectable testimony. *How imperfect a light these sources of information enable me to throw on the period of time that I attempt to elucidate, I am fully aware:* but, unfortunately, those individuals who, from their rank and situation, know most of the secrets of affairs, will generally divulge least; and even imperfect light is preferable to darkness.'—pp. 3, 4.

On the other hand, against this self-pronounced sentence of abasement it is proper to set the intimation which Sir Nathaniel gives us of his resemblance to Tacitus.—Tacitus was contemporary with, and had obligations to Vespasian, Titus and Domitian; Sir Nathaniel is in the same category with regard to George III, Lord North, and Lord George Germaine; and, moreover, both Tacitus and Sir Nathaniel have written the history of their own times.—'There is a river in Macedon, there is also, moreover, a river at Monmouth. It is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other, but 'tis all one; 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.'

But to our British Tacitus.

In 1772, soon after Sir Nathaniel had completed his twenty-first year, *he passed over* to Portugal, where he seems greatly struck with the outlandish complexion of the king, Don Joseph, which was so very peculiar, that whoever looked at his majesty, immediately, and *in spite of himself*, took a lesson in geography. 'One could

could not look at him without *involuntarily* recollecting how near are the shores, and how similar are the climates of Portugal and Africa:'—p. 11.—circumstances which, however legible in his majesty's countenance, are not to be read, we believe, in any *other* geographical work.

It is not a little amusing to find Sir Nathaniel, in 1815, still boastful of the pedantry for which he was so justly celebrated in the *Probationary Odes* thirty years ago, in one of which he is introduced as apostrophizing

' Geography, terraqueous maid,
Descend from globes to statesmen's aid;
Again to heedless crowds unfold
Truths unheard, but not untold,
Come, and once more unlock this vasty world,
Nations attend! the Map of Earth's unfurl'd!'

Sir Nathaniel's description of Her Majesty the Queen is amusing, and shews that she was not an unworthy partner for the monarch of the topographical visage.

'The Queen of Portugal, though at this time she was considerably advanced towards her 60th year, yet watched every motion of her husband, with all the vigilant anxiety of a young woman.'

'Whether the diversion was hunting, or shooting, or falconing, she was constantly at his side. No woman in Europe, indeed, rode bolder, or with more skill. Her figure almost defied the powers of description, on these occasions. She sat astride, as was the universal custom in Portugal, and *wore English leather breeches ; frequently black ;* over which she threw a petticoat, which did not always conceal her legs. A jacket of cloth, or stuff, and a cocked hat, sometimes laced, at other times without ornament, completed the masculine singularity of her appearance.' 'She was admitted to be an excellent shot, seldom missing the bird at which she fired, even when flying: but this diversion had nearly produced a most tragical result; as, a few years before I visited Portugal, she very narrowly missed killing the King with a ball, which actually grazed his temple.'—pp. 14, 15, 16.

We shall not follow Sir Nathaniel through a trite and tedious history of the royal house of Portugal, and of the conspiracy of the Tavora family, in which, according to his custom, he weaves in a wonderful little story of a young lady, who, for being suspected of having overheard a few words between the old Marchioness Tavora and her son, relative to the plot, was assassinated in their palace, and whose body, scarce cold and still oozing blood, was next day found in the streets of Lisbon. Except this story, the whole of Sir Nathaniel's account of Portugal, which fills nearly fourscore pages, may be read with equal profit and pleasure in the Annual Register, and the Gentleman's Magazine.

From the same sources might be obtained almost every syllable that

that Sir Nathaniel recollects of what occurred in the years 1775-1776 which he spent in France; and, once for all, we may here warn our readers that if they possess the above-mentioned publications they need not, as far as public events are concerned, feel any violent curiosity to read the historical statements of Sir N. Wraxall, which are undoubtedly not so ample and entertaining, and much less authentic.

We pass over without regret the voluminous gossip with which Sir Nathaniel treats us, at second hand, from Sir William Hamilton, Sir John Stepney, Sir Thomas Wroughton, Sir William Gordon, Sir John Dick, and divers other diplomatic *Sirs* whom Sir Nathaniel met in his travels, of whose conversation he recollects little else than some Court Calendar anecdotes, two or three accounts of mysterious murders, as many stories of ghosts, and some filthy and indecent garbage which he, under pretence of their authority, obtrudes on his readers. One scene of which Sir Nathaniel was a witness at Sir William Hamilton's has more of curiosity in it than his stories generally have.

'Intelligence of the glorious victory obtained by the English fleet under Lord Nelson, before Copenhagen, arrived in London on Wednesday the 15th of April, 1801. Sir William Hamilton then resided in Piccadilly. About ten o'clock, that evening, I went to his house, with *Sir John Macpherson*. We found assembled there, the Dukes of Gordon and Queensberry, Lord William Gordon, Monsieur de Calonne, Mr. Charles Greville, (Sir William's nephew,) the Duke de Noia, who was a Neapolitan nobleman, Mr. Kemble, the celebrated Comedian, and his wife, the Reverend Mr. Nelson, now Earl of that name, with some other persons. Lady Hamilton, inspired by the recent success of Lord Nelson against the Danes, of which victory he had transmitted her, with his remaining hand, all the particulars as they occurred, from the 1st, up to the 8th of April, the day when the dispatches came away; after playing on the harpsichord, and accompanying it with her voice, undertook to dance the "Tarantella."

'Sir William began it with her, and maintained the conflict, for such it might well be esteemed, for some minutes. When unable longer to continue it, the Duke de Noia succeeded to his place; but he, too, though near forty years younger than Sir William, soon gave in. Lady Hamilton then sent for her own maid servant; who being likewise exhausted, after a short time, another female attendant, a Copt, perfectly black, whom Lord Nelson had presented her, on his return from Egypt, relieved her companion. It would be difficult to convey any adequate idea of this dance; but the *Fandango* and *Seguedilla* of the Spaniards present an image of it. We must recollect that the two performers are supposed to be a Satyr and a Nymph; or, rather, a Fawn and a Bacchant. It was certainly not of a nature to be performed, except before a select company; as the screams, attitudes, starts, and embraces with which it was intermingled, gave it a peculiar character. I only

I only mention it, in order to shew Sir William Hamilton's activity and gaiety at that advanced period of life.'—pp. 229—231.

We think, however, that this anecdote rather displays the *activity* and *gaiety* of the lady than of the gentleman.

From Sir William Hamilton's authority, our historian relates the following strange story of the King of Naples.

'"Before the present king fully attained his seventeenth year, the Archduchess Josepha, one of the daughters of the Empress Maria Theresa, was selected for Queen of Naples; and being represented to young Ferdinand as a princess equally amiable in her mind, as she was agreeable in her person; he expected her arrival with great pleasure, mingled even with some impatience. So much more severely was it natural that he should feel the melancholy intelligence, when it arrived from Vienna, that she was dead of the small-pox. But a circumstance which greatly augmented his chagrin on the occasion was, its being considered indispensable for him not to take his usual diversion of hunting or fishing, on the day that the account reached Naples. Ferdinand reluctantly submitted to such a painful and unusual renunciation: but, having consented to it from a sense of decorum, he immediately set about endeavouring to amuse himself within doors, in the best manner that circumstances would admit; an attempt in which he was aided by the Noblemen in waiting about his person. They began therefore with billiards, a game which His Majesty likes, and at which he plays with skill. When they had continued it for some time, leap-frog was tried, to which succeeded various other feats of agility or gambols. At length, one of the gentlemen, more ingenious than the others, proposed to celebrate the funeral of the deceased Arch-duchess. The idea, far from shocking the king, appeared to him, and to the whole company, as most entertaining. Having selected one of the Chamberlains, as proper, from his youth and feminine appearance, to represent the princess, they habited him in a manner suitable to the mournful occasion; laid him out on an open bier, according to the Neapolitan custom at interments; and in order to render the ceremony more appropriate, as well as more accurately correct, they marked his face and hands with chocolate drops, which were designed to imitate the pustules of the small-pox. All the apparatus being ready, the funeral procession began, and proceeded through the principal apartments of the palace at Portici, Ferdinand officiating as chief mourner. Having heard of the Arch-duchess's decease, I had gone thither on that day, in order to make my condolence privately to His Majesty on the misfortune; and entering at the time, I became an eye witness of this extraordinary scene, which, in any other country of Europe, would be considered as incredible, and would not obtain belief."'—pp. 238—240.

We quite agree with Sir William Hamilton, that this anecdote is nearly incredible; and, as we have not had the advantage of hearing it from himself, we have the less scruple in saying that we do not believe one word of it.

At Rome, in one of his peregrinations, Sir Nathaniel sees the

Pretender;

Pretender; and as he saw Africa in the King of Portugal so he *could not help* seeing 'the Hebrides' in the features of Charles Edward. Some interest will probably be excited by an abstract of his account of Charles Edward and his wife.

'In 1779, Charles Edward exhibited to the world a very humiliating spectacle. At the theatre, where he appeared almost every evening, he was led in by his domestics, who laid him down on a species of sofa, in the back part of his box; while the Countess d'Albany, his consort, occupied the front seat during the whole performance. As, for obvious reasons, no English subject could be presented to a man who still laid claim to the British crown; there was not any opportunity of seeing the Chevalier de St. George which offered itself, except across the theatre: and even there he lay concealed, as I have already observed, on account of his infirmities; rarely coming forward to view. Being desirous, nevertheless, to obtain a more accurate idea of his face and person, than could be acquired at such a distance; I took my station, one evening, at the head of a private staircase, near the door by which, when the performance closed, he quitted the playhouse. As soon as the Chevalier approached near enough to distinguish the English regimental, he instantly stopped, gently shook off the two servants who supported him, one on each side; and taking off his hat, politely saluted us. He then passed on to his carriage, sustained by the two attendants, as he descended the staircase.

'I *could not help*, as I looked at him, recollecting the series of dangers and escapes which he underwent or effected, for successive months, among the Hebrides, after his defeat at Culloden.

'Charles Edward's complexion was dark, and he manifestly bore the same family resemblance to his grand-father James the Second, that his Britannic Majesty's countenance presents to George the First, or to the late king. On the occasion just related, he wore, besides the decorations of the Order of the *Garter*, a velvet great coat, which his infirm health rendered necessary even in summer, on coming out of the theatre; and a cocked-hat, the sides of which were half drawn up with gold twist. His whole figure, paralytic and debilitated, presented the appearance of great bodily decay.

'Charles Edward, driven by the mortifications which he experienced at Rome, to abandon that city, sought refuge at Florence; where he finished in January, 1784, his inglorious career, as James the Second had done at the palace of St. Germain, in 1701.

'Louisa, Countess d'Albany, his consort, merited a more agreeable partner, and might have graced a throne. Her person was formed on a small scale, with a fair complexion, delicate features, and lively, as well as attractive manners. Born Princess of Stolberg, she excited great admiration on her first arrival from Germany: but in 1779, no hope of issue by the Chevalier could be any longer entertained. After his decease, she quitted Italy, and finally established herself at Paris. In the year 1787, I have passed the evening at her residence, the hotel de Bourgogne, in the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where she supported an

elegant

elegant establishment. Her person then still retained many pretensions to beauty; and her deportment, unassuming, but dignified, set off her attractions. In one of the apartments stood a canopy, with a chair of state, on which were displayed the royal arms of Great Britain; and every piece of plate, down to the tea spoons, were ornamented in a similar manner. Some of the more massy pieces, which were said to have belonged to Mary of Modena, James the Second's Queen, seemed to revive the extinct recollections of the revolution of 1688. A numerous company, both English and French, male and female, was assembled under her roof, by all of whom she was addressed only as Countess d'Albany; but her own domestics, when serving her, invariably gave her the title of Majesty. The honours of a Queen were in like manner paid her by the nuns of all those convents in Paris, which she was accustomed to visit on certain holydays or festivals. She continued to reside in the capital of France, till the calamitous progress of the French revolution compelling her to abandon that country, she repaired to London; where she found not only personal protection, but new resources in the liberality and bounty of George the Third.'—pp. 291—299.

The winter of 1776-7 introduced Sir Nathaniel to London society; and his two publications 'on the Northern Kingdoms of Europe,' and on 'the History of France under the Race of Valois,' however destitute of merit, (as he modestly says,) facilitated and procured his admission into the Blue Stocking circles of that society. Of the three great leaders of the Blue Stocking, Mrs. Montague, Mrs. Vesey, and Mrs. Thrale; and of Johnson, Burke, Beauclerk, Reynolds, Garrick, Barry, Walpole, Shipley, &c. &c. he gives a very long and meagre account. Written in evident and almost professed imitation of Marmontel's account of the societies of Mesdames Du Deffand and Geoffrin, it resembles the Frenchman's gay and striking sketches no more than the *Blucher's Head* at the corner of Essex-street resembles the living portrait by Lawrence. There is, indeed, no part of the work which gives us so mean an opinion of Sir Nathaniel's abilities as this; for we should have thought it scarcely possible that any man of the least power or practice of observation, who had ever been admitted to the company of such persons, should be able to speak of them without exciting some degree of interest, and gratifying in some measure the affectionate and reverential curiosity which we feel for all that concerns them. For instance, let us quote the whole and only mention which he makes of Garrick and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

'Garrick frequently made one of the assembly. His presence always diffused a gaiety over the room; but he seemed to shrink from too near a contact with Johnson, whose superiority of mind, added to the roughness and closeness of his hugs, reduced Garrick to act on the defensive.' 'Sir Joshua Reynolds, precluded by his deafness from mixing

ing in, or contributing to general conversation; his trumpet held up to his ear, was gratified by the attention of those who addressed to him their discourse; a notice which the resources of his mind enabled him to repay with interest.'—pp. 150, 151.

In the year 1780 Sir Nathaniel breaks out with great force into the riots of London, and by the assistance of the before-mentioned printed sources of information, and some verbal communications (of great interest, as he states,—not worth relating, as we think,) from Sir John Macpherson, he occupies thirty pages with a history of these events, and yet contrives to leave the most interesting particulars untold.

The account of a hurricane which took place in the West Indies in the same year, affords so characteristic a specimen of our historian's style and manner of stringing his subjects like beads, that we wish we could quote the whole passage, but it is like too many of Sir Nathaniel's stories, rather long and somewhat indecent; we shall therefore, only, as a specimen of his desultory and rambling way of writing what he calls *history*, say, that the hurricane reminds him of Barbadoes—Barbadoes of General James Cunningham, a great friend of his, who had been once governor of that island—the West Indian governor reminds him of a story of a West Indian negro who was pressed on a singular occasion by a natural want—this natural want reminds him of one of the generals of the great Frederic of Prussia, who had felt a similar embarrassment at his monarch's table—this leads Sir Nathaniel to mention the death of *Tycho Brahe*, which was caused, as he says, by a like act of imprudent respect; and the very next paragraph informs us that in September of this same eventful year Sir Nathaniel was elected one of the members for the Borough of Hindon in Wiltshire.

This will remind our readers of the style of that ingenious person Mr. Aircastle.

'I remember Ensign Sash about ten years ago—his father came from *Barbadoes*—I met him at Treacle's, the great sugar-baker's—who had a house in St. Mary Axe—he took the lease from Alderman Gingham, who serv'd sheriff with Deputy Bull—there was *tight work on the hustings*.'*

Both Sir Nathaniel and Mr. Aircastle, we see, begin with Barbadoes and end with an election.

We now find the Memoirs, like those of our old friend P. P. 'all of a foam with politics;' and Sir Nathaniel proceeds to give at great length the public transactions of the period during which he sat in parliament; but unluckily he tells us little of any historical value, and nothing almost that we did not know before, or that we

* The Cozeners, Act II. Sc. 3.

do

do not know to be false. It is very clear that Sir Nathaniel was not at all in the *secret* of any party, and the face of the political world was to him like the town clock,—he saw the hand move and heard the bell strike, but observed nothing of the springs which impelled, and knew nothing of the principles that regulated the machine.

This, we dare say, was not Sir Nathaniel's fault, and we do not reproach him with it as a fault of his, but it is a fault of his book; and, in one sense, it may constitute a personal charge against him: for if he knows nothing more than the newspapers knew, it is hardly fair to delude an unsuspicious amateur of history out of eighteen shillings for a new edition, in octavo, of the Daily Advertiser.

One circumstance of much curiosity, it was, we have always understood, peculiarly in Sir Nathaniel's power to have elucidated, but we regret to say that he has not fulfilled our expectations.

It was said at the time, that the Nabob of Arcot, who had some weighty concerns pending with the British government, had been advised to create a certain influence in parliament which should facilitate the progress of his business. Of the number of those to whom the Nabob's influence was supposed to extend were, we think, Sir John Macpherson, Sir Nathaniel's great fountain of knowledge, and Sir Nathaniel himself.—We wish very sincerely that the historian had a little explained this obscure, but interesting passage in the parliamentary history of the country, either to deny it altogether and refute a vulgar error, or to offer some apology for, or at least some account of, so extraordinary a position as that in which the *members for Arcot* stood. We should, either way, have a curious point of historical fact decided, and we should have been better able to pronounce on the claims of the historian himself to credit for the impartiality and independence of his political conduct.

We wish also, on a less important, but not entirely uninteresting subject, that Sir Nathaniel had stated the authority upon which he so positively attributes (vol. ii. p. 9) the celebrated 'Heroic Epistle' to Mason.

But though Sir Nathaniel has been so very chary of original information, solid or light, we very readily, and indeed willingly, confess that his account of the political persons and scenes which passed under his own eyes, from 1780 to 1784 is sometimes amusing, and, on a few occasions, lively and pleasant.

Nothing, indeed, can shew more strongly how much better it is to listen to one who *tells* what he has *seen*, than to one who *repeats* what he has *heard*, than the superiority of Sir Nathaniel's account of the events of which he was a spectator, over those in which he was only an auditor; and we cannot but think that the

acquaintance

acquaintance of that worthy baronet, Sir John Macpherson, however it may have cheered and enlivened Sir Nathaniel's society, has been of the most fatal consequence to his work; for our parts, we read on with great satisfaction as long as our historian talks in the first person, but we find our jaws involuntarily distorted into a yawn at the very sight of the name of Sir John Macpherson, who appears to us to be (pace *tanti* viri) the most consummate and accomplished bore that this reign has produced.

The desultory and incoherent style, however, in which Sir Nathaniel rambles about, renders it exceedingly difficult to make extracts which shall at once do justice to the author's meaning, and be reducible to our limits—the most ordinary anecdote is extended over two or three pages, and the character of any individual is seldom contained in less than half a dozen; and not satisfied with such incidental observations on the characters of public men as the events which he relates naturally excite, he seems to consider it necessary to write a professed review of the manners, morals, talents, and *res gestæ* of each: in this way Lord North and Lord Sackville are spread over forty pages, and Pitt and Fox have each near thirty to their respective shares.

We shall endeavour to put together some scattered sentences of the account of Lord North, whose talents and virtues Sir Nathaniel appears to venerate; we wish he were as able, as he is willing, to do justice to the very singular and amiable character of that minister.

'Lord North, who had already occupied the posts of first Lord of the Treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer, during eleven years, was then in the full vigor of his faculties, having nearly accomplished the forty-ninth year of his age. In his person he was of the middle size, heavy, large, and much inclined to corpulency. There appeared in the cast and formation of his countenance, nay even in his manner, so strong a resemblance to the royal family, that it was difficult not to perceive it. Like them, he had a fair complexion, regular features, light hair, with bushy eyebrows, and grey eyes, rather prominent in his head. His face might be indeed esteemed a caricature of the king; and those who remembered the intimacy which subsisted between Frederic, the late Prince of Wales, and the Earl, as well as Countess of Guildford, Lord North's father and mother, to which allusion has already been made, found no difficulty in accounting, though perhaps very unjustly, for that similarity. His tongue being too large for his mouth, rendered his articulation somewhat thick, though not at all indistinct. In parliament, the deficiency of his sight was productive to him of many inconveniencies. For, even at the distance of a few feet, he saw very imperfectly; and across the house, he was unable to distinguish persons with any degree of accuracy. In speaking, walking, and every motion, it is not enough to say that he wanted grace; he was to the

the last degree awkward. In addition to his defect of sight, he was subject likewise to a constitutional somnolency, which neither the animated declamations of Fox, nor the pathetic invocations of Burke, nor the hoarse menaces of Barré, could always prevent.

'Lord North was powerful, able, and fluent in debate; sometimes repelling the charges made against him, with solid argument; but still more frequently eluding or blunting the weapons of his antagonists, by the force of wit and humour. He rarely rose however to sublimity, though he possessed vast facility and command of language. When necessary, he could speak for a long time, apparently with great pathos, and yet disclose no fact, nor reveal any secret. An unalterable suavity and equality of temper, which was natural to him, enabled him to sustain, unmoved, the bitter sarcasms and severe accusations, levelled at him from the opposition benches. They always seemed to sink into him, like a canon ball into a wool sack. Anger and resentment appeared to be foreign to his nature, and as if only put on occasionally to serve a particular purpose. He was indeed incapable of lasting enmity, though he felt, and sometimes expressed contempt for those, who abandoned him from mean and mercenary motives. He possessed a classic mind, full of information, and always enlivened by wit, as well as sweetened by good humour. When young, he had travelled over a considerable part of Europe, and he knew the continent well: he spoke French with facility, and was equally versed in the great writings of antiquity. It was impossible to experience dulness in his society, and even during the last years of his life, when nearly or totally blind, and labouring under many infirmities, his equanimity of temper never forsook him, nor even his gaiety, and powers of conversation. I have frequently seen him display the utmost cheerfulness under those circumstances so trying to human nature.

'As a statesman, his enemies charged him with irresolution: but he might rather be taxed with indolence and procrastination, than with want of decision. He naturally loved to postpone, though when it became necessary to resolve, he could abide firmly by his determination. Never had any minister purer hands, nor manifested less rapacity. The want of political courage cannot be justly attributed to him; and if we consider how critical, as well as perilous, were the times, we shall not refuse him a just claim to the praise of ministerial firmness. But it was, surrounded by his family, that he appeared peculiarly an object of esteem and of attachment, divested of all form or ostentation, diffusing gaiety and good humour round him. Even those who opposed the *minister*, loved the *man*. Considered in every relation, even in his very weaknesses, Lord North was most amiable: in that point of view, his character will rise on a comparison with any first minister of Great Britain, during the course of the eighteenth century; and all those who knew him, in the endearing charities of life, where the minister becomes merged in the father, the husband, and the individual, or had ever mixed with him in society, while regarding his tomb, would involuntarily find their eyes suffused in tears.'—vol. i. pp. 478—497.

We

We collect Sir Nathaniel's opinion of the late Lord Liverpool from the following sentences.

'Few persons in the course of this long and eventful reign, *have played so important a part behind the curtain of state.* Still fewer individuals have attained to such eminence, personal as well as political, unaided by the advantages of high birth, or of natural connexions. Descended from a very respectable family, that had been raised to the baronetage by Charles the Second in 1661, his paternal fortune was nevertheless of the most limited description, when he commenced his career. But his talents soon dispersed the clouds that attended the morning of his life. The expression of his countenance, I find it difficult to describe. Reflection and caution seemed to be stamped on every feature; while his eyes were usually, even in conversation, directed towards the earth. Something impervious and inscrutable seemed to accompany and to characetrize his demeanour, which awakened curiosity, while it repressed inquiry. His manners were polite, calm, and unassuming: grave, if not cold; but not distant, without any mixture of pride or affectation. In society, though reserved, he was not silent. He always appeared as if desirous to disclaim, and to reject the consideration, which he involuntarily attracted. It was not difficult, on a short acquaintance, to discover that he had read men, more than books, and even his knowledge of modern history was rather financial and commercial, than general or critical. But, in recompence for these deficiences, he possessed more useful and solid attainments, calculated to raise their possessor in life.

'No man in official situation was supposed to understand better the principles of trade, navigation, manufactures, and revenue. Supple, patient, mild, laborious, persevering, attentive to improve the favourable occasions which presented themselves, and always cool, he never lost the ground that he had once gained. As a speaker in the House of Commons, he rose seldom, unless called out by particular circumstances. He neither introduced metaphors, digressions, nor citations. All was fact and business. His language had nothing in it animated or elevated. Scarcely was it, indeed, always correct, or exempt from some little inelegancies of diction; but it never was defective in the essentials of perspicuity, brevity, and thorough information. He used to remind me of a man crossing a torrent on stones; and so carefully did he place his foot at every step, as never once to wet his shoe. I have seen him, before a crowded house, acquit himself with wonderful dexterity, while secretary at war, when officially addressing parliament. Such qualifications, even independent of the supposed favor of the sovereign, necessarily rendered him an object of respect and of attention to every party.'—vol. i. pp. 533—539.

In this character of Lord Liverpool, though it may be, in the main, tolerably correct, there are some errors which prove that Sir Nathaniel had no personal acquaintance with the person whose portrait he draws; for instance, nothing can be less accurate than the statement that his lordship's education was narrow, and that he

was

was more read in men than in books. Lord Liverpool had received, not only a *good*, but a *long* education; having spent at the University more than double the usual period of academic residence. He was an excellent classical scholar, and possessed as great a variety of reading as perhaps any of his contemporaries (except only Burke.) He continued all his life what is commonly called a *bookish* man; and though his natural good sense and acuteness of observation undoubtedly enabled him to *read men* with the eye of a practical statesman, yet he was certainly as little versed in the ways of the world and general society as any man of his station whom we could quote.

On the subject to which Sir Nathaniel, in the foregoing, and still more forcibly in other passages, alludes, of the supposed *secret influence* of Mr. Jenkinson, we wish he had recollected what he himself relates at a subsequent period, when on Mr. Coke's motion on the 24th March, 1783, this charge received a most direct and satisfactory refutation.

'Irritated by the delays and impediments to their attainment of power, the "Coalition," affecting to consider them as caused by the operation of secret influence on the royal mind, and clearly applying the imputation itself to Jenkinson; that gentleman, who was present on the occasion, repelled the charge, so often preferred against him in the course of the present reign, with the most decided and peremptory denial of the fact. He candidly admitted indeed, that he had seen his majesty repeatedly in the course of the preceding month: but he justified the act, as, in his quality of a privy councillor, he was bound to obey the summons of his sovereign, and to repair to St. James's, whenever officially required. The idea of secret influence he reprobated, as only a bait for the multitude, invented to delude the nation, and brought forward on the present occasion, merely to serve political purposes. Having exculpated himself, he conjured Lord North, though now allied with Fox, to state, as a man of honour and veracity, whether during his administration of many years, when they acted together, his lordship *had ever found or felt such a pretended influence lurking behind the throne.* Jenkinson added, that so implicit a reliance had he on Lord North's principles of honour, as willingly to abide the issue of his declaration respecting the point. Thus called on, that nobleman rose, and in terms the most explicit, confirmed all that Jenkinson had asserted; disdaining to swell the popular cry, and protesting that he *never had experienced any concealed agency or interposition between himself and the sovereign,* while he had presided in the councils of the crown. It was not possible for a declaration to be less equivocal, or better calculated to undeceive the believers in secret influence.'—vol. ii. pp. 322—324.

And yet Sir Nathaniel himself continues, in several passages, to insinuate the justice of the imputation; and we believe that it is absolutely

absolutely untrue, that after the Coalition Administration was formed, Mr. Jenkinson ever saw his Majesty in private, as Sir Nathaniel relates him (vol. ii. p. 376) to have done. That the King was sometimes desirous of obtaining his advice on certain occasions relating to his family or his private concerns, we happen to know. We know too the kind and approving tone of the last note which his Majesty wrote to him on his finally retiring from public life: and it is probable that, on the foundation of innocent communications like those, the suspicion of politicians like Sir Nathaniel raised the outcry of 'secret influence.'

The first appearance of Mr. Pitt in the House of Commons will probably interest our readers.

'It was in reply to Lord Nugent that Pitt first broke silence, from under the gallery on the opposition side of the house. The same composure, self-possession and imposing dignity of manner, which afterwards so eminently characterized him when seated on the treasury bench, distinguished him in this first essay of his powers, though he then wanted three months to have completed his twenty-second year. The same nervous, correct, and polished diction, free from any inaccuracy of language, or embarrassment of deportment, which, as first minister, he subsequently displayed, were equally manifested on this occasion. Formed for a popular assembly, he seemed made to guide its deliberations, from the first moment that he addressed the members composing it. All men beheld in him at once a future minister; and the opposition, overjoyed at such an accession of strength, vyed with each other in their encomiums, as well as in their predictions of his certain elevation. Burke exclaimed, that "he was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself."'—vol. ii. pp. 63—65.

Sir Nathaniel's very diffuse characters of Fox, Burke, Barré, Dunning, Dundas, &c. though in general tolerably just, are drawn with little power of discrimination, and expressed with no force of language, and would hardly repay the trouble of making extracts from them.

The friends of the late Mr. Fox will allege that Sir Nathaniel has been unjust to that eminent man: but we think that on this delicate subject the opinion of Sir Nathaniel is not only sincere, but justified by the circumstances of Mr. Fox's life. Sir Nathaniel does not deny to him (who could venture to do so?) great talents, great goodness of heart, great amenity of disposition, great generosity, great magnanimity; but, on the other hand, who can deny the foibles of his private character, and the violence, the impolicy, and the mischief of much of his public conduct? Who will now defend his originally breaking, and his subsequent junction with Lord North? Who will apologise for all the sacrifices to ambition which he was ready to make? We say nothing of his conduct in later times; on that subject we confess we ourselves could scarcely write

write impartially; but with regard to the transactions which Sir Nathaniel Wraxall relates, we must do him the justice to say that we think his bias against the politics of Mr. Fox is not only just and reasonable, but that similar sentiments are common to the great majority of mankind who have any means (by memory or by reading) of judging of the events of that statesman's public life.

On the subject of Junius, Sir Nathaniel informs us that the king knew who the author was—that he, Sir Nathaniel, believes that Gerard Hamilton *was;*—and that he is *confident* that Lord Sackville was *not*. Now let us say here *en passant*, that we have good reason to believe that the king did not know, and of course did not affect to know Junius—that Gerard Hamilton's claims are very slight,—and that of all the claimants we are decidedly of opinion that there is the greatest mass of evidence against Lord Sackville—we say *against*, because undoubtedly his lordship would lose more in moral character than he would gain in literary and political reputation from being proved to have written Junius; but it is amusing, though in Sir Nathaniel's work not singular, that his reasoning on this subject leads to conclusions exactly the reverse of those at which he arrives. For example—he thought at first that

'Junius's death, whenever it took place, would infallibly remove the veil which conceals his name. On more mature reflection, nevertheless, very strong causes for continuing to preserve his incognito beyond the grave, may present themselves. *If he left behind him lineal representatives*, he might dread exposing them to the hereditary animosity of some "of the worst, and the most powerful men in this country." Even should he have left no descendants, it is possible that *he might dislike the comparison between his actions and his writings*, which must have been made by mankind. If, for instance, it would have been proved that he *accepted an office*, a pension, *or a peerage*, from the sovereign and the minister whom he had *recently* accused as enemies to their country, or as having betrayed its interests;—*would not the moral aversion or contempt excited towards his memory by such a disclosure*, have overbalanced the meed of literary fame obtained from the labours of his pen?'—p. 457.

Now not one of these considerations (and we admit to Sir Nathaniel that they are *all* very forcible) occurs in the case of Mr. Hamilton, and every one of them suit in a remarkable manner that of Lord Sackville. If more than one person was concerned, Hamilton may have assisted, but that his lordship was, if not the author, at least *the informer* and *instigator* of Junius, we have a very confident, and, we think, well-grounded belief; but on this interesting subject we may say something on a future and more appropriate occasion.

Sir Nathaniel so very seldom deviates into any thing like a pleasantry, that we cannot omit the following story.

'I have been assured, that towards the conclusion of George the Second's reign, when Mr. Pitt, afterwards created Earl of Chatham, occupied

cupied a principal place in the cabinet; Lord Falmouth having waited on him, at his levee, stated his wish to be recommended to his majesty, for the first vacant *garter*. The secretary of state expressing a degree of reluctance to lay the request before the king, and manifesting some disapprobation of the demand itself; " You will be pleased, sir, to remember," said Lord Falmouth, " that I bring in five votes who go with ministry in the House of Commons; and if my application is disregarded, you must take the consequence." " Your lordship threatens me," replied the minister with warmth; " you may, therefore be assured, that so long as I hold a place in the councils of the crown, you shall never receive the order of the *garter*." Then turning round, he exclaimed, addressing himself to those near him,

" Optat Ephippia Bos piger."

' Lord Falmouth comprehending nothing of the meaning of these words, but conceiving that the monosyllable *Bos* must allude to his name, requested to be informed what the minister meant by so calling him? " The observation," replied Mr. Pitt, " is not mine, but Horace's." As little familiar with the name of the Roman poet, as he was acquainted with his writings, Lord Falmouth, apprehending that *Horace Walpole* had said something severe or disrespectful concerning him; under that second mistake, " If Horace Walpole," said he, " has taken any liberties with my name, I shall know how to resent it. His brother, *Sir Robert*, when he was alive, and first minister, never presumed so to treat me." Having thus expressed himself, he quitted Mr. Pitt, leaving the audience in astonishment at the effect of his double misapprehension.'—vol. ii. pp. 123—125.

This is a good story, and we have no desire to create, by too close an examination, any doubt of its truth; but we must say, that of all the anecdote-tellers we have ever met, we entertain, generally and in the abstract, the greatest suspicion of Sir Nathaniel. He seems to be a patient listener, but a most inaccurate recollector of what he hears; and as far as we have been able ourselves to examine his stories, we have found almost every one of them liable to charges either of gross inaccuracy, or of absolute mistake.

We have already had occasion to notice some of these errors; but it becomes our duty in this place, for the sake of historical truth, to enter into a little detail on this subject, and to shew how totally careless Sir Nathaniel has been of what we must consider as the first duty of an historian.

We do not mean to say that all the statements of his book are false; on the contrary, those parts which he has compiled from the Annual Register and Parliamentary Debates are tolerably accurate, and a great deal even of what he relates on his own authority may be true: but so much is mistaken, exaggerated, or wholly unfounded, that, in our inability to separate the sound grain from the damaged, we are obliged to refuse our credit in the lump, and declare that no kind of reliance is to be placed on the uncorroborated asser-

assertions of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall. Neither our information nor our limits would permit us to pursue him through all his errors; but we shall select a few instances, some on trifling and others on important subjects, which will, we think, quite justify our general incredulity.

On the occasion of the treaty of Fontainebleau, Sir Nathaniel breaks forth into the following indignant and accusatory exclamation:—

'Well might "Junius" exclaim, that the ambassador who subscribed such unbecoming conditions, must have sold his country! Well might scandal, *if not truth*, assert, that the Princess Dowager of Wales received for herself, as a present, from the court of Versailles, a hundred thousand pounds; and that the first minister, Lord Bute, retained for his share, ninety-six thousand!'—vol. i. pp. 97, 98.

This audacious charge against three of the most distinguished persons in the state, which nothing but the most cogent authority could induce us to believe, Sir Nathaniel revives on no authority at all—indeed he himself professes that he does not know whether it is *scandal* or *truth*—but he assumes it to be true, because forsooth Junius (the most false and impudent anonymous libeller that ever lived) imputes it to his enemy, the Duke of Bedford; and because, as Sir Nathaniel shrewdly intimates, Lord Bute could not have been able to build his magnificent *residence* in Berkeley square, now Lansdown-House, without the assistance of this 96,000*l*. Sir Nathaniel, if he had known any thing about this house, might have known that, far from being Lord Bute's *residence*, it never was inhabited nor even completed by him; but that, after having very much impaired his private fortune by this work, he was obliged to sell the unfinished shell to Lord Shelburne. So that the only shadow of proof, which Sir Nathaniel produces to establish this most incredible and monstrous profligacy, has a tendency directly the other way. But the most surprising part of all is, that though Sir Nathaniel so boldly publishes this libel, he blindly confesses that this accusation 'was again renewed, twenty years later, at the conclusion of the peace of 1783, against Lord Shelburne, with greater virulence, and with bolder affirmations!'—vol. i. p. 429; and does not see that this repetition of the old slander is its own refutation; nay, he even expends a great deal of time and insinuation to fix this crime on Lord Shelburne, with about as much justice as he had previously attacked the reputation of Lord Bute and the Duke of Bedford.

Sir Nathaniel attributes (vol. i. p. 467) the plan of taxing America to the king, and describes his Majesty as forcing it upon Mr. Grenville, though it is well known that this measure was Mr. Grenville's own, and certainly not *forced* on him by the king.

'When Mr. Pitt, sustained by four of the cabinet ministers, made the experiment of forcing the king to violate his conscience, on the 29th of January, 1801, relative to the question of "Catholic Emancipation in Ireland;" they instantly *found* themselves out of office. They unquestionably did not intend to resign.'—vol. i. p. 383.

This assertion, we have reason to know, is untrue. That Mr. Pitt's resignation was, on his part, a deliberate measure, and distinctly stated in a letter from himself to the King as a determined one, is known to all the partakers of his councils at that time, almost every one of whom is still living.

'On the day of the death of George II.' says Sir Nathaniel, 'Mr. Pitt (Lord Chatham) presented the young King a paper, containing a few sentences, which, he suggested, it might be proper to pronounce on meeting the privy council; the King, after thanking him, replied, that he had already considered the subject, and had drawn up his intended address, to be delivered at the council table. The minister, who perceived that Lord Bute had anticipated him, made the unavoidable inference.'—vol. i. p. 406.

These circumstances are inaccurate, and it is positively untrue that the speech was previously written. It was drawn up by Mr. Pitt—one sentence alone the King added with his own hand: 'born a Briton,' &c.

To such stories as those last quoted we can only oppose our own assertion, founded on authentic information, and our appeal to persons, yet alive, who were parties in some degree to the transactions; but some of the stories carry their own refutation on their face, as that of Mr. Fraser, (vol. i. p. 415) 'who, as under secretary of state, had occasion to present a paper for the signature of George II.'—a duty which never, by any chance, could have devolved on Mr. Fraser, or any other person in his situation; and yet this Sir Nathaniel vouches that he had from Mr. Fraser himself.

He is so absurdly ignorant of official and constitutional forms as to assert, (vol. i. p. 549.) that Robinson, *the secretary of the Treasury*, counter-signed, on the refusal of Lord Weymouth, *the secretary of state*, an order for the attack on Pondicherry, in 1778—a perfect impossibility.

Of a piece with this, is the absurd statement (vol. i. p. 382) that so well aware was the cabinet of 1801, that the peace with France was impolitic, unsafe, and unwise, that Lord Hawkesbury affixed his signature to the preliminary treaty, 'not only without the King's consent or approbation, but even without his knowledge.' This is neither more nor less than a downright falsehood.

The flippant and offensive report (vol. i. p. 122.) of the king's conversation with the Duke of Dorset, when obliged to confer the blue riband on the present Lord Camden, *must* be untrue, because

cause it was on the Duke of Dorset's death that Lord Camden had the garter: and Sir Nathaniel solemnly asserts, he himself had it from the Duke, who, however, died before the thing could have occurred. Sir Nathaniel had forgotten the proverb that '*dead* men tell no tales.' We really never read a more impertinent story.

When Sir Nathaniel blusters (vol. ii. p. 297) about the *indignation* which Lord North and his friends might have felt at the *dereliction* of the American Loyalists by the ministry of 1783, he should have acquainted us in what manner he conceives better terms could have been made for these persons; and he should have remembered also, that besides the perpetual annuity of 4,000*l.* to the Penns, sums to the amount of 4,300,000*l.* have been given to those very Loyalists by the ministers who are accused of neglecting them. Well might Mr. Rose* ask—'Is there to be met with, in the history of the world, a similar instance of the munificence of a nation?'

Sir Nathaniel states, (vol. ii. p. 374,) that in the year 1783, he himself met Mr. Pitt, in company with Mr. Rose, at *Antwerp*. Now we happen to know that Mr. Pitt never was in Antwerp in his life.

He, in another place, (vol. ii. p. 473) represents Mr. Pitt as endeavouring to *bilk* a turnpike-keeper in a drunken frolic, and having been fired at, while making his escape; but Mr. Pitt, even in his moments of convivial elevation, could not have been betrayed into such mean irregularities: the truth of the matter is, that Mr. Pitt's postillions having missed the road as he was one night returning from Croydon, alighted to ask the way, and Mr. Pitt having also got out of his carriage, they knocked at a house to obtain information, and were answered by a shot, which the owner fired, supposing them to be house-breakers. Sir Nathaniel quotes the *Rolliad* for his account of this adventure, but it is plain he does not understand what he quotes, as the *Rolliad* clearly points to the facts as we have stated them, and refers to 'the instance of Mr. Pitt's late peril from the *farmer* at Wandsworth!'

'How as Pitt *wander'd, darkling* o'er the plain,
His reason drown'd in Jenkinson's Champaign,
A *rustic*'s hand, but righteous Fate withstood,
Had shed a Premier's, for a *robber*'s blood!'—*Roll.* p. 34.

On the famous night of Lord North's sudden resignation, he had 'ordered his coach to remain at the House of Commons in waiting, on that evening. In consequence of so unexpected an event as his resig-

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* 'Brief Examination,' 1799, p 25.

nation, and the House breaking up at such an early hour, the housekeeper's room became crowded to the greatest degree; few persons having directed their carriages to be ready before midnight. In the midst of this confusion, Lord North's coach drove up to the door; and as he prepared to get into it, he said, turning to those persons near him, with that unalterable equanimity and good temper which never forsook him, "Good night, Gentlemen, you see what it is to be in the secret."' —vol. ii. p. 152.

Here Sir Nathaniel hardly does justice to the bon-mot of the retiring minister: 'I protest, Gentlemen,' said Lord North, 'this is the first time in my life I ever derived any personal advantage from being *in the secret.*'

The not-very-cleanly joke which (vol. i. p. 520) Sir Nathaniel attributes to Lord Sandwich, is the property of Lord North. Lord Sandwich was not of a turn to make such a reply.

The anecdote (vol. i. p. 504) which Sir Nathaniel tells of Lord Sackville and Sir John Elliot, we have heard, we believe more truly, of the late Lord Melville and Sir Walter Farquhar.

The following story, told by Sir Nathaniel, of *George Selwyn,* is related by Grimm, with a greater probability of truth, of the famous *Condamine;* if true of either, it is a melancholy and disgraceful instance of morbid curiosity.

'Selwyn's nervous irritability, and anxious curiosity to observe the effect of dissolution on men, exposed him to much ridicule, not unaccompanied with censure. He was accused of attending all executions; and sometimes, in order to elude notice, in a female dress. I have been assured that in 1756, he went over to Paris, expressly for the purpose of witnessing the last moments of Damien, who expired under the most acute torture, for having attempted the life of Louis the Fifteenth. Being among the crowd, and attempting to approach too near the scaffold, he was repulsed by one of the executioners; but, having informed the person, that he had made the journey from London solely with a view to be present at the punishment and death of Damien, the man immediately caused the people to make way, exclaiming at the same time, "*Faites place pour Monsieur, c'est un Anglois, et un Amateur.*"— vol. ii. pp. 186-187.

Sir Nathaniel states, (vol. ii. p. 252,) 'that on the 29th August, 1782, the Royal George, the pride and ornament of the British navy, &c. &c. &c. disappeared in an instant in the midst of *Portsmouth harbour;*' and he employs two pages in descanting on this subject: yet it is known to all mankind, except Sir Nathaniel, that she did not sink in *Portsmouth harbour,* and that her masts were, till within the few last years, visible at Spithead; and poor Sir Nathaniel, with all his curiosity and feeling on this subject, seems not to have known the cause of the accident, but to

to attribute it to some *mysterious fatality*, in which superstitious impression his mind is much fortified by recollecting that another *first-rate*, the Queen Charlotte, was blown up on the 17th March, 1800.

The stories of barefaced corruption alleged to have been practised by Roberts, (vol. ii. p. 497,) and Ross Mackay, (vol. ii. p. 501,) the private secretaries respectively of Mr. Pelham and Lord Bute, are wholly unworthy of credit; the authority on which they stand would not support the credibility of the most common event, much less of such monstrous profligacy.

But the most impudent and flagrant instance of the loose and unjustifiable manner in which Sir Nathaniel deals out imputation and libel in the shape of anecdotes, occurs in his account of Augusta Caroline of Brunswick, first wife of the King of Wirtemberg, the husband *en secondes nôces* of our Princess Royal: and with this anecdote we shall conclude our observations on the pompous gossip and inflated trash of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall.

'This princess, who was born towards the end of the year 1764, before she attained the age of sixteen, was married to the present king, at that time Prince of Wirtemberg. Some years after her marriage, she accompanied the prince her husband into Russia. They resided during some time at Petersburgh, or in other parts of the Russian Empire; but in 1787 he quitted Catherine's service and dominions; leaving his wife behind, of whose conduct, it was asserted, he had great reason to complain. At the end of a year or two, it was notified to the Prince of Wirtemberg, as well as to the Duke of Brunswick, by order of the Empress, that the wife of the one, and the daughter of the other, was no more. Doubts were not only entertained whether she died a natural death, but it remained questionable whether she did not still survive, and was not existing in Siberia, or in the Polar Desarts.

'I have heard this subject agitated between 1789 and 1795, when great uncertainty prevailed respecting the point; though it seemed to be generally believed that she was dead, and that her end had been accelerated or produced by poison. It was natural to ask, who had caused the poison to be administered? Was the empress herself the perpetrator of this crime? And even if that fact should be admitted, was not the Prince of Wirtemberg tacitly a party to its commission? Though no positive solution of these questions could be given, yet when the fact of the princess's death came to be universally understood, many persons doubted the innocence of her husband. The King of Great Britain himself was strongly imbued with the opinion, of which he made no secret. In 1796, when the first overtures were begun, on the part of the court of Wirtemberg, for the marriage of their prince to the Princess Royal; George the Third was so prepossessed against him, for having been supposed privy to the death of his wife, that he would not listen to the proposal. In order to remove an obstacle of such magnitude, the prince sent over to London a private agent, instructed to ascertain from what quarter

quarter the accusation came, and furnished with documents for disproving it. *That agent I personally knew, while he was here, employed on the above mission. He possessed talents, spirit, zeal, and activity, all of which he exerted in the cause.* Having clearly traced the imputation up to Count Woronzoff, who long had been, and who then was the Russian envoy at our court; he induced the count, by very strong personal remonstrances, accompanied, as we must suppose, by proofs, to declare his conviction of the prince's innocence, and utter ignorance of the nature or manner of his wife's end. It followed of course, that Catherine, under whose exclusive care she remained, could alone be accused of having produced it. The agent finally satisfied his Majesty that the empress, and she only, caused the princess to be dispatched, without the participation, consent, or knowledge of her husband; *if after all she did not die of a natural death.*'—vol. i. pp. 203—207.

We beg our readers to observe how the assertion, that this princess was *barbarously murdered*, dwindles away into the innocent alternative, 'IF *indeed she did not die a natural death.*'

Sir Nathaniel then goes on to state several circumstances which induce him to suspect that the princess's husband, though thus acquitted by the testimony of Count Woronzow, and the deliberate judgment of George the Third, was nevertheless not guiltless of her death, and amongst them he makes the following observations:

'We have seen that Count Woronzoff originally maintained his sovereign's innocence of the princess's death, though he was afterwards induced to depart from that assertion. But *when* did he make such an admission? Much depends on the time. For Catherine died on the 6th of November, 1796; and after her death, a crime, more or less, might not appear to be of much consequence, where so many could be justly attributed to her.'—vol. i. p. 214.

These are terrible charges against the King of Wirtemberg and the Empress Catharine, and a rather serious imputation against Count Woronzow. It happens a little unluckily for Sir Nathaniel, that in his eagerness to publish his book, he forgot that Count Woronzow was still alive; and this nobleman, whose long residence in this country and connection with some of our illustrious families, quicken his natural sense of honour and his indignation at being slandered by a British historian, wrote, we find, to Sir Nathaniel a *formal and flat denial* of every circumstance in which his name was mentioned, and required of the historical Baronet to state the name of the agent whom he professes *to have known so intimately*, and from whom he had received a report so injurious to the Count's character, as well as the proofs of the imputation having been clearly traced up to him;—to this Sir Nathaniel replied, 'that he really *did not recollect the agent's name!*—but that if Count Woronzow would assure him that the statement in the Memoirs was inaccurate, he *would correct it in the next edition, as an histo-*

historical error.' Count Woronzow, however, not contented with the correction which Sir Nathaniel proposes to inflict upon himself, is so kind as to assist him in the work of penitence with some help from the law: the case is now before the King's Bench, and (a new circumstance in literature) the veracity of the historian will be tried, not at the bar of posterity, nor even of a Review, but at that of Westminster.—God send him a good deliverance!

We may regret the awkward situation in which Sir Nathaniel has placed himself; but we cannot blame those against whom such grave accusations are made for resorting to the only means of defence left to them.

Sir Nathaniel may be, and we believe is, in private society, a good-natured gentleman, and a man quite above practising any premeditated deception; but his work is as far from deserving a character of good-nature as of veracity. It is not a sufficient justification of his moral character, that he does not mean to deceive, and that where he leads his reader astray he has been himself previously misled. We think that a writer is under no inconsiderable responsibility in his moral character, to set down as fact, no more than he *knows*: for the injury to private feeling and public confidence is quite as great from his presumptuous ignorance as it would be from absolute falsehood or malice.—The fables of Sir Nathaniel are now capable of detection, but the detection will not accompany them down to posterity; and we even doubt whether the conviction of Sir Nathaniel for a libel, if it should occur, will reach many readers who, fifty years hence, may chance to pick up Wraxall's History of My Own Time. We fear that to such works as that which we are now reviewing, we may prophesy, in the eloquent expression of Junius, a longer existence than it merits—' trifles float and are preserved—while what is solid and valuable sinks to the bottom, and is lost for ever.'

ART. XII. *The Life of the Most Noble Arthur Duke of Wellington, from the Period of his first Achievements in India, down to his Invasion of France, and the Peace of Paris in* 1814. By George Elliott, Esq. 8vo. London. 1814.

A TITLE like this, designed for the hawker's catalogue and the provincial newspapers, may be supposed sufficiently to indicate the sort of book to which it is prefixed. The book, however, is not altogether so bad as the bill of fare promises. The right wood for making a Mercury may be spoiled by a clumsy carver: but he who has to make a molten image of precious metal, whatever

ever the workmanship may be, will produce something that must always be worth its weight. This is the case with the volume before us—it is made of golden materials: and such as it is, it gives us a fair occasion for presenting a summary of the exploits of our great captain.

The Cowley family, afterwards called Colley, migrated from Rutlandshire into Ireland in the reign of Henry VIII. A younger son of that family took the name and arms of Wesley or Wellesley, in the early part of the last century, pursuant to the will of a kinsman. Richard Colley Wellesley, who thus changed his name, was created Baron Mornington by George II. His son, Viscount Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, married, in 1759, Anne, the eldest daughter of the Right Honourable Arthur Hill, Viscount Dungannon, and died in 1784, leaving a numerous family and an embarrassed estate: but he left also an admirable widow, to whose wise economy and personal instruction her children have been deeply indebted, and who yet lives to witness the extraordinary glory which attends them. Arthur, the fourth son, was born May 1st, 1769, at Dengan Castle, the seat of his ancestors; the castle has lately been destroyed by fire, the estate has been alienated, and is now occupied by Roger O'Connor. He was a little while at Eton, whence, while yet very young, he was removed to the military academy at Angers, there being, at that time, no such institution in England. It has been said, that at the age of 12 or 14, he held an ensign's commission,—such things were common before that real and unostentatious reform which has been effected under the Duke of York's administration, and which has made the British army what all Europe now acknowledges it to be. The book before us, however, affirms that he did not receive his first commission (in the 41st regiment) till he was in his eighteenth year. After a series of exchanges and promotions, his brother, the present Marquis Wellesley, purchased for him the Lieutenant Colonelcy of the 33d; September 30th, 1793. In the ensuing year, he accompanied Lord Moira to Ostend, and, in the subsequent disastrous retreat from Holland, conducted himself in a manner which obtained much praise from military men. In 1795, he embarked for the West Indies; but the fleet was repeatedly driven back by tempests: before it could proceed, the destination of his regiment was altered, and he was ordered to Ireland to recruit,—thus perhaps providentially escaping that fate to which so large a portion of his fellow soldiers were doomed!

Lord Mornington being appointed governor-general of India in 1797, a fair field was opened for Colonel Wellesley in that country, whither his regiment was now ordered. When the new governor arrived to succeed Sir John Shore, he found Tippoo Sultan making

making at the same time the most solemn professions of friendship to the English and the most extensive preparations for a war of extermination against them. The English in India have never had a more formidable enemy than Hyder Ali, never so inveterate a one as his son. Both would, in any station, have been remarkable men: the father, though he committed no wholesale massacres, like Mahmoud or Nadir, was as immitigable though not as indiscriminate in his cruelty, a greater statesman than either, and perhaps a greater general. The son was equally cruel, more ferocious, far inferior in ability, and his zeal for Islamism and hatred of the English amounted almost to madness. He imagined himself the chosen servant of the prophet destined to root out the Nazarenes, as he called them, from India, and, in his own language, send those accursed ones to hell. This was to be effected by the aid of the French, whom he suffered to establish a Jacobin club in his capital, where eternal hatred was sworn to all kings, with the exception of Citizen Tippoo;—when they had done his work Citizen Tippoo proposed to send them to hell also for their reward. His dreams (for 'I My Majesty,' as he calls himself, kept an account of his dreams) represented to him the consummation of these hopes; and that he might see more vividly than in imagination his heart's desire upon his enemies, he had a piece of mechanism constructed, which represented a tiger in the act of destroying an European; the figures were as large as life, and when the works were set in motion, the human automaton raised its hands as if in supplication, and uttered dreadful screams! Tippoo had a turban for this holy war, which had been dipt in the well of Zemzem, thereby acquiring a sanctity which he hoped, and perhaps believed, would render it impenetrable; and when he sate upon his throne it was under the splendid form of the humma,—a fabulous bird, which is supposed to confer prosperity and empire upon him over whose head it casts the shadow of its wings.

While this strange tyrant was forming alliances with the Mahrattas, with the French in the Isle of France, with Zemaun Shah in Candahar, and with Ali Buonaparte in Egypt, Lord Mornington obtained full information of all his measures, and prevented their execution, with that vigour which characterized his administration in India. One battle only was fought before Tippoo retired within the walls of his capital. It was at the village of Mallavelly: Major General Floyd commanded; Colonel Wellesley distinguished himself greatly, as also did Colonel Cotton, who was destined to be his companion in so many fields of glory. At the subsequent siege of Seringapatam, Colonel Wellesley had the difficult service of driving in the enemy from the strong ground which afforded cover for their rocket men; and upon its capture he was appointed governor,

governor, and named as one of the commissioners who were to dispose of the conquered territories. To him in particular the arrangements for removing the family of the fallen sultan were committed. 'The details of this painful but indispensable measure,' said Lord Mornington in his instructions, 'cannot be entrusted to any person more likely to combine every office of humanity with the prudential precautions required by the occasion than Colonel Wellesley; and I therefore commit to his discretion, activity, and humanity, the whole arrangement, subject always to such suggestions as may be offered by the other members of the commission.' In this, and in all the arduous duties of his government, Colonel Wellesley so acted as to justify his brother's choice, and to deserve and obtain the gratitude of the conquered people. During his command at Seringapatam, one of those adventurers started up who have so often subverted empires and founded dynasties in the east. Dhoondiah Waugh was the name of this freebooter; he soon made himself formidable, and it was necessary to send a force against him under Colonel Wellesley. By a rapid movement he intercepted Dhoondiah on his march with about 5000 horse; Colonel Wellesley had four regiments with him whom he was obliged to form in one line, in order, as nearly as might be, to equal that of the enemy in length; they charged the enemy with complete success, routed them, dispersed them, and killed their leader, thus effectually completing the service upon which they had been sent.

Lord Mornington, upon the true policy of thinking nothing done while aught remained to be performed, now planned an expedition against Batavia, in which his brother was to have acted under General Baird. His object was to expel the French from the Indian seas, and for this purpose he meditated also the conquest of the isles of France and Bourbon,—a conquest, the delay of which had occasioned so heavy a loss to the East India Company. These plans were frustrated, partly, it is said, because Admiral Rainier made some demur as to the extent of the Governor General's power,—as if such questions should have arisen when great objects of national policy were to be undertaken! General Baird was called off with his disposable force to Egypt; and Colonel Wellesley, who had so narrowly escaped exposure to the fatal climate of the west, was thus saved from the dangers of a region even more destructive in the east. It had been intended that he should accompany the troops to Egypt; but Lord Mornington perceived that a new scene of danger was opening in India, and therefore remanded him to his command at Seringapatam.

Notwithstanding the alliance between the Mahrattas and the British government, the former had carried on a secret correspondence with Tippoo, endeavoured to excite his family to oppose the settle-

settlement of Mysore after his death, and given unequivocal proof of their hostile purposes, by refusing that portion of his territories which was offered them. The Peishwah possessed at this time merely a nominal authority; his councils were entirely controlled by Dowlut Rao Scindiah, who, with inferior talents, and less discretion, had succeeded to the power of his uncle Madhagee Scindiah. This chieftain not only over-ruled his own sovereign, but was master also of the Mogul's person, holding thus in actual subjection the descendants and representatives of Seevagee and of Aurengzebe. Even oriental history presents few tragedies so frightful as that of Shah Aalum, the last of the Moguls! He had first protected, and then promoted Gulam Kaudir Khan, whom his own father had banished for his vices: the favoured servant of a weak prince easily becomes his master, and Shah Aalum soon found himself under a yoke which he could not shake off. Scindiah was marching against Delhi, and Gulam Kaudir offered to answer with his head for the result, if the Mogul would march out with his troops and give them a supply of money. Shah Aalum objected that he had no money; the Khan offered to advance a sufficient sum, saying all he had to do was to head the army, the presence of a monarch being above half the battle. The Mogul agreed; but the next day a letter from him, desiring Scindiah to make all possible haste and destroy Gulam Kaudir, was intercepted by Gulam himself. However insufferable his conduct might have been, he was now fairly justified in measures of self-defence, and had he contented himself with simply putting the Mogul to death, he would have been liable to little censure for such an action. But this man had all the cruelty of the oriental character. He stormed Delhi, and entering the Mogul's chamber, knocked him down, knelt on his breast, and with his own hand pulled out one of his eyes. One of the Mogul's servants was made to pull out the other; the palace was then given up to pillage, and this ruffian going into the zenana, tore the jewels from the noses and ears of the Mogul's women, and cut off their arms and legs. The most beautiful of the Mogul's daughters is said to have stabbed herself to escape the violence which he offered. There is some satisfaction in recording the merited punishment of a wretch like this: being unable to resist Scindiah, he stuffed his saddle with precious stones, and fled toward Persia; on the second night he fell from his horse, and was taken by his pursuers. Scindiah put him in irons and exposed him in a cage, then ordered his ears, nose, hands and feet to be cut off, and left him in that condition to expire!

Shah Aalum was thus revenged, but his condition was in no respect ameliorated. The Mahrattas held him in the most abject subjection; and when Scindiah left Delhi and its surrounding terri-

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tory in the possession of M. Perron, a French adventurer, who under his protection was forming an independent state, the French, while they still used the name of the aged and blind monarch, treated his person with the most barbarous indignity. Upon this Frenchman Scindiah placed great reliance, expecting by his means to oppose the British forces with equal arms. A M. de Boigné was the first person who formed a body of regular troops in Scindiah's service, and he admitted British as well as French officers indiscriminately; but M. Perron, when he succeeded to the command, carefully excluded the former, that he might establish a military power exclusively commanded by his own countrymen. His force at this time amounted to about 16 or 17,000 regular and disciplined infantry, a well appointed and numerous train of artillery, a body of irregular troops, and from 15 to 20,000 horse; beside which he looked for reinforcements of cavalry from the petty chiefs who were his tributaries or allies. His revenues were about 1,700,000*l.* A Frenchman never loses sight of the interests of France—it is the best part of their national character; as it is the worst part of ours, that the honour and welfare of our country are habitually sacrificed to the most despicable passions, and the vilest purposes of faction. The French had been told that England must receive her mortal wound in India, and M. Perron was in just such a situation as Buonaparte would have selected, for striking the blow. His head-quarters were established near Coel, in a commanding position on the frontier of the British possessions, and on the most vulnerable part of our extensive empire. Consistently with the safety of that empire, his power could not be suffered to exist; but before that question could be brought into discussion Scindiah provoked a war. A rival chief, by name Jeswunt Rao Holkar, disputed his authority over the Peishwah. The founder of Holkar's family was a man of low birth; and the orientalists, who embellish or disfigure every thing with fable, say, that in his boyhood when he was keeping sheep and had fallen asleep in the sun, the deadliest of the Indian serpents crept from its hole and extended its hood over his head to shield him from the heat. The fable is worth repeating, because a more appropriate tutelary genius for an eastern conqueror could not be imagined.

Holkar began his career with considerable success; the combined armies of the Peishwah and Scindiah marched against him; but the Peishwah now conceived a hope of emancipating himself from the subjection in which he was held; and when the approach of Holkar diminished his fear of Scindiah, he seized the opportunity of proposing an alliance to the British government. It was immediately ratified by the Governor General, and an agent was sent

sent to Scindiah for the purpose of inviting him to accede to the alliance; for it was thought that all parties would now find it advantageous to come to an agreement under the mediation of the British. The Peishwah, in whom the proposal originated, would regain his authority by this means, Scindiah would be secured against a rival whom he was little able to withstand, and Holkar, who was at present a mere adventurer depending upon rapine, might acquire a permanent establishment. But while the agent was on his way, the armies engaged in battle, Holkar was victorious, and the Peishwah, escaping to the Cokan, signified to the government at Bombay that it was his intention to take refuge in that presidency. Holkar, meanwhile, took possession of his capital, aud placing another puppet on the throne, reigned there in his name. In this state of things both the governors of Madras and Bombay thought it necessary, without waiting for instructions from Bengal, to prepare their disposable force for immediate service. On the one hand, Holkar earnestly applied to the resident at Poonah to effect an accommodation with the Peishwah; Scindiah, on the other, requested a continuance of the British friendship towards him and his dependent sovereign: and the Peishwah, being now at liberty to act for himself without controul from either, signed a treaty at Bassein, in consequence of which the British forces prepared to restore him to his capital. The nearest troops were those of the Madras presidency, assembled at Hurryhur, on the north-west frontier of Mysore, under Lieutenant General Stuart; a detachment from this force was ordered to advance into the Mahratta territory: the command of this detachment required political judgment, not less than military skill; Lord Clive therefore thought it could not be confided with so much likelihood of advantage to any person as to Major General Wellesley, because of his local knowledge, and his personal influence among the Mahrattas—an influence acquired during his command at Mysore, and his military operations against Dhoondiah and other refractory chiefs. The detachment consisted of 9700 men, including one regiment of European horse and two of foot; and to these were added 2500 Mysore cavalry, the resources of Mysore being now brought in aid of the British government, which, before Marquis Wellesley's administration, had been so often endangered by the restless hostility of that formidable power.

General Wellesley performed a long march through the Mahratta territory, at a most unfavourable season, without loss or distress, so well had he concerted the supply and movement of his troops: here also he manifested that talent which was afterwards so signally displayed in France; in the midst of an enemy's country he maintained such perfect discipline, and succeeded so entirely in prevent-

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ing all plunder and excess, that the inhabitants, wherever he came, regarded him as their protector and preserver. At Aklcoss, he formed a junction with the Nizam's subsidiary force under Colonel Stevenson; but learning that Holkar had left Poonah, where Amrut Rao (father of the puppet whom the usurper had placed upon the throne) remained with about 1,500 men, he thought it unnecessary to advance with the whole of his force through an exhausted country; especially as it was now, more than ever, needful that he should accelerate his march: for he was repeatedly apprized that Amrut Rao had resolved to plunder and set fire to the city, on the approach of the British troops; and the Peishwah, who had still part of his family there, sent an urgent request that he would detach some of his Mahratta troops to provide for their safety. Leaving, therefore, Colonel Stevenson's force so distributed as that the whole might easily procure subsistence and speedily form a junction whenever it was advisable, as soon as his own detachment was within sixty miles of Poonah, he made a forced march with the British and Mahratta cavalry, and performed the whole distance in thirty-two hours, the last forty miles by night, over a most rugged country, and through the difficult pass of the little Bhoorghaut. He reached the city so unexpectedly, that Amrut Rao had only time for flight. Well has it been said in those official notes wherein these transactions are so perspicuously related, and their policy so triumphantly justified, that the first effects of the British influence in the Mahratta dominions were thus displayed in rescuing the capital of the empire from impending ruin, and its inhabitants from violence and rapine—a circumstance equally honourable to the British character and propitious to the British interests in that part of India. The inhabitants, who had remained in the city, welcomed the British troops as their deliverers, and they who had fled to the adjoining hills during Holkar's usurpation, immediately returned to their houses and resumed their occupations. The Peishwah returned to his palace, where, for the first time, he felt himself a sovereign in reality as well as in name.

Scindiah, meantime, had collected a large force, avowedly for the purpose of opposing Holkar. But no sooner had the interference of the British power delivered him from all danger in that quarter, than he began to negociate with his old rival and with the Rajah of Berar, for the purpose of subverting the treaty of Bassein. After a long series of professions, prevarications and falsehoods, in the true style of Asiatic policy, he at length declared, that when he and the Rajah of Berar had met, the British resident should be informed whether it would be peace or war. There remained only this alternative: to submit to the insults of a rapacious and faithless adventurer, suffer the Mahrattas to dictate to the British government, and

and thus sacrifice its dignity, its honour, and its interests, or, by an effort equal to the occasion, crush the audacious enemy, and cut up danger by the roots; for it was well known that Scindiah relied upon the skill and discipline of M. Perron's army, and that his triumph would be the triumph of French policy, and would more than any other event prepare the way for French ascendancy in the East. Happily for the British empire there was a strong hand at the helm. A campaign was planned upon a wider scale than any European had ever before ventured to contemplate in India. It comprehended almost the whole of Hindostan, from Calcutta and Madras on the eastern, to Bombay on the western side, and from Delhi in the farthest north to Poonah, Hyderabad, Guzerat and Orissa. The latter country was to be attacked from Gangam and from Calcutta, thereby striking an effectual blow against the Rajah of Berar; the government of Bombay would seize the sea ports and territory belonging to Scindiah in Guzerat; on the Oude frontier General Lake had to destroy the influence of the French, and rescue the blind Mogul from the barbarous indignity with which he was treated by these adventurers, thus at once extending the power and exalting the character of the British: in the Dekan, General Wellesley had to oppose the confederated force under Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar; to protect the Nizam, the Peishwah, and deliver the Company's possessions from danger. His position was so important, so great his influence among the Mahratta chiefs, and so great the confidence reposed in him, that he was invested with a distinct local authority, subject only to the Governor General in council, but possessing full power to conclude upon the spot whatever arrangements might become necessary either for the final settlement of peace or for the active prosecution of war.

The history of this memorable campaign, which, in all its parts, was as ably executed as it was wisely planned, belongs to the life of Marquis Wellesley rather than to his brother; but the Duke of Wellington may look back with pride upon the part which he performed in it. The great danger in Indian warfare is that of not being able to bring the enemy to action. Hyder Ally well knew the advantages of this Parthian mode. An English commander, weary of pursuing him, once wrote a letter to that able general, saying how disgraceful it was for a prince like him, at the head of a large army, to fly before so small a force. Hyder replied, 'Give me the same sort of troops that you command, and your wish for battle shall be gratified. You will understand my mode of war in time. Shall I risk my cavalry, which cost 1,000 rupees each horse, against your cannon-balls that cost two pice? No; I will march your troops till their legs shall become the size of their bodies. You shall not have a blade of grass nor a drop of water. I shall

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hear of you every time your drum beats, but you shall not know where I am once a month. I will give your army battle, but it must be when I please, and not when you desire it.' Hyder kept his word. Scindiah's army seemed disposed to act upon this policy when General Wellesley and Colonel Stevenson marched against him; the former had about 9,000 men in his division, the latter about 8,000. The combined force of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar consisted of 10,500 regular infantry, commanded by French officers, (besides irregular foot,) a well equipped train of artillery, exceeding 100 guns, and between 30 and 40,000 horse. It was of the utmost importance to bring their main force to action. When, therefore, the two British corps met on the 21st September, at Badnapoor, General Wellesley determined that they should move separately towards the enemy, and attack them on the morning of the 24th. He took the eastern route, beginning his march on the 22d. On the 23d, when he reached Naulnair, he found that the enemy were about six miles off, upon the very ground on which he himself had intended to encamp. He determined to attack them, without waiting for Colonel Stevenson; it was better, he thought, to bring them to action with half the army, than let them avoid an attack—which they would probably do if he delayed. Moreover, he could not wait for the junction, without being himself exposed to that mode of harassing war which barbarous troops are best employed in waging, and which European soldiers can least endure—a warfare which, affording to the defensive party little other stimulus than that of perpetual alarm, wears down the spirits as well as the body. In these circumstances the boldest counsel was the best; and Charles XII. did not act more boldly at Narva, nor with more signal success.

The troops had already marched fourteen miles; a sufficient body was left for the protection of the baggage and stores, the rest hastened on, and came in sight of the enemy at one in the afternoon. The confederate army was encamped between the Kaitna and the Juah, two rivers which run nearly parallel toward the point of their junction. Their line extended east and west along the north bank of the Kaitna; the banks of which being high and rocky are not passable for guns, except at places close to the villages. Their right consisted entirely of cavalry and extended to the infantry, which were encamped near Assye, a fortified village that has given name to the battle. General Wellesley determined to attack the left, where the guns and infantry were posted, though he had arrived in front of their right; an attack upon the vital part of their force he rightly thought would be decisive. He passed the Kaitna at a ford beyond their left flank, and formed his infantry in two lines, leaving the cavalry as a reserve in a third, and keeping in

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check a large body of the enemy's cavalry by the Peishwah's and Mysore horse. The enemy, perceiving his intention, changed the position of their infantry and guns, and brought them to bear upon the assailants with consummate skill and terrible effect. Officers who had made several campaigns on the continent declared that they had never seen cannon better served than at Assye that day. The British artillery had opened at a distance of four hundred yards; General Wellesley saw that it could produce little effect against the formidable line opposed to it, and that it could not advance because so many men and bullocks were disabled. Never was promptitude more required and never was it more strikingly displayed than throughout the whole of this day's work. He gave orders to leave the guns, and for the whole line to move; Lieutenant Colonel Maxwell, with the British horse, being instructed to protect the right:—the 74th regiment in this wing had suffered so much from the enemy's cannon, that a body of Mahratta cavalry ventured to charge it; Colonel Maxwell charged them in return and drove them with great slaughter into the Juah. The enemy now, dismayed at the steady advance of the British troops, gave way on all sides; they were driven from their guns; and the British army, pressing on in pursuit, left the artillery which they had thus bravely taken behind them. They were not enough in number to secure advantages as they won them; and perhaps in the heat and exultation of victory, they did not recollect that it is a common practice among Indian troops to feign death in the hope of escaping it; with this hope many of the Mahrattas threw themselves down among the guns, the conquerors passed them by, and they seeing that another hope flashed upon them, rose and turned the guns upon the victorious army. The fugitives, perceiving how marvellous a change was thus effected in their favour, rallied, and the battle was to be fought again. Colonel Maxwell charged their infantry, broke them again, but fell. General Wellesley with the 78th, and a regiment of native cavalry, once more attacked the formidable artillery, which had already made such havoc among his men; his horse was shot under him, but the second attack proved as irresistible as the first, and the field with all the spoil was again his own—no more to be contested.

The loss of the conquerors was severe beyond all former example in India, a full third of the victorious army being killed or wounded. Never was any victory gained against so many disadvantages. Superior arms and discipline have often prevailed against as great a numerical difference; but it would be describing the least part of this day's glory to say that the number of the enemy were as ten to one: they had disciplined troops in the field under European officers, who more than doubled the British force; they had an hun-

hundred pieces of cannon which were served with perfect skill, and which the British, without the aid of artillery, twice won with the bayonet. Never was victory more bravely achieved, or more complete; stores, ammunition, camp equipage, bullocks and camels, standards and cannon were left upon the field; 1200 dead were counted there, and the country round was strewed with the wounded. It produced proposals from the enemy; one of Scindiah's ministers wrote to request that General Wellesley would send a British officer to his master's camp for the purpose of negociating terms of peace. England has never in her Indian wars been fooled by treaties out of what she has gained by the sword. The General, having none to controul him, was left to pursue the straight forward policy of an active spirit and a commanding mind. He refused to treat upon these propositions, because, as the request was not made directly on the authority of Scindiah and the Rajah of Berar, they might afterwards have disavowed the act of their minister; and because it would appear, if a British officer were sent to the enemy's camp, that the British were soliciting peace, instead of granting it to a beaten enemy. He declared himself, however, ready to receive with all respect, in the British camp, any person duly authorized to propose terms. It soon became obvious that the Mahrattas were temporizing, and he lost no time in prosecuting his success. After totally destroying Scindiah's Persian cavalry, and defeating the greater part of the Berar infantry on the plains of Argaum, he stormed the hill fort of Gawalgur and compelled the Rajah to purchase a separate peace by ceding the provinces of Auttack and Balesore; and a fortnight afterwards Scindiah, in like manner, submitted to such terms as the British general thought proper to dictate. The other parts of this marvellous campaign belong not to our subject. Suffice it to say that M. Perron retired before General Lake without venturing to give him battle; and his reputation received a shock from which he was unable to recover; the fort of Ally Ghur, which was his usual residence and grand depôt, and which, to any native power, was impregnable, was taken by storm. The victorious English entered the city of Shah Jehan and of Aurengzebe, to deliver their blind and oppressed descendant from degradation and bondage. The capture of Agra put them in possession of the city of the Great Akbar, and the fort which has emphatically been called the key of Hindostan; and the battle of Leswaree completed the defeat of the enemy, and the destruction of the French force, M. Perron and his officers soliciting the British protection, because, when their power was overthrown, 'they found themselves just objects of indignation in the country which they had governed.' General Wellesley, for his part in this memorable campaign, received the

the first fruits of those honours of which he was one day to reap so abundant a harvest. A monument in memory of the battle of Assye was erected at Calcutta: the inhabitants of that city presented him with a sword; his own officers with a golden vase: in England the thanks of Parliament were voted him, and he was made a Knight Companion of the Bath. The people of Seringapatam presented to him an address on his return, which, to one who felt himself deserving of the feelings which it expressed, must be as gratifying as the proudest distinctions. They had reposed for five years, they said, under the shadow of his protection: they had felt, during his absence in the midst of battles and victory, that his care for their welfare had been extended to them as amply as if no other object had occupied his mind: they were preparing in their several casts the duties of thanksgiving and of sacrifices to the preserving God who had brought him back in safety, and they implored the God of all casts and of all nations, to hear their constant prayer, whenever greater affairs should call him from them, for his health, his glory, and his happiness.

Sir Arthur Wellesley (as he must now be called) returned to England in 1805, and commanded a brigade in the army under Lord Cathcart, which, having landed on the continent, speedily reimbarked in consequence of the battle of Austerlitz. He was now, upon the death of Marquis Cornwallis, made colonel of the 38th regiment, in which he had served as lieutenant-colonel thirteen years. In 1806 he took his seat in the House of Commons, as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight. In the same year he married the Honourable Catherine Pakenham, sister to the Earl of Longford. In 1807 he was appointed chief secretary in Ireland under the Duke of Richmond, and Dublin is indebted to him for a police. In the summer of this year the expedition sailed against Copenhagen, and Sir Arthur again accompanied Lord Cathcart. The justice or injustice of that measure was then vehemently debated: men fall into the violence of party-questions as they do into the absurdities of fashion, and, in like manner, wonder at them when their season is gone by. Time, which buries so many things in darkness, brings others to light; the disposition of the Danish government has since been so completely tried and proved, as effectually to justify the preventive policy of Great Britain, and the English ministers will be censured hereafter, not for having done so much, but for not having done more—for their forbearance, not for their vigour. Only one action of any importance took place, and in that Sir Arthur commanded. Four battalions of the Danes were strongly posted on the banks of a stream, with cavalry on both flanks, and apparently a large body in reserve at some distance beyond Kioge, the little town in front of which the rivulet

runs. It was agreed that the Swedish General Linsingen should ascend the bank higher up and turn the left flank of the Danes, while Sir Arthur attacked them in the front. The two corps lost all communication with each other on the march; and Sir Arthur, when he came in sight of the enemy, without waiting for the junction, attacked them, drove them from a position into a strong entrenchment, from that entrenchment into the town, pursued them into the town, routed and dispersed them. This action deprived the governor of Copenhagen of all hope of relief from the army, and accelerated the capitulation. Sir Arthur Wellesley was appointed to treat: in diplomacy and in war he pursued the same prompt system, and the terms were discussed, settled, and signed the same night.

He was soon to be tried in more arduous undertakings. By the peace of Tilsit, Buonaparte was left master of the continent of Europe, the greatest part being actually in his possession, and the rest under his controul. He possessed a more real and absolute authority over Germany than the most powerful of her emperors had ever been able to obtain. Switzerland, which had in former times so gloriously asserted her independence, submitted to call him her Protector, received with obedience his oppressive and barbarizing edicts, and supplied men to fill up the enormous consumption of his wars. Holding France, Flanders, and Italy himself, he had established one brother upon the throne of Naples, made a second King of Holland, and erected a kingdom in Germany for a third, with territories taken indiscriminately from his foes and his friends. His sister's husband, Murat, possessed a principality, with the title of Grand Duke of Berg; Eugene Beauharnois, his wife's son, was married into the house of Bavaria, and ruled Italy as his Viceroy; his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, would, upon the next vacancy, be placed at the head of the Roman Catholic Church. Never had any adventurer, in an enlightened age and civilized world, built up such a fortune for himself and his family, and his followers. Like the hero of a Spanish romance of chivalry, he portioned out kingdoms, and principalities, and dukedoms, from his conquests, among his companions in arms, and we read of Dukes of Istria, and Dalmatia, and Ragusa, and Dantzic among the new nobility of France. His reputation, political as well as military, was at the highest pitch; he had achieved more than Louis XIV had attempted, and exerted a wider authority than Charlemagne had claimed; while the world, dazzled by the splendour of his successes, was but too ready to forget or to forgive his crimes. If ever man might have been satisfied with dominion and with renown it was Napoleon Buonaparte; but it is with ambition of this kind as it is with avarice, 'increase of appetite had grown by what it fed on.'

Spain had long been the submissive ally of France; the first of the Spanish Bourbons had never been so entirely directed by Louis the Great, as Charles IV. was by Buonaparte. The Spanish government was thoroughly corrupt in all its parts;—head, body, and members were alike diseased; the profligacy of the court exceeded all former example, it spread like a contagion wherever the influence of that court extended, and affected all the branches of administration. But the great mass of the people retained the old national character and the old national spirit with little change, and with little or no deterioration; and in spite of its vile government, and viler superstition, Spain had been rapidly advancing, before the French revolution broke out like a volcano in the midst of civilized society. That spirit of improvement which seemed to characterize the age, was felt even here where improvements of every kind penetrate so slowly. Arts, sciences, and literature had revived; agricultural societies were formed, commerce was flourishing; the very Inquisition, though it retained its vigilance, had abated its ferocity. But the war in which she engaged against the French Republic, exposed the imbecility of her councils, and the wretched state of her resources. It was terminated by a disgraceful peace, for which the most despicable minister that ever managed the affairs of this ill-fated kingdom was rewarded with the title of prince. That peace necessarily led to hostilities with England, an evil which of all others the Spaniards deprecate the most. Peace with England and war with all the rest of the world, is a political proverb among them. Their commerce received a dreadful shock; and their naval power, which Charles III. had left more formidable than it had ever been since the time of the Armada, was destroyed in Buonaparte's service: the finances became daily more and more embarrassed; public credit was at the lowest ebb, and the treasures from the colonies, which arrived under cover of the Portugueze flag, were extorted by her rapacious and insatiable ally. The burthen of such an alliance became at length too galling and too heavy to be endured; and even Charles IV. and Godoy, the weakest of monarchs and the basest of favourites, began to devise means for ridding themselves of the yoke. This disposition they made known to Prussia when that power was preparing for its first struggle with Buonaparte. No sooner was the Prussian war declared, than Godoy issued a proclamation calling upon the people not to be dismayed at their situation, for they possessed great resources, and their government was about to make a powerful armament. This act of folly gave rise to a strong remonstrance from the French ambassador; the battle of Jena terrified Charles and his miserable favourite, and Buonaparte, who discovered at Berlin their correspondences with the Prussian court,

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seemed to content himself with having thus expressed his displeasure. Had he marched an army into Spain for the avowed purpose of dethroning the Bourbons upon this quarrel, he would certainly not have provoked the same kind of opposition as that upon which he afterwards wrecked his power and his reputation. His conduct then would have been in the allowed course of open, authorized war. It would neither have insulted the understanding of the Spaniards, nor outraged their moral sense: he would have encountered a regular military resistance from a weak, disorganized, and disorderly army, not that moral resistance which is invincible; he would have contended with the carcass of a rotten government, not the spirit and soul of a nation.

Addicted as the tyrant was to the wanton and ferocious exercise of power, it might have been thought that, being determined upon dethroning the Spanish Bourbons, his pride and his passions would have directed him in the straight course. It is not Jupiter who abuses the reasoning faculties of men to their own destruction,—it is the corrupt will and the wicked heart! As the old Roman emperors, when palled with ordinary excesses, had recourse to monstrous inventions in vice; so Buonaparte seems as if he had been weary of the high ways of ambition. It was not enough to destroy, he would first enjoy the pleasure of deceiving. As he rivalled the Roman Cæsar in military renown, so would he shew himself equal to Cæsar Borgia in the crooked artifices of Italian policy. To be the greatest general, the greatest emperor, the greatest conqueror, was nothing unless he proved himself more consummate in treachery, more audacious in usurpation, than all his predecessors. He might have commenced hostilities upon Spain without exciting one additional feeling of indignation against him; but he chose to go through a series of treaties and intrigues, of fraud and falsehood, the basest artifice, and the most outrageous tyranny; like the Drawcansir hero of Dryden's tragedy, who acts like a madman merely to prove that he dares do so. Tyrants and persecutors delight in insulting as well as in oppressing and vilifying mankind.

He began his machinations by calling upon Spain to supply him with troops, in virtue of that offensive and defensive alliance which Godoy had concluded with the Directory: by these means he withdrew from the country the flower of her armies under the Marquis de Romana, and to make sure of them he sent the greater part into Denmark. The political drama of which the destruction of the Spanish Bourbons and of the house of Braganza was to form the catastrophe, was crowded with intrigues. A secret treaty was made with Charles IV. for partitioning Portugal, which, small as it is, was to be divided into three kingdoms, one for the Prince of the Peace, one for the queen of Etruria in exchange for an ephemeral

meral kingdom which Buonaparte had created, and now took to himself; the third was to remain in his hands to be disposed of as might hereafter seem good, or be exchanged with Spain for her Pyrenean provinces. While the treaty for despoiling the prince of Brazil was negociating, Buonaparte negociated with him also, and required him to renounce his old alliance with Great Britain, seize all the British subjects, and confiscate the British property in Portugal. The prince, knowing the helpless state of his country, consented to every sacrifice except that of his honour and conscience: he gave the English notice to depart and withdraw their property, and then submitted to obey the orders, and be included in the continental system of the universal tyrant. Regardless of this, a French army advanced by forced marches to seize him in his capital; being apprised in time of the secret treaty of Fontainebleau, he made his determination known to the British squadron, embarked with all his family from Belem, and departing from the very spot whence Gama had embarked for the discovery of India, and Cabral for that voyage in which Brazil was discovered, he removed the seat of the Portugueze government to its rising empire in South America. The French, commanded by Junot, entered Portugal without declaration, cause, pretext, or pretence of war; it was proclaimed that they came as friends and allies, and the last orders of the prince were that they should be received as such: this he thought the only means of preventing them from treating his kingdom as a conquered country. As such, however, it was treated, and a contribution was imposed equivalent to a poll-tax of a guinea and a half upon the whole population! The treaties of Fontainebleau were now laid aside,—their use was over, except as documents for history and proofs of the folly of the Spanish court and the duplicity of Buonaparte. The kingdoms of Algarve and of Northern Lusitania obtained neither name nor existence beyond the delusive acts by which they were created, and the Prince of the Peace soon found himself in a situation which gave him more reason to dream of a scaffold than of a throne.

The prince of Asturias hated his father's favourite: a party had collected round him, consisting of men who, during Godoy's ascendancy, were excluded from power, and for that reason discontented with the government. Of these men there were some who had no thought of political reform, no love for liberty, no respect for the old venerable institutions of their country which had so long been trampled under foot; they had grown up in despotism, and the iron had entered into their souls; but they would fain have been themselves the ministers of that despotism, and they saw the iniquity of Godoy's acts, because they were the acts of a rival and an enemy. Others among them had imbibed the princi-

ples of the French revolution with all the ardour of inexperienced youth; but the little knowledge which they possessed had been acquired from pestilent sources; they studied the writings of the French philosophists with more avidity because such books were obtained with difficulty, and could not be possessed without danger; they were to them as stolen water and bread eaten in secret. Beginning thus in a detestation of the tyranny, a contempt for the superstition, and an abhorrence of the intolerance of their own degraded country, in flying from one train of evils they fell into another. The metaphysics of the French school soon destroyed the virtuous feelings which had made way for them, and they who in the first unpolluted impulses of a noble nature would have sacrificed themselves for the deliverance of their country and the good of mankind, were at length fitted, by a selfish, sensual, atheistical philosophy, to be the supple slaves of the foulest usurpation. With or without principle they followed the fashion of the French government through all its changes,—constitutionalists with La Fayette and Lally Tollendal, republicans with Brissot and Condorcet, levellers with Robespierre, and finally worshippers of the Emperor Napoleon. A few there were of a better stamp, who, without any comprehensive views of reform, would yet have removed some of those abuses which tended to weaken the government as much as they aggrieved the people. Their hatred of Godoy was a bond of union. Some of them perhaps may have apprehended that sooner or later Buonaparte would depose the reigning dynasty, and may have thought the only way to avert this danger was by connecting it with his own: certainly they saw that no change could be made in Spain without his concurrence; and that if this were gained, they might disgrace the favourite and govern in his stead. Under the influence of these counsellors, Ferdinand wrote to Buonaparte to solicit a princess of his family in marriage. The affair of the Escurial followed, with all those scandalous proceedings which reflect equal disgrace upon all who were concerned in them. The father and the son, alike imbecile, but not culpable alike, both appealed to Buonaparte, and he enjoyed the pleasure of seeing these Dotterels flutter with fear before they ran into the net. Already under various pretexts he had filled the Peninsula with his troops,—it was to take possession of Portugal, to defend the southern coast against the English, to besiege Gibraltar, and to invade Morocco; for even this project was talked of, and perhaps intended as the next step after the conquest of Spain. It would be out of place here to pursue the detail of events so recent and so notorious as the treacherous seizure of St. Sebastian, Pamplona, Figueiras, and Barcelona, the insurrection at Aranjuez, the occupation

pation of Madrid by Murat, and the betrayal of the whole royal family.

Thus did the Spanish Bourbons pay the price of their alliance with a faithless nation, and a perfidious tyrant. The resources of Spain had long been so entirely at Buonaparte's disposal that if the country had acquiesced in this usurpation, it would have produced only a nominal difference as far as other powers were concerned. In this light England might have regarded it; it mattered not to her whether Charles or Joseph acted as Buonaparte's deputy in Madrid; but upon the Spanish colonies the effect might be most important, and as Great Britain had obtained (at a dear price!) some knowledge of the state and disposition of those colonies, an expedition was prepared against part of Spanish America, and Sir Arthur Wellesley appointed to the command. The troops were collected at Cork; but before they could set sail, the events of the second of May (1808) altered their destination, and changed the fate of Europe. On that day the people of Madrid, exasperated alike at the treachery by which their prince had been kidnapped and the insolence with which a foreign tyrant pretended to set a foreigner and an upstart over them, rose against Murat's army. The immediate result was what drivellers and cowards would have predicted,—the defeat and massacre of the insurgents; but the effects were fully answerable to the hopes of the most heroic spirits that were stirring in that day's work. Never had the blood of martyrdom been more profusely shed, never did that holy seed produce a more abundant harvest. The people were mown down by grape shot in the streets; they were bayonetted in their houses, and when the slaughter of the contest and of the pursuit had ceased, a military tribunal was erected to continue the butchery with the forms of insulted justice. During many succeeding days groups of thirty and forty at a time were led to the Prado, the Puerta del Sol, the Puerta de S. Vicente, the Church of N. Senora de la Soledad,—all the most public places of Madrid,—and there shot in the presence of their townsmen, their friends, their wives, their parents, and their children! Let not the massacre of Madrid be forgotten in the final settlement with Joachim Murat! Had there been any virtue in Ferdinand, any sense of the true honour and true interests of Spain, it is to Naples and not to Buenos Ayres that his armies would have been sent. Woe to those princes and to those nations by whom such offences are forgiven or overlooked! It is worthy of notice at this time, that the ruffian who presided at this military tribunal, and directed these wholesale murders, was General Grouchy, Buonaparte's newly-created marshal, his fit instrument and faithful servant.

The impulse of this movement at Madrid was felt like an electric

tric shock throughout the whole Peninsula. The Spaniards and Portugueze rose simultaneously against their oppressors. Without a government, without a leader, without armies, without concert, they rose against the most formidable military power which had ever yet existed, a power perfectly organized, with all its means in readiness, which held the government and the capital of both kingdoms in its hand, occupied their fortresses, and was in actual possession of both countries. There existed but one nation to which they could look for help. Portugal was bound to England by ties of intimate and most friendly intercourse almost coeval with her existence as a kingdom. The Spaniards were at war with us; but they also knew the English character, and called upon England as the natural and sure ally of men engaging in so just and sacred a cause. 'Never indeed,' says the eloquent Wordsworth, 'was the fellowship of our sentient nature more intimately felt,—never was the irresistible power of justice more gloriously displayed, than when the British and Spanish nations, with an impulse like that of two ancient heroes throwing down their weapons and reconciled in the field, cast off at once their aversions and enmities, and mutually embraced each other, to solemnize this conversion of love, not by the festivities of peace, but by combatting side by side, through danger, and under affliction, in the devotedness of perfect brotherhood.' The feelings of the British people were forcibly appealed to, and they were universally excited. The war, which had hitherto been carried on firmly indeed, but almost without object, or prospect however distant of its termination, assumed at once a new character. We no longer looked merely to self-defence, thinking only how we might ward the blow when it should please the enemy to strike; we no longer reasoned upon the practicability of his invading Ireland or England, and threw up works and erected fortifications upon our own shores;—this sullen and cheerless state was exchanged for action and enterprize, for ardour and enthusiasm, for hope and for joy, heroic hope, and joy strengthened by every good principle and ennobled by every generous feeling. At length a national resistance had been roused against this iron tyranny! At length the cry of liberty had gone forth! Young men understood now by their own emotions, how their fathers had been affected in the morning of the French Revolution; and they who, having seen the hopes of that season blasted, were fallen in spirit as well as in age into 'the sere—the yellow leaf,' felt as though a second spring had been vouchsafed them. Even that party-spirit which is the bane of the British councils and the opprobrium of the British name, even that was for a time suspended; and the general cry was that the most speedy and the most vigorous measures should be taken for assisting the Spaniards

ards and Portugueze in the struggle which they had so gloriously commenced.

The expedition at Cork being ready, Sir Arthur Wellesley was ordered to sail for Coruña, to communicate there with the Junta of Galicia, and act as circumstances might direct him. General Spencer, from Gibraltar, would be instructed to join him, and further reinforcements sent after him, as fast as they could be fitted out. Accordingly Sir Arthur set sail, and on the 20th July arrived at Coruña, where he found tidings of the recent defeat which Cuesta and Blake had sustained at Medina de Rio Seco. It was such a reverse as was to be expected in the outset of such a war. The men, without orders, had marched against the enemy as soon as they heard of their approach, the officers followed the impulse of the men, and the General endeavoured to direct the rash impatience, which he did not attempt to restrain, being in reality neither able to controul, nor competent to guide it. The Spaniards were necessarily defeated by an enemy little if at all inferior in number, strong in cavalry, and acting in a flat country; but they displayed great courage, as well as ardour; and Blake, in covering their retreat, gave a promise of military talent from which much was expected. The French used their victory cruelly, and committed the most atrocious excesses afterwards. They were commanded by Lasalle, an officer who had been trained to atrocious deeds in the Egyptian school. It was this man whose division fell in with sixteen stragglers of Sir John Hope's army, and deliberately cut them down, an exploit of which Buonaparte boasted in his bulletins. This disaster had not in the slightest degree dispirited the Galicians: when the English offered their assistance, they assured Sir Arthur that they were in no need of men, and that his army could no where be so usefully employed as in acting against Junot and clearing Portugal of the enemy. They represented the enemy's force as not exceeding 15,000 men, and said that the Portugueze had already assembled an army of 10,000 at Porto.

To Porto the expedition proceeded; and Sir Arthur, after a conference with the bishop, leaving the transports, went on to confer with Admiral Cotton off the Tagus. It was impossible to effect a landing there: the bar, the fortresses, and the Russian squadron in the river would have rendered the attempt too dangerous, even if it had not been to be made in the face of a superior foe. Peniche was occupied by the enemy, and there was no nearer point at which a disembarkation could be effected than the Mondego; that point therefore was chosen, and Sir Arthur, having sent instructions to General Spencer to join him there, met his transports there on the 30th. There he received dispatches from home, informing him that reinforcements of 5000 men under General

Ludlow

Ludlow were on their way, and that 10,000 more would speedily be sent under Sir John Moore. This general was his superior officer: but the command in chief would be vested in Sir Hew Dalrymple, who was to come from Gibraltar, and Sir Harry Burrard was to be second in command. There was however yet time for him to strike the blow before they should arrive to supersede him, and nothing could be more prosperous than the news from Spain: the French squadron at Cadiz had been taken possession of by the Spaniards, and Dupont, with his whole army, made prisoners in Andalusia. Buonaparte had never before received such a blow; the loss of men indeed was easily reparable, but the reputation of his armies was wounded, the invincibles had been put to shame, the spell which palsied the nations was broken; another such catastrophe might stir up the north of Europe to imitate the glorious example of the Peninsula, and what was to preserve Junot from the fate of Dupont? With this prospect, Sir Arthur Wellesley, having been joined by General Spencer, began his march from Coimbra toward Lisbon.

The disposition of the Portugueze was excellent. The events of their insurrection against the French were little known at the time, and have not yet been detailed in any language except their own. It was a general and simultaneous movement of the people, which, under all circumstances, Sir Arthur Wellesley thought even more extraordinary than that for which the Spaniards deserved and obtained universal sympathy and admiration; it was made against far greater disadvantages; and while the British were on the coast, an enemy's detachment was ravaging Alemtejo under General Loison, a man who, in an army infamous for its excesses, was distinguished for his love of plunder and of blood. On the 29th July he sacked the city of Evora, and, in the carnage which ensued, the clergy were marked out as especial objects of vengeance, and hunted like wild beasts. Wherever he went, his soldiers were let loose to burn, to pillage, and to destroy; but these cruelties served to repress the people only while he was present, and left them more eager and more insatiate for vengeance. This spirit was so general, and such precautions were taken by the governors of Coimbra and Pombal, that the French for a long time obtained little information concerning the British troops. At the first rumour, however, Loison hastened from Alemtejo, and crossing the river, took a position between Thomar and Santarem; and Laborde, who had the reputation of being the best general in that army, with Generals Thomieres and Brennier under him, entered Alcobaça with a strong detachment, and pushed his advanced posts as far as Aljubarrota. The enemy were perfectly well acquainted with the country; in these points they were always as well informed,

as we, till of late, were ignorant. They fell back as the English advanced, and took post upon the heights of Rolissa,* a village about two leagues south of Obidos, remarkable as the first ground whereon the British and French were opposed to each other in the Peninsular war. Laborde had about 5000 men; Loison, with an equal force, was expected to join him on the evening of the 17th. Sir Arthur Wellesley was informed of this, and made his attack in the morning. The enemy had chosen his ground well; it consisted of narrow passes and strong heights. Dispositions were made for turning his left by a column of 1200 Portugueze, and his right by Major General Ferguson, who had also to watch the motions of Loison; but the main attack was made boldly upon the front and strength of the position, where the principal column, under cover of some olive and cork trees, was enabled to approach and *deploy* without much loss. The way was up ravines, made by the rains, in some places overgrown with shrubs, in others impeded with crags, and hitherto only thought practicable for goats. The middle pass appeared the least difficult, and here the assailants suffered their severest loss: for near the top of this pass there was a small opening in the form of a wedge, which, at the point nearest the English, was overgrown with myrtle, arbutus, and those other shrubs which render the wildernesses of this part of Portugal so beautiful. Here the French posted an ambush of riflemen, and here Colonel Lake led his regiment instead of sending forward to explore the ground as the pass opened: the French let half the regiment enter, and then fired upon them when they were in close column. Colonel Lake fell; a severe loss was sustained, but the men pushed forward and won the pass. Here the 29th and 9th regiments found themselves for a considerable time unsupported, and the enemy charged them thrice with great resolution, but were as often repulsed. The skill of the French was indeed as clearly proved that day as their inferiority to the British soldiers in those moments when every thing depends upon native courage. During a contest which began at nine in the morning and was not concluded before five in the afternoon, they retreated with admirable order from one difficult position to another, losing none of the advantages which the ground offered, of which it was not the least that the English were never able to avail themselves of their numerical superiority, the number actually engaged being far less than that of the enemies whom they defeated. They repeatedly attempted to recover what they had lost, and when

* This word is usually, but erroneously, written *Roleia*. Roliça, or Rolissa, is the true name; by the former it is found in books of Portuguese topography, but the latter is used by José Accursio das Neves, the historian of this first invasion, and is preferable in our language, which has no such character as the *c* subscribed.

this

this hope was abandoned, they effected their retreat in good order; for as Sir Arthur Wellesley wanted cavalry, and troops and cannon could not be brought up the passes with the requisite speed, there was no pursuit. Our loss was less than 500 men killed, wounded, and missing; that of the French was supposed to have trebled it, and of their five pieces of cannon three were taken. The battle, though neither in its scale nor its consequences of much importance, becomes interesting, as the first in this long struggle, and because in this trial the British evinced that superiority in what may be termed national courage, which they maintained in every engagement from that day till they closed their triumphant career before the walls of Thoulouse.

On the same day that the battle of Rolissa was fought, the Portugueze by an enterprize, conducted with equal bravery and good fortune, recovered the important city of Abrantes, where Loison had left a garrison of 200 men. That general, as well as Laborde, now fell back to join the main force of the French, which Junot was collecting about Torres Vedras. Junot had left between 3 and 4000 men in Lisbon under General Travot: there were three officers of rank in this French army who distinguished themselves by *not* insulting, *not* injuring, and *not* robbing the inhabitants; Travot, Charlot, and Brennier. The French now began to feel that character was worth something, and Junot, in the proclamations that he issued upon leaving Lisbon, spoke of the virtues by which General Travot had obtained the friendship of the inhabitants of Cascaes and Oeyras. In other respects this paper was in the true French style, save only that it was something below the ordinary point of arrogance.

'You have hitherto been tranquil,' said he to the people of Lisbon; 'it is for your interest to continue so. Do not stain yourselves with a horrible crime at a moment when, without any risk of yours, the lot of arms is about to decide by what power you are to be governed. Reflect too upon the interests of the three nations who now contend for the possession of Lisbon. The glory and the prosperity of the city and the kingdom are what the French desire, because this is the interest and the policy of France. Spain wishes to invade Portugal, and make it one of her provinces, that she may thus become mistress of the whole Peninsula. And England is desirous to rule over you that she may destroy your port and your marine, and prevent the progress of your national industry. The English envy the magnificence of your port; they will not consent that it should exist so near them, and they have no hope of preserving it: they know that a new French army has past your frontiers, and if that does not suffice another will follow it; but meantime they will have destroyed your naval establishments; they will have caused the destruction of Lisbon,—and this is what they aim at, and this is what they desire. They know that they cannot maintain

tain themselves upon the continent; but when they can destroy the ports and the marine of any other power, then they are content.'

Such assertions were little likely to impose upon a people who knew that Lisbon had been one of the most flourishing ports in Europe before the French entered Portugal, and that from the hour of their entrance it had experienced nothing but oppression, extortion, privations, misery, and ruin. Junot thought it perhaps more easy to mislead them by appealing to their religious prejudices. 'What a disgrace to the Portugueze,' he said, 'that they should call in heretics and Moors to their assistance!'—the Highlanders having either been mistaken for Moors upon a distant view, or more probably represented as such for the purpose of deceit.

Sir Arthur Wellesley meantime was informed that Generals Ackland and Anstruther with their brigades were off the coast; and he moved to Vimeiro to protect their landing. The larger reinforcements under Sir Harry Burrard and Sir John Moore, having been delayed by contrary winds, were sixteen days from Portsmouth before they made Cape Finisterre: their instructions were, not to go to the south of Porto without obtaining information. Sir Harry therefore removed to the Brazen sloop with some of his staff, and, leaving the convoy, proceeded first to the Douro, then to the Mondego. Here he found letters from Sir Arthur, recommending that the troops should land here, and march upon Santarem in order to cut off the retreat of the enemy in that direction; but the letter added that they must carry their own bread, for the resources of the country were not to be relied on. Upon weighing this difficulty, and the possible danger of not being in sufficient strength to resist the enemy if they should retire with their force upon that point, Sir Harry Burrard determined not to follow this advice, and continued his course southward. This was on the 18th; the next day he obtained intelligence of the battle of Rolissa, and then dispatched an officer to Sir John Moore, directing him to land in the Mondego, and proceed according to circumstances and his own judgment. Moore accordingly reached the Mondego on the 20th, began to disembark, but presently he received counter-orders to follow Sir Harry, who had changed his mind, and was proceeding to the mouth of the Maceira, where he arrived on the evening of the 20th. While the English troops were thus divided, Junot had collected his forces; he himself, with the advanced guard, took post in front of Torres Vedras, and the main body, under Laborde and Loison, were strongly posted behind the town. They covered the country with their cavalry, of which they had about 1300, and Sir Arthur could only learn that their position was very strong, and their whole strength assembled there. His own plans were speedily formed; Sir Charles Stuart (a man whose eminent military

talents

talents were never allowed an adequate field wherein to display themselves) had carefully surveyed this part of the country while he commanded the British troops in Portugal, for it had not escaped him, that upon this ground, in case of serious invasion, the kingdom must be won or lost. His maps and topographical accounts were in Sir Arthur Wellesley's possession. The French either did not understand the advantages which the ground offered them, or they believed that a defensive system was not practicable on their part, because of the disposition of the people. Sir Arthur determined to push his advanced guard to Mafra on the following morning, turn the enemy's position by this movement, and he then hoped to enter Lisbon in pursuit of the retreating enemy. Having laid down this plan, and issued orders for putting it in execution on the morrow, he heard of Sir Harry's arrival, and going immediately on board to communicate with him, he explained his intended measures.

But the new commander was more impressed with the difficulties to be encountered, than encouraged by the success which had hitherto attended the movements of the army. The strength of the enemy's cavalry, and their own want of that important arm of war, kept the British troops at present close to their encampment: and the farther they might advance from the ships, (upon which they depended for bread,) the more severely would this inferiority be felt. The artillery horses were inefficient; they were cast-off cavalry, purchased in Ireland, the old, and the blind, and the lame; some of them had already died of age, and others, though carefully fed, had sunk under what would have been easy work for horses in good condition; nearly a sixth part had thus perished upon the way, and of those which were left many were not worth the forage which they consumed. Under these circumstances, the decision, which he was now called upon to make, appeared to Sir Harry Burrard most serious in its consequences; and should the army be checked in advancing, he thought it impossible to calculate the disasters to which it might be exposed. He was of opinion, therefore, that they ought to wait for Sir John Moore's division. Sir Arthur represented that at least ten days must elapse before these troops could land and become serviceable at Vimeiro: the two armies were so situated that one of them must attack; if the British advanced, they would have the advantage of acting on the offensive; in his opinion, they could reach Mafra before they could be brought to a general engagement; reaching that point, he should turn the French position, and come more immediately in front of Lisbon, upon ground which he knew so well, that he was desirous of making it the scene of action. These representations were unavailing; the Adjutant General B. General Clinton, and Colonel

Murray

Murray the Quarter Master General coincided in opinion with Sir Harry Burrard; and the orders which Sir Arthur Wellesley had given for advancing on the morrow were consequently countermanded. But a part of that general's opinion was soon verified; he had asserted that a battle could not be delayed, and, as he expected, Junot on the following morning brought his whole force to attack the British army before they should receive further reinforcements.

Thus was the enemy allowed to chuse the place, the time, and the manner of attack; and they made full use of the advantage, for they brought the whole of their force to bear upon half the British army. There were in the field about 14,000 French, and 16,000 English; yet they engaged them with a superiority of nearly two to one. To a general of less promptitude, or to troops of less determined courage, this would have been fatal; but on this occasion the skill of the general was admirably seconded by the gallantry of officers and men. The intentions of the enemy were divined at every movement, troops were moved with the utmost celerity just when and where they were needed, and the heart, and the arm, and the bayonet, did the rest. Wherever the French made the attack, they were repelled; wherever they were attacked, they gave way. Yet they were brave enemies; and had they not been sullied by such crimes, they might deserve for their bravery to be mentioned with admiration. One charge which they made upon Major General Ferguson's brigade will long be remembered by those who witnessed it: it was made by the flower of the enemy's army with the bayonet; they came resolutely to the point of trial, and in one instant their whole line was cut down, so decisive was the superiority of British courage when brought to this last test. Above three hundred of their grenadiers were found dead in the line where they had been drawn up. Among many fine anecdotes which have been preserved respecting this action, there is one of General Anstruther; during the heat of the battle, one of Sir Arthur Wellesley's aides-de-camp came to tell him that a corps should be sent to his assistance; he replied, 'Sir, I am not pressed, and I want no assistance; I am beating the French, and am able to beat them wherever I find them.' Before the action began, Sir Harry Burrard and his staff left the ship; the firing was heard as soon as he was on shore, and the armies were hotly engaged when he reached the heights, and found Sir Arthur, who told him briefly what measures he had taken for defeating the enemy. The new commander had too just a feeling of honour to interfere, and approving all the dispositions, he desired him to go on with what he had so well begun. But when the French were beaten on the left, Sir Arthur went to him, and told him this was the moment to advance—the

right wing ought to march upon Torres Vedras, and the left pursue the beaten enemy; by this movement Junot would be cut off from the nearest road to Lisbon, and must take a circuitous route by way of Alenquer, dispirited, defeated, and in confusion. There was plenty of ammunition in the camp for another battle, and there were also provisions for twelve days. But neither the representations, urged as they were with natural and fitting warmth, nor the victory which was before his eyes, could induce the Commander to deviate from his former opinion; the thought of responsibility had come over him like a cold blast from the north; and he replied, that he saw no reason to change his purpose, the same motives which yesterday induced him to wait for reinforcements had still the same weight. At that moment the enemy were retiring in great disorder, and most completely disheartened by their defeat. But the irrevocable opportunity was let pass; and Sir Arthur, whose sense of military obedience would not allow him to act upon his own better judgment, as Nelson was accustomed to do, concealing the bitterness of his spirit under a semblance of levity, turned to one of his officers, and said, 'Well then, we have nothing to do, but to go and shoot red-legged partridges!'—the game with which that country abounds.

Such was the most lame and impotent conclusion of the battle of Vimeiro, which, had it been followed up as Sir Arthur Wellesley wished to follow it, would have placed the French army at the mercy of the conquerors, have enabled the Portugueze to obtain some justice upon the robbers and ruffians who had so infamously oppressed them, and have given a signal example to Europe. On the morning after the battle Sir Hew Dalrymple arrived. The French had perceived that the British did not know how to profit by the advantage which they had gained; they supposed it would be easy to make good terms with men who seemed so little to feel their own strength; and they proposed terms accordingly, which, perhaps not less to their own astonishment than to the wonder and indignation of Great Britain, were accepted. By these terms they were to evacuate Portugal, and be conveyed to France, with all their arms, artillery, baggage, and property, then to be at liberty to serve again; and the Russian fleet in the Tagus was to be held in deposit by the British till six months after a peace should be concluded between England and Russia, when the ships were to be restored, the crews being immediately to be conveyed home in British vessels. It was even agreed that the fleet should leave the Tagus unmolested, but the Admiral, Sir C. Cotton, refused to ratify such an agreement. It is easier to account for the terms of this memorable Convention, than to justify or excuse them. When the command was in one general in the morning, in a second at night, and in a third

third on the morrow, there could be no singleness of view, and, therefore, no steadiness of conduct. Sir Hew landed in utter ignorance of the state of the army, the enemy, and the country. Sir Harry had hardly more knowledge than Sir Hew; and Sir Arthur Wellesley, who alone was acquainted with all circumstances, had seen his opinion rejected and overruled at the moment when the tide of fortune was at its flood. After seeing so fair an opportunity lost, he may easily be supposed to have felt a certain degree of indifference as to subsequent measures, over which he had no controul, and for which he was not responsible. There was an unusual delay in sending off intelligence of these proceedings to England,—the first account actually came from the Junta of Oviedo. This delay seems to imply a latent apprehension in the commander that what he had to communicate would not be joyfully received:—men usually lose no time in dispatching the bearer of good tidings. How the tidings of the Convention of Cintra were received is still fresh in remembrance. An outcry of indignation was set up from all parts of the kingdom, such as had seldom been known before. It was unconnected with any party-spirit or party-views; it was the impulse of true British feeling; the fair hopes of the country had been withered at once, like April blossoms by a snow blast;—our own honour and the interests of our allies had been sacrificed—we had looked for a triumph of justice and of moral feeling as well as of our arms;—we had seen these things forgotten and despised, and had been fooled in negociation out of what we had won with the sword.

It is not necessary to pursue this ungrateful subject here, but we must take a brief view of the events which occurred in Spain while Sir Arthur Wellesley was recalled to England, and detained there during the proceedings of the Court of Inquiry upon the Convention of Cintra. The capture of Dupont's army was followed by a series of successes. Palafox had driven the French with great loss from Zaragoza, after one of the most glorious struggles which has ever been recorded in history. Moncey had been defeated in an attempt to seize Valencia; and in Catalonia, the French, after vain attempts to extend their usurped authority, were confined to the walls of Barcelona. A central and superior Junta had been formed with the concurrence of all the local authorities. Joseph Buonaparte, whom his brother had named King of Spain and the Indies, and who, in that character, had arrived at Madrid, found it necessary to retreat in the course of ten days, taking care in that time to plunder the palace and carry off the crown jewels. The legitimate government was now installed at Aranjuez, and preparations were made upon a great scale for completing the work which had been so happily and gloriously begun. The French had at this time about

 60,000

60,000 men in Spain, who occupied a strong country, having the Ebro in their front, the river Aragon on their left, and the Bay of Biscay on their right. Three armies were set on foot by the Spaniards, in the hope of expelling them; that on the right, or the eastern army as it was called, under Palafox the deliverer of Zaragoza; the central under Castaños, whose deliverance of Andalusia had rendered him deservedly popular; and the left or western army under Blake, who, for the reputation which he had obtained at the battle of Rio Seco, had been thus promoted. The nominal force of these armies was 130,000 men; but it is not probable that they amounted at any time to more than half that number. The Spanish army before this revolution had fallen into the worst state of indiscipline; and during revolutions discipline is the last thing which a soldier learns. Blake, indeed, had 10,000 men with him, who, with their commander the Marquis de Romana, had been brought off from Denmark by Admiral Keates, in a manner as well planned as it was dexterously executed. These were good troops; but except these, the Spanish armies consisted either of raw levies, or of men who had never seen any thing more than the worthless routine of their slovenly service. The officers were equally inexperienced: in the first ebullition of national feeling, the local authorities assumed the power of granting commissions, and soon abused the power by granting them to their friends and dependents, without any reference to desert and talents. Men in abundance offered themselves —brave, hardy, patient, devoted to their country, and hating the perfidious enemy with all the vehemence of national and religious hatred. But where all were ready to learn there were none to teach. The Spanish commissariat, always bad, was now in so wretched a state that the armies could scarcely be kept together. Men who, when in active service, bore without a murmur the severest privations, were not equally passive when they found themselves without proper supplies in their own quarters; a sense of injury was felt; and acting as if the contract between them and their government was broken, they made no scruple to forsake their regiments and return home—for in the general overthrow there scarcely remained a shadow of law. The obvious remedy for these evils would have been to reorganize the army by the assistance of British officers. But it must be remembered that, at this time, the British army did not possess that character which it established during the Peninsular war; the French, aided too by many misdirected expeditions on our part, had persuaded the continental nations that we were not a military people, and that they were as decidedly superior to us by land as they acknowledged themselves inferior by sea. The Spaniards also, who are proverbially a high-minded people, were elated with their first successes, and would have regarded such a measure

measure as a degradation. They had a confidence in the extent and nature of their country, the spirit of the people, the goodness of their cause, and their old renown, which did not allow them to contemplate the thought of subjugation to France as a thing possible. This confidence may be called blind and unreasoning, as their faith in Santiago and Our Lady of the Pillar; but it was rooted in them. It exposed them often to loss, and to defeat and danger, but it always preserved them from despondency, and in such a contest perseverance was sure of being successful at last.

Buonaparte meantime had not been idle. His first care was to keep the French people as far as possible in ignorance of the events which had taken place in Spain. It is a curious indication of his fear of public opinion respecting this fresh war in which he was about to involve France, merely for his own personal ambition, that he caused it, at this time, to be announced that the King of England was dead, and that the Prince's first act had been to change his ministers, preparatory to a change of policy on the part of Great Britain. He had expected to strike terror into the Spaniards; but after the capture of the fleet, the surrender of Dupont's army, and the signal defeat of Lefebvre's at Zaragoza, he saw that considerable efforts were required to crush the insurrection. Before this was made, it was necessary to be secure of the continental powers; for this purpose he had a conference with the Emperor of Russia at Erfurth, which terminated in an insidious proposal of peace to England, the main object being to secure the alliance of Russia, in case of an apprehended attack from Austria. It was not till after his preparations were complete that Buonaparte thought fit to publish a detail of the affairs of Spain, composed, in his usual style, of misrepresentations and falsehoods. In this paper it was affirmed, that the landholders, the enlightened men, the nobles and the superior clergy, were all animated with the best sentiments; but that the English faction, which had always been very active in the sea-ports and at Madrid, had taken advantage of circumstances, and that England, in fine, had brought about an insurrection by seducing the monks and the Inquisition! The excesses which the people had committed in their fear of treason, and their indignation for the massacre at Madrid, were carefully related, and in this respect the paper is valuable, nothing of this kind being omitted. The loss of the ships at Cadiz was not noticed; it was said that Zaragoza had been almost wholly destroyed by mines, by bombardment, and by fire,—but it was not said that the French had been compelled to abandon the siege;—the only acknowledged reverse was the capture of Dupont. This unexpected event, it was said, which was more important because it encouraged the insurgents, the information that the English threatened the coast of

of Galicia, and the heat of the season, which was unfavourable for rapid movements, induced the King (meaning Joseph Buonaparte) to concentrate his troops, and place them in a country less burning than the plains of New Castile, which might at once offer them a milder air and more salubrious water. In sum, the principal army of the malecontents had been destroyed at Rio Seco; the body of insurgents scarcely deserved to be taken into account. Men of a right mind saw with sorrow that England had succeeded in exciting a civil war in the heart of Spain,—but the event could not be doubtful; and all that the English papers had published concerning these transactions, was false and absurd.—So completely had Buonaparte succeeded in shutting out information from the countries under his controul, that his grand army of Germany, as it was called, which he now ordered into Spain, knew nothing of what had occurred there till they were in the country, and learnt from the French upon the spot the fate of Dupont and of Junot, and the other disgraces and losses which had been sustained. They learnt it with astonishment,—but the impression was transitory. 'We thought,' says M. Rocca, 'we were going upon an easy expedition, which would soon be terminated; conquerors of Germany, we did not suppose that any thing could afterwards resist us.'

One of the reasons assigned by the British generals for granting such favourable terms to Junot was, that the British army might be able immediately to co-operate with the Spaniards;—one of the effects of that Convention was to delay this co-operation,—the transports which should have carried the British troops to those places where they might have advantageously acted with the Spaniards being employed in transporting the French to their own country, that they might lose no time in marching to act against them! The Convention of Cintra was signed on the 30th August; in August it had been determined that a British army should be sent to act in the North of Spain, but it was not till the 6th October that Sir John Moore received his appointment to the command, and was ordered to form a junction in Galicia or Leon with 15,000 who were sent to Coruña under Sir David Baird. No time was then lost in making the necessary preparations, and seeking for the necessary local information; but so much had already been lost, that Sir John Moore, with his advanced guard, did not reach Salamanca till the 15th November. Before he entered that city, he heard that the Estremaduran army, or army of reserve, under Count Belvedere, had been routed at Burgos.

Buonaparte had made full use of the leisure which had been given him. The British troops had scarcely begun their march from Portugal before he had commenced his operations. His first object

object was to destroy Blake's army before it could be supported by the English. That army was successful in the first action; never did men behave more gallantly, and never did any army endure severer privations—from the wretched state of their commissariat, they were without clothing, without shoes, and almost without food, among the mountains and snows of Biscay; yet they made head against the enemy without murmuring. But the French continually brought up fresh troops to supply the place of those who fell; and thus by dint of repeated attacks, and by numbers even more than discipline, succeeded in finally beating down and dispersing the best of the Spanish armies. While Lefebvre and Victor were thus employed, Soult and Bessieres attacked the army of Estremadura, which occupied the center of the Spanish line of operations, for the armies of Castaños and Palafox were now united under the command of the former. This army was weak in numbers, not exceeding 12,000 men, who were mostly recruits and volunteers; among the latter were the students of Leon and Salamanca, youths of high spirit, who were, almost to a man, cut off, fighting with the most heroic and devoted courage. There remained only the army of the right; Lasnes and Moncey were to act against this in front and on the left, while Ney, coming upon the rear, was to cut off their retreat: the first part of the plan was carried into full effect, Castaños being defeated with great loss at Tudela; but Ney, stopping a day at Soria for the sake of plunder, did not reach Agreda till a day after the wreck of the Spanish army had past through on their retreat. This last event, which completed the defeat of the Spaniards along their whole line, took place on the 23d November, ten days only after Sir John Moore had arrived at Salamanca.

Sir John Moore enjoyed the highest reputation of any general in the British army. He was a man of acknowledged talents, and of tried courage; indefatigable in business; a strict disciplinarian, but one who reconciled all who were under him to that discipline by his goodness of heart. But he was of a melancholy temperament, and never contemplated any thing hopefully. The difficulties of his situation were very great: he perfectly understood the weakness and disorder of the Spanish armies, and the imbecility of the government: the character of the people he did not understand so well; and judging from the apathy which he saw, he believed that the French would 'have little more than a march to subdue the country.' 'The probability,' says he, in a letter to one of his brothers, 'is that the French will succeed; and if they do, it will be from no talent having sprung up after the first effort, to take advantage of the impulse, and of the enthusiasm which then existed. The Spaniards have not shewn themselves a wise or a

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prudent people. Their wisdom is not a wisdom of action: but still they are a fine people; a character of their own, quite distinct from other nations; and much might have been done with them. Pray for me, that I may make right decisions; if I make bad ones it will not be for want of consideration.' These words feelingly express the state of the general's mind. He arrived by no fault of his own too late in Spain to assist the armies of Blake and of Count Belvedere; and while he waited six weeks at Salamanca, to be guided by the course of events, events occurred so rapidly, and such difficulties appeared to crowd upon him on every side, that he remained in a state of indecision. Great things have been effected in war by hope, miraculous ones by despair; but indecision can lead only to disaster and ruin. From the moment that Blake's defeat was known, it became certain that Buonaparte would make for Madrid,—there were then two courses for the British general, which to chuse, to advance to Madrid, and take upon himself the defence of the capital,—or to retreat and take up a defensive position. Sir John Moore perceived the alternative, and stated it to Mr. Frere the British minister at Aranjuez.

'As soon as the British army has formed a junction, I must, upon the supposition that Castaños is either beaten or retreated, march upon Madrid, and throw myself into the heart of Spain, and thus run all risks and share the fortunes of the Spanish nation, or I must fall back upon Portugal.' 'The question,' he says farther, 'is not purely a military one. It belongs at least as much to you as to me to decide. Your communications with the Spanish government, and the opportunities you have had of judging of the general state of the country, enable you to form a just estimate of the resistance that is likely to be offered. You are perhaps better acquainted with the views of the British cabinet; and the question is what would that cabinet direct were they upon the spot to determine? It is of much importance that this should be thoroughly considered; it is comparatively of very little on whom shall rest the greatest share of responsibility. I am willing to take the whole or a part, but I am very anxious to know your opinion.'

Sir John Moore's own judgment was for retreat. The day after he had thus written to the British ambassador, advices reached him of the dispersion of Castaños's army; upon which he immediately ordered Sir David Baird to fall back on Coruña and embark there, while he made for Lisbon; and he desired Sir David would write to England, and beg that transports might be sent to the Tagus, adding these remarkable words, 'they will be wanted, for when the French have Spain, Portugal cannot be defended.' Mr. Frere was for the bolder course: he argued upon the importance of preserving Madrid, for the effect which it would produce in Spain, and still more in France; and he remarked 'that the siege of the capital by a pretender to the throne would be a circumstance

cumstance decisive against him, even if in other respects his claim were a legitimate one. He thought that a strong force would soon be collected about the British if they advanced there; the remains of Castaños's army were falling back thither, and thither the reinforcements from all parts would be directed; of the people he had no doubt, nor of the inhabitants of Madrid, who were full of resolution, and determined to defend their town. Any retreat he deprecated; but in case Sir John should differ from him in opinion, he ventured to recommend retaining the position of Astorga: a retreat from thence to Coruña would be less difficult than through Portugal to Lisbon; and in that position he might wait for cavalry from England, which would enable him to act in the plains of Leon and Old Castille.' Every day now brought fresh tidings;—the French advanced rapidly upon Madrid, and the inhabitants became more enthusiastic as the enemy approached. Their spirit had been tried and proved on the second of May; and it had been shewn at Zaragoza that no fortress is capable of such a formidable defence as a great city, when the inhabitants are determined to defend it street by street, and house by house. Mr. Frere communicated this intelligence to Sir John Moore, representing the propriety and necessity of supporting the Spanish people, and taking upon himself any responsibility which might attach to the advice. This dispatch he sent by Colonel Charmilly, a French emigrant officer in the British service. But as Mr. Frere was now informed of Sir John Moore's determination to retreat, in case he should continue in that determination, he desired that Charmilly might be previously examined before a council of war. This was stated in a second letter, which Charmilly was not to deliver unless it were necessary. In writing it, Mr. Frere was not influenced by his zeal for the public service alone; he thought that a council of war would exonerate the general from any responsibility which he might be unwilling to incur. Sir John Moore was exceedingly indignant at receiving this letter; that feeling however was soon subdued, and upon weighing all circumstances, he determined to make a forward movement, and recalled Sir David Baird. Before he could begin his march, he was informed of the betrayal of Madrid; materially as the circumstances had now changed, he thought it possible to strike a blow against an enemy's corps under Soult, of which he had obtained information by an intercepted letter from Berthier. But the movement had been delayed too long, and was undertaken with little or no hope,—it was, he said, 'of the most dangerous kind, as he ran the risk not only of being surrounded by superior forces, but of having his communication with Galicia intercepted:' and he advanced, in his own words, 'bridle in hand, and expecting to have a run for it.' That expectation was woefully fulfilled.

fulfilled. Buonaparte, with all his disposable force, hastened from Madrid, in the hope of cutting him off. Sir John Moore discovered this in time; and to avoid the danger, he retreated from Sahagun, in the heart of Spain, to Coruña, with such rapidity, that stores, baggage, artillery, and treasure were abandoned upon the road, and nearly a fourth part of the troops foundered. The disgrace which must have otherwise attached to the British army, was effaced by the battle of Coruña; and in justice to Sir John Moore it should always be remembered that this battle, so infinitely important to the character of his country, was his work. He was advised to propose terms to the enemy that he might be permitted to embark quietly:—from this ignominy he saved us, and fell like a brave man, as it had ever been his wish to do, in battle and in victory.

In the opinion of the French, Sir John Moore ought to have advanced for the purpose of covering the capital. By marching, said the *Moniteur*, upon Somosierra or Guadarrama, he would have covered Madrid, and given time to organize the defence of that city, he would have rallied the wreck of the Spanish armies, and whether he succeeded or not, he would have tried his fortune with honour. '*La résistance de Madrid,*' says General Sarrazin, '*pendant quinze jours était possible, et dès-lors Buonaparte était dans une position embarrassante.*' Zaragoza held out nearly for three months at this very time. The disposition of the people of Madrid was equally good; had there been a British army at hand they would not have been betrayed, and the position of Buonaparte would indeed have been embarrassing; for the news of the Austrian preparations reached him now, and recalled him to France, when he was pursuing the British army. The good effect however which Sir John Moore proposed by his advance was accomplished; he drew after him those troops who would otherwise have been sent against Lisbon, and from whom the English at Lisbon, in the universal despondency, were preparing to take flight. A bold enterprize of Sir Robert Wilson's contributed to this; he, having raised a Portugueze corps, advanced with it to Ciudad Rodrigo, and interrupted the communication between Victor and Soult. It was not till the middle of March that Soult entered Portugal on the side of Galicia, and got possession of Porto, where his soldiers were allowed to commit the most hideous enormities. But the opportunity was lost: a Portugueze force under General Silveira got skilfully in his rear, retook Chaves, making the French garrison prisoners, and cut off his communication with Galicia; Victor, who should have cooperated with him, and entered Portugal from Estremadura, was delayed by a Spanish army, which the Central Junta, with exertions which have never been sufficiently acknowledged, collected under Cuesta, and which, though defeated at Medellin with great loss,

loss, prevented this conjoined attack, at the only moment when it could have proved successful. Fresh troops meantime had been sent from England to the Tagus, and on the 22d April, 1809, Sir Arthur Wellesley landed at Lisbon: the error of placing such a man under the controul of inferior minds had been severely felt, and he came now as commander in chief. Thus far our government had grown wiser by experience, but it had not yet learnt to proportion the effort to the occasion.

While the British army was advancing from Lisbon to the Douro, Soult's efforts were directed to the great object of securing a retreat into Spain. Silveira had occupied the bridge of Amarante upon the Tamega, a strong and important position in the road which the French would take; here he was attacked by Laborde and Loison; the post was maintained with the greatest bravery from the 18th April to the 30th; during which time the French were repulsed in daily attacks, and the Portugueze entrenched themselves in the street of Amarante, behind the dead bodies of their enemies. Colonel Patrick, an officer of distinguished bravery and talent, who was with Silveira, fell in this memorable defence. Soult himself then brought fresh forces to the attack, and on the 2d May forced the position. Secure now, as he believed, of his retreat, he returned to Porto, and waited the approach of the English, wishing to see them appear, if General Sarrazin's opinion may be credited, that he might have a fair excuse for getting, as fast as possible, out of a country in which the day of plunder was over, and that of reckoning at hand. While General Beresford, who had been appointed commander in chief of the Portugueze, advanced from Coimbra, in a N. E. direction, to act upon the enemy's left, Sir Arthur proceeded, with all speed, to the Douro, and reached it after a few skirmishes. The Portugueze eagerly brought boats; an immense standard of white cloth, bearing an embroidered cross, was planted by the people upon the beach at Villa Nova, and the opposite wall of Porto, which runs along the river, was lined with people waving white handkerchiefs, and with the most lively gestures inviting their deliverers. General Murray effected his passage at Avintas, about a league from the city. Another division embarked immediately above Villa Nova; and General Sherbrooke, taking advantage of the weakness of the enemy in the town, crossed directly from that suburb. *Les Français*, says General Sarrazin, *furent pris à Porto presque en flagrant délit.* They made a vigorous attack upon the first troops who landed; but failing in this, took flight, and Sir Arthur is said to have sat down to the dinner which had that day been prepared for Marshal Soult. Beresford, meantime, by a rapid movement, had reached Amarante, where he drove in Loison's out-posts, and recovered the bridge; then marched upon Chaves,

while

while Silveira hastened to occupy the passes of Ruivaes and Melgaço; but for this the Portugueze general was too late: for finding Amarante occupied, Soult turned to the left, and leaving every thing behind him, fled by way of Braga and Montalegre, toward Orense. He was pursued as far as Montalegre; but the British troops had then so far outstripped their commissariat, that they could proceed no farther. General Sarrazin says, that with a General more experienced, more active, and more enterprising, than Sir Arthur Wellesley, Portugal would have beheld the scene of Baylen repeated. Undoubtedly it would have been easy to surround Marshal Soult, and cut off his retreat—if Marshal Soult would only have been accommodating enough to delay his flight till the enemy could get in his rear. General Mackinnon, on the contrary, observes, that Sir Arthur's conduct, during this short campaign, gives him the first rank among the British generals of the day. Speaking of one of the affairs in the pursuit, he says, 'I was near him, by his orders, when the attack was about to commence; and if I had never seen him but at that moment, I could decide upon his being a man of a great mind.' General Mackinnon was capable of forming such a judgment; he was a man in whom England has perhaps lost more than in any soldier since Sir Philip Sidney.

The French committed great cruelties in their flight; they burnt all the villages, and murdered the peasants, many of whom were found by the British hung up along the road side. They suffered for their crimes;—for every straggler and every man who dropt on the way was put to death without mercy by the country people before our advanced-guard could come up. To overtake them was impossible:—'if an army,' said Sir Arthur in his dispatches, 'throws away every thing and abandons all those who are entitled to its protection, but impede its progress, it must obviously be able to march through roads where it cannot be overtaken by an enemy who has not made the same sacrifices.' Soult, therefore, escaped with the loss of from 7 to 8000 men, (a third of his army) and the whole of his stores, baggage, and artillery. Sir Arthur then turned his face toward Victor, who had just entered Portugal on the side of Alcantara; that general, however, whose advance had only been designed as a feint in Soult's favour, returned to his former quarters at Truxillo, and if Cuesta had been skilful enough to co-operate with the British army, might have been cut off by a movement which Sir Arthur meditated through Castello Branco and Plasencia upon the bridge of Almaraz. Victor was aware of his danger, and retreated beyond that bridge, and the British army then marched to form its junction with the Spaniards in the same country on the right bank of the Tagus. The Spaniards had at this

this time two efficient armies on foot if they had been properly commanded; that under Cuesta, which the Junta had re-established with prodigious exertions after the battle of Medellin, and that under Vanegas, in La Mancha, which had in like manner been refitted after its more opprobrious route at Ciudad Real. The former was now united with the British army; and while Vanegas on the right alarmed the enemy for Madrid, Sir Robert Wilson and his Portugueze legion communicated with the allies on the left, and kept up a correspondence with it. It was a golden opportunity. Buonaparte had received a tremendous check in Germany, and all his exertions were required upon the Danube: the French in Spain were disheartened, and they expected again to be driven beyond the Ebro.

But the course of the British general was impeded at the very moment when Time thus fairly offered his forelock. Vanegas, perplexed by orders and counter-orders, and having neither the eye which sees all occasions, nor the moral courage which incurs any responsibility rather than let one pass, did not advance upon the capital as he ought to have done,—contenting himself with a useless cannonade of Toledo. And Cuesta would not join with Sir Arthur in making an attack upon Victor before he should be joined by Joseph and Sebastiani, for a heap of nugatory reasons, one of which was that he scrupled at fighting upon a Sunday! His priests might have told him that if his horse or ass had fallen into a pit on the Sabbath day, it is the fool only who would scruple to help them out,—much less should a man scruple to stretch forth his hand for the assistance of his suffering country! Victor employed the time well which had been thus insanely given, and fell back upon the army which was hastening to join him. Had the attack been made when Sir Arthur proposed, the victory was certain; and the possession of the capital would have been the reward; all difficulties concerning subsistence would then have been at an end. These difficulties were now severely felt. The Spanish commissariat was in the most miserable state;—ours was at that time only in its apprenticeship; it was interfered with by that of our allies; and owing partly to the nature of our government, and partly to an excess of honourable feelings in the British character, we have sometimes sacrificed the common interest to an overstrained delicacy on these points. A proper search in Talavera would have discovered large deposits of grain, for the ample supply of both armies, at a time when Sir Arthur was actually disabled from advancing by want of bread and of means of transport. Cuesta acknowledged this inability, and advanced alone in pursuit of Victor, expecting to enter Madrid; he received a check at Torrijos from the combined armies of the enemy, and retreating twenty miles, re-crossed the Alverche,

verche, and again formed a junction with the British. Sir Arthur then perceived that having lost the opportunity of making the attack, it must be his fate to abide it. He made his dispositions accordingly, and the battle of Talavera was fought. That battle has been fought in verse, and therefore all its circumstances are generally known;—the vain attempt of the enemy upon the Spaniards on the right; their repeated attacks by day and night upon the hill which was the vital point of the position; the memorable charge of cavalry, which, fatal as it was to the brave regiment who made it, decided the battle in that quarter,—and that horrible scene where the shrubs took fire and burnt so many of the wounded as they lay upon the field—these circumstances are fresh in every reader's recollection, because they have been recorded in that song which describes with so much spirit the exploits of Britain on that day, and the final retreat of France.

'Far from the field where late she fought—
  The tents where late she lay—
With rapid step and humbled thought
  All night she holds her way;
Leaving to Britain's conquering sons
Standards rent and ponderous guns,
  The trophies of the fray;
The weak, the wounded and the slain,
The triumph of the battle-plain,
  The glory of the day.'

The battle was obstinately disputed;

ʼεδόκησαν
ʼΕπʼ ἀμφότερα μαχᾶν τέμνειν τέλος.

Except at Albuhera the French throughout the whole war never opposed us so well. There were two causes for this: after they had ceased to attack the Spaniards on the right, they brought a force twofold in number to bear upon the British army;—and they had not yet fairly learnt of what materials that army is made. The battle of Coruña had been represented to them as a victory on their part, and that of Vimeiro appeared like one by the convention which followed it. They were now beaten to their own conviction;—according to General Sarrazin, *la sanglante journée de Talavera avait répandu l'effroi dans l'armée Française, et l'on convenait que les Anglais se battaient tout aussi bien que les Russes.* This general, however, who is a general 'all compact,' passes a severe censure upon Sir Arthur Wellesley's conduct in this campaign. He says, and there may be some justice in the observation, that the means of transport which the British used from Plasencia should have been detained at Talavera,—in which case there would have been no impediment on that score. When he says that the

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want of means of transport can never be admitted as a sufficient excuse for not advancing, we may hesitate whether to admit or demur at the remark; but when he adds, *La vérité est que Lord Wellington craignait une défaite, et qu'il manqua de courage d'esprit,* we must reply that General Sarrazin writes like a Frenchman, and that the assertion is as opposite to the truth as light is to darkness. After the battle of Talavera, he says, orders were given to evacuate Madrid, and Soult's movement upon Plasencia was only a *ruse de guerre,* which, however, completely succeeded. The slightest attention to dates and distances might have shewn him that the movement was not concerted after the battle. The action was fought on the 27th and 28th, and Soult received orders on the 24th to move upon the rear of the allies by way of Plasencia, at which time he occupied Zamora and Salamanca. Galicia had been evacuated; and having been joined by Ney's corps from Astorga, Benevente, and Leon, and by Mortier's from Valladolid and Medina del Campo, his force amounted to little less than 30,000 men. From the beginning of the campaign Sir Arthur knew that this force existed in that direction, and was well aware in what manner it would be directed; but he could not spare a detachment to occupy the passes against them; and Cuesta, though urged in time to take this needful precaution, neglected it till it was too late. Sir Arthur Wellesley was deceived in nothing but in the amount of the force; he turned back to attack it, and throw open his communication with Portugal which was otherwise cut off, and he left Cuesta to maintain the post at Talavera. The Spanish general soon sent him an intercepted letter, in which the British army was said to be 25,000, and Soult was ordered to bring it to action, a plain indication that his force must be not less than 30,000; Victor's beaten army also was said to be returning upon Talavera, and Cuesta, believing himself unable to resist it, set off to join the British general, leaving the British hospital in that town. Cuesta was very unequal to the command of an army in such times, and unquestionably marred the campaign by his previous blunders; but in this instance he was justifiable; for he had hardly begun his march before the French were in sight. Sir Arthur now saw that his only course was to retreat across the Tagus, before that retreat could be cut off; for he was between two armies each superior to his own, and had seen how little in their present state of discipline was to be expected from his allies. The bridge of Almaraz had been destroyed; he crost therefore at the Puente del Arzobispo, and took a position which enabled him to defend the passage at Almaraz and keep open the defiles of Deleitosa and Xaraicejo. A plan which Ney had formed of occupying those defiles and cutting him off from Portugal was thus defeated, and the French, not thinking it prudent to make any further

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ther movements against such an enemy, turned their efforts against Vanegas, who, after a successful defence at Aranjuez, was defeated at Almonacid; but the French purchased the victory with so severe a loss that they were not able to follow up their success.

All the wounded at Talavera who were in a state to be removed were carried off by General Mackinnon, a difficult and painful office, which he performed with his usual ability. About 1500 were left, who were recommended to the French, and were treated with great humanity. Victor and Mortier, into whose hands they fell, were men of better character than most of their fellow dukes, and upon this occasion they observed all the humanities of war in a manner which should always be mentioned to their honour. This conduct was felt as it is deserved by the British army;—but they had seen enough of the wanton havoc and deliberate cruelty of the French to understand and abhor the character of Buonaparte's armies. When they first entered Talavera, all the public buildings had been entirely destroyed; the tombs opened, the altars overturned; and half the houses were in the same state. The chairs, tables, and other furniture had been carried off to the camp, where the French, Frenchmen like, had established a regular theatre. They had built large huts for their soldiers, and General Mackinnon mentions, 'as a small proof of the destruction caused by the armies of the usurper Joseph,' that all these huts were thatched with the straw unthrashed! Another officer, in his journal, says, that near the village of Casalagos they found the bodies of two Spanish peasants recently killed; one of whom had been burnt to death by the French, and lay with his arms lifted up, his hands clenched, and his features distorted,—the whole body having stiffened in one dreadful expression of agony! He had been burnt alive for having been found with arms in his hands!

The experiment of co-operating with the Spanish army had now been fairly tried; the want of discipline in the troops, the want of capacity in the leaders, and the want of vigour in the government, rendered it impossible to rely upon them for effectual assistance; and at home here we had not yet learnt the full measure of our own strength, and still shrunk from putting it forth. Attempts were made by Marquis Wellesley to convince the Junta of the wretched consequences which must result from their military system; and he would have taught them how to render their armies efficient, and the resources of their country available—but it was in vain; the national character of the Spaniards was the rock upon which the designs of friends as well as enemies were wrecked. Painful as the determination was to a man like Lord Wellington, (for so he must now be called, having been raised to the peerage after the battle of Talavera,) there was no alternative, but to withdraw his army

army to the Portugueze frontier, and there await the march of events, while a force was created in Portugal which it was in vain to look for in the sister country. Before the close of the year, the Spanish army ran headlong into that destruction which no counsels could induce them to avoid: they suffered at Ocaña a more tremendous defeat than any which they had endured since the commencement of the war, and that evil drew after it the discomfiture of the Duke del Parque's army at Tamames. This last event left the French at full leisure to direct their operations against the most vulnerable part of Portugal. On the side of Alentejo, Lord Wellington was in no fear of an attack, attempts having always proved unsuccessful there: and after what Soult had suffered, he did not apprehend that a second experiment would be made from the Galician frontier. But he knew that a French council of war had advised the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo; the capture of that fortress would cut off the communication between the Spanish government and the northern provinces; it would give the enemy possession of Old Castille, bring on the fall of Almeida, and open the easiest way into Portugal. Aware, therefore, that he must prepare to defend Portugal on this side, he withdrew his troops, at the end of 1809, from the Guadiana to the right bank of the Tagus, extending them from thence to the Douro. The new year was opened with vigorous measures on the part of the enemy. They forced the passes of the Sierra Morena almost without resistance, overran the kingdom of Andalusia, entered Seville, and were only prevented from getting possession of Cadiz by the celerity of the Duke de Albuquerque, a man whose military talents might have produced the happiest results for his country, if intrigue and envy had not excluded him from the rank to which he was entitled, and finally sending him into an honourable banishment, completed their work by persecuting his noble spirit to madness and death! The Junta was overthrown by a popular commotion; but, like the Spanish people, they comported themselves with dignity in their overthrow, and did not give up their authority till they had appointed a Regency and convoked the Cortes. The seat of the new government was necessarily fixed in Cadiz—their last asylum, and its authority might seem to be confined to the Isle of Leon: for, except Galicia in the north, and Valencia in the south, and Catalonia, where fortress after fortress was now falling, the French were nominally masters of Spain. The favourable season had passed by. Instead of enabling Lord Wellington to make a great effort while Buonaparte was engaged in a doubtful struggle with Austria, England had misdirected its force, and sent one of the finest armies that ever left its shores, upon a fatal expedition to Walcheren. Austria was now subdued, and the emperor had even submitted to purchase peace by sacrificing his daugh-

ter in marriage to Buonaparte, black as the tyrant was with crimes; and that tyrant, strengthened by the alliance, was at leisure to turn his whole power and undivided attention toward the Peninsula. The chief object was to expel the English—if that were accomplished, it would leave him in military possession of the whole country, and time and merciless severity, he thought, would do the rest.

Marshal Massena who, in the late Austrian campaign, had been made Prince of Essling, was appointed to the army destined for this service, and his first operation was to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo, before which his troops appeared at the end of April. Lord Wellington had taken up a strong position upon the Coa: the Portugueze army had now been reorganized and disciplined; it was yet to be seen whether, in the hour of trial, they would approve themselves good troops; no person who knew the people or their history could doubt it,—but it was boldly denied in England by those who knew neither; the thought of making soldiers of the Portugueze was ridiculed, and the expulsion of Lord Wellington, and the total subjugation of Portugal and Spain were predicted with insolent exultation, as if the event were rather to be desired than deprecated. Lord Wellington contemplated the danger with a wiser and braver mind. The names of Buonaparte and his redoubted generals did not act as spells upon him; he knew that when French and English are brought to the proof, the Englishman is the braver animal; the bayonet is the test of that bravery, and the English have never shrunk from it. But even with all the efforts which had been made in raising and disciplining the Portugueze, he had not force enough to undertake offensive operations, and, painful as it might be, was compelled to content himself with the defence of Portugal. From the beginning of the contest, he had seen where was the vantage ground, and immediately after the issue of the Talavera campaign, gave orders for forming the famous lines of Torres Vedras, for the protection of Lisbon. The works were carried on with remarkable secrecy; they even escaped the notice of the English newspapers; and the enemy, with all their skill in obtaining information, had not the slightest suspicion that Lord Wellington, while he watched their movements, ready to seize every occasion of impeding them, had an impregnable line of defence upon which to fall back. Ciudad Rodrigo held out gallantly: the trenches were opened on the 15th June, and though the works were old and imperfect, and the place hardly to be ranked in the third order of fortresses, Massena is believed to have lost 9000 men before it surrendered on the 10th July. Almeida was his next object; the place was well provided; there was a sufficient garrison, an English governor, and Lord Wellington at hand, to take advantage of

of any opportunity in their favour; but on the second day the powder magazine blew up, and Almeida was no longer tenable. Throughout the whole of Lord Wellington's career in the peninsula, the accidents of war have been uniformly against him; nothing, therefore, is to be detracted from his merits and carried to the score of fortune.

Massena's army consisted of 68,600 men, in three corps, under Regnier, Ney, and Junot; besides which, he had one division of 7000 men at Benevente, and another of 8000 at Astorga. In full expectation of seeing the English fly before him, and perhaps of receiving the crown of Portugal for his reward, he ordered his army to provide itself with food for seventeen days, expecting, that, in that time, Lisbon would be their own. This confidence was so strong, that when he perceived the English army had taken post upon the Serra de Busaco, as if they meant to oppose him there, he said to one of his generals, 'I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but if he does, *I have him*; to-morrow we shall complete the conquest of Portugal, and in a few days more I shall drown the Leopard.' The boaster was woefully undeceived; he left nearly 5000 men killed or wounded upon the mountains, and he took away as many more disabled, whom he left at Coimbra. By an accident, or mistake of counter-orders, Colonel Trant was prevented from occupying in time a circuitous and difficult road, by which Massena, after his defeat, turned the left of the British position. The error was well redeemed, by the manner in which he entered Coimbra immediately after Massena left it, captured his wounded and his hospital stores, and cut him off from all supplies in that direction. The allied army, meantime, retreated before the enemy by easy marches, and in perfect order: instead of spreading panic by the rapidity of their march, their steadiness and admirable discipline inspired the peasantry with courage; under their protection, the Portugueze removed their property, destroyed their mills, broke up the bridges, and laid the country waste. In this manner Lord Wellington retired within the line of Torres Vedras. These works extended from the sea to the Tagus, at a point where the Tagus, being about twelve miles wide, protected them as efficiently as the sea itself: Massena reconnoitered them; he had promised to drive the English into the sea, but he thought it necessary now to solicit reinforcements from Buonaparte before he ventured to make the attempt.

It was easy for Buonaparte to order any force upon this service; but the difficulty was to support those who were already there. When Pombal was once threatened, that the French and Spaniards would march 60,000 men into Portugal, he replied with a smile,

'Portugal is a small country; there is not room for them.' With the sea open, Lisbon could be supplied with succours from England, and with food from all parts of the world: but Massena had behind him an armed population; (and no country under heaven can shew a braver or more patriotic people;) Spain was in no state to supply him with food; and his convoys and reinforcements from France had to traverse that country, a distance not less than 600 miles, before they could reach the frontier, with guerrilla parties harassing them the whole way. Famine must soon have driven him out of Portugal, if the orders of Lord Wellington and the Portugueze government for removing all provisions, had been duly executed: the usual supineness of the local authorities had neglected to enforce this most necessary measure, and individuals listened rather to their own hopes and fears than to the voice which it was their duty to obey. A great quantity of private stores, therefore, was found by the enemy. But though Massena displayed the talents of a consummate general in the field, he, like all the generals of Buonaparte's school, had been taught to rely upon the resources of predatory war; and as they acted like robbers in all other respects, so had they all the characteristic improvidence of banditti. Instead of collecting the provisions in magazines, Massena gave notice that the soldiers were to provide themselves for two months, a licence of general plunder, which produced all the waste and havoc that might be expected from it. No army could be in better order for actual service; but when they were not on duty, the state of insubordination and indiscipline was such as shocked even those of their own officers, who remembered better times. The number of deserters was so great, that they formed themselves into a little army, which they organized into regular companies, and called the eleventh corps, electing general, officers, and subalterns. It consisted of more than 1600 men, who frequently attacked the foraging parties of the French, and made the prisoners join them. They occupied the country about Caldas and Alcobaça, in full sovereignty, as an established army of avowed professional robbers; and Massena at last found it necessary to send two divisions against them; they fought desperately; but at length, being surrounded and overpowered, they laid down their arms; the leaders were then shot. The men were again incorporated in their regiments, not being the less fit for the service in which they were employed. One of the favourite sports of Massena's soldiers was to go hunting for women, whom they sold to their officers, or to the best bidder.

The French, while they waited for reinforcements, had taken up a position at Santarem, which Lord Wellington did not think it advisable to attack. He could only have forced it at a heavy expense

pense of men; and he was not like Buonaparte, a general, as Kleber called him, who spent at the rate of 10,000 men a week. Both parties were now looking for reinforcements; but Massena, who knew that he could not much longer feed the force which he already had, placed his chief reliance upon the advance of a French army into Alentejo. This also Lord Wellington had foreseen, and guarded against by preparing lines from the Tagus to Setubal, securing thus the heights of Almada, from which Lisbon might be bombarded. It is said that the jealousy between the French generals which frequently discovered itself in Spain, was manifested on this occasion, and that Soult, who had been disappointed in his hopes of winning the kingdom of Portugal for himself, was not very willing to assist Massena in obtaining it; for which reason he ordered Mortier to form the siege of Badajoz, instead of sending him immediately into Alentejo. But the imputation seems groundless; for it is not likely that Mortier would have advanced, leaving two such garrisons as those of Elvas and Badajoz in his rear. That general's movements were but too successful. Romana's army, which had joined Lord Wellington, and, after the death of its leader, had been detached for the relief of Badajoz, under his successor Mendizabal, was surprized and almost destroyed, and the city itself scandalously given up by its governor, at a moment when he had received intelligence from Lord Wellington that Massena had begun his retreat, and that he might rely upon speedy relief. Dearly did the British and Portugueze pay for this man's cowardice or treason!

Massena had remained till the latest moment in his position. There was a church opposite his own quarters in Santarem, in which a number of children, whose parents had been murdered by the French, had got together, as if seeking that compassion from God which they had no hope of finding from man. Many of them had literally died with hunger under Massena's eyes; and when the English entered the town immediately upon his retreat, they found the floor of the church strewn with the dead or living skeletons of these poor innocents. The first thought of the British soldiers was to give them their own rations, but most of them were too far gone, and expired with the bread beside them, which British humanity had held to their lips. If, among the generals of Buonaparte, there be one man who will be remembered with more peculiar infamy than his colleagues, it is Marshal Massena, for his conduct in this retreat: it was marked by the most wanton destruction, and the most systematic cruelty,—by a 'barbarity,' says Lord Wellington, 'seldom equalled, and never surpassed.' Lieut. Colonel Jones, speaking of the ability with which he conducted his retreat, adds these memorable words, which we transcribe with pride, as speak-

 ing

ing the true feelings of a British officer:—'Having paid the tribute of praise, which is due to Marshal Massena as a general, it is but proper to notice his conduct as a man, and to endeavour to hold him up to the execration of his fellow-beings, by stating, as an eye-witness, that the inhuman cruelties which marked every step of his retreat, rank him as one of the greatest monsters that ever disgraced the human form.' The church and convent at Alcobaça, the value of which may be expressed to an English reader, by saying, that they were to the Portugueze what Westminster Abbey and the Bodleian are to the history and literature of England, were burnt by orders from the French head-quarters. As much injury, as time allowed them to commit, was done to Batalha, the most beautiful Gothic structure, not in Portugal alone, but in Europe: the royal tombs were broke open, and among the bodies which were taken out to be torn in pieces for the mockery of these ruffians, was that of Prince Henry, whose name has ever been pronounced with veneration by all enlightened nations, as the first patron of maritime discovery. But the cruelties which were perpetrated cannot, and ought not to be described. Suffice it to say, that upon an official inquiry, it was ascertained, that in the diocese of Coimbra alone, 2969 persons, consisting of men, women, and children, were murdered on the retreat, and every one with some circumstance of aggravated barbarity! Never before had such cruelties been committed in civilized ages, and by people calling themselves civilized; they have left an indelible stain upon the national character; and the name of Frenchman is become more odious and more infamous in Portugal than even that of Jew has been; with this difference, too, that the infamy having been well deserved, and the hatred well founded, they will both endure when all prejudices shall have passed away.

The retreat was conducted with great military skill, but not without some blunders. It was known at the time, that Ney and Massena had quarrelled, but the cause of the dispute was not known. It arose from some reproaches which the commander in chief made to Ney for the slowness of his column, which the latter attributed to the quantity of carts and animals laden with plunder, collected as they went along. In consequence of these reproaches, when they reached the Foz d'Aronce, Ney ordered a guard to take possession of the bridge, seize all the plunder, and burn it; and the execution was begun upon Massena's own share, who did not venture to countermand the order, however bitterly he resented it. Shortly afterwards, he deprived Ney of his command, which was given to Loison. Having reached the frontiers, the French were safe from further pursuit. Lord Wellington, whose means were greatly inadequate to the demand upon them, leaving his army,

hastened to the Guadiana, to see if Badajoz could be recovered. Had the British army been provided with a due proportion of sappers, miners, and pontooneers, with the requisite materials of such an establishment, that important city might have been easily recaptured, before the French could have repaired the breaches which they had made, or filled up their own trenches. But we had not even a corps of sappers in our service; and men had to learn the first operations of the most difficult and dangerous branch of the military art, under the fire of an enemy who had made it their particular study. From the Guadiana Lord Wellington was recalled to the Coa; Massena had been allowed to make one effort more to re-establish his claim to the boasted appellation of the Child of Victory which Buonaparte had given him; his troops had been re-equipped, and strongly reinforced; and in the beginning of May he attacked the allied army, in hopes of relieving Almeida from its blockade. The chief scene of this memorable action was at the village of Fuentes d'Onoro. The French were defeated here, as they were in every general action during the whole war: Almeida was evacuated, and Massena was on this removed from the command, Marshal Marmont being appointed to succeed him.

After this victory, Lord Wellington hastened again to that part of his force which he had placed under Marshal Beresford's orders. He arrived too late to prevent the battle of Albuhera; and renewed the siege of Badajoz, which that battle had interrupted. While this was pursued with miserably inadequate means, and with a heavy loss of men, Soult and Marmont formed a junction, to relieve the garrison. The British general could not afford to win such victories as Albuhera; he therefore raised the siege, recrossed the Guadiana, and taking up a position within the Portugueze frontier, defied their collected force, which he knew could not long be kept together. While Lord Wellington, acting upon this confidence, baffled, with consummate skill, the efforts of an enemy greatly superior in numbers, he was secretly preparing to besiege Ciudad Rodrigo. The first business was to restore the works at Almeida, so as to make it a secure place of deposit for his artillery and stores. There was a possibility that the place might be reduced by blockade; for standing in a hostile country, sixty miles from the nearest French cantonments, supplies could not be thrown in without an escort at least equal in number to the blockading force; but it was not easy for the French to keep together so large an army when they had no magazines. With these views, as soon as Marmont and Soult had separated for want of supplies, Lord Wellington again returned to the Agueda, and, by the middle of September, Ciudad Rodrigo was so much distressed, that Marmont, with between 60 and 70,000 men, was compelled to come

to its relief. The allies retired behind the Coa, and the French papers boasted that they would have been driven to the lines of Lisbon, if the moment had been come which was fixed for that catastrophe! When that moment should arrive, Marmont was to be joined by the army of the south, of whose unbroken force he boasted. Lord Wellington had his eye upon that force; and General Hill, being detached against a division of 5000 men under General Girard who occupied the country about Caceres, surprised them completely, killed above 600, and took above 1400 prisoners, with the whole of their artillery, baggage, stores, &c. This was the first act of enterprize that the British had attempted. While the French were astonished at the change of system in their enemies, General Hill continued to alarm them by repeated incursions; and Lord Wellington, taking advantage of a moment when Marmont had detached part of his troops to assist Suchet in the conquest of Valencia, brought up his battering train against Ciudad Rodrigo, invested it on the 8th January, and carried it by storm on the 19th, four days before Marmont collected an army at Salamanca to march to its relief. As soon as the place was again rendered tenable, he delivered it to the Spaniards, appeared suddenly before Badajoz, invested it once more on the 16th March, and in twenty days was master also of that strong fortress. Both places were purchased at a heavy expense of life; for, owing to the deficiency of our military establishment in these important branches, that was accomplished by courage which ought to have been effected by art. But they were both points of the greatest importance; and admirable indeed was the skill by which a general, with less than 50,000 men, was enabled thus to take two fortresses of such magnitude, in spite of two French armies amounting to more than fourscore thousand men. The tide of fortune had turned; Buonaparte was at this time preparing for a war in Russia; another breathing time was given to Spain; and England now began to feel her own strength, and to glory in her army and her general.

The Spaniards were now so sensible of Lord Wellington's services that they created him Duke of Ciudad Rodrigo, and named him commander-in-chief of their armies. But this appointment added little to his actual means. The character of the Spaniards, such as it appears in history, had been strikingly exemplified during this war; nothing could subdue the spirit of the people, nothing could teach wisdom to their rulers. The Cortes, from which so much had been hoped, wasted their time in metaphysical discussions, and in making a constitution after the fashion of the French philosophy; they removed many grievances and they abolished that accursed tribunal which never should be mentioned without

execration;

execration; but unfortunately they committed acts of great injustice against the clergy and the nobles, and most impoliticly offended all the deepest prejudices of the nation. Little or nothing was done to improve their armies; and Lord Wellington had only his own troops and the Portugueze to rely upon, the latter indeed fully equal to any service which might be required from them, but both too few in number for the great opportunity which was presented. It was, however, possible that some striking exploit might rouse the government, and give the people an opportunity of again displaying themselves as they had done at the commencement of the struggle. The first object was to impede the communication between Soult and Marmont, now carried on by a bridge of boats established in place of the fine bridge at Almaraz. This was defended by formidable works on both sides the river. General Hill, with his usual ability, surprised and destroyed them in May, and in June Lord Wellington advanced from the Agueda to Salamanca, took the forts which the French had constructed at that city, making 800 prisoners, and pursued Marmont to the Douro. Marmont concentrated his force on the right bank between Pollos and Tordesillas, having possession of all the bridges, and here he was joined by Bonnet's army from Asturias, giving him a considerable superiority over Lord Wellington, who then found it necessary to retreat. It was an awful sight to behold two great armies in an open and level country moving in parallel lines, in full march, and frequently within half-cannon shot of each other, each waiting for some favourable moment in which the antagonist might be found at fault. The weather was at this time so sultry that, on one occasion, when the French prest upon our rear and were driven out of village by the bayonet, some of our men fainted with heat. On the 21st July the whole of the allied forces was assembled on the Tormes; the evening was overcast, and a thunder-storm began as the enemy took up their position;—the whole sky was kindled with almost continuous lightnings, and in spite of heavy rain the enemy's fires were seen along their line. The two armies were now drawn up near Salamanca on opposite rising grounds, the French having their left and the allies their right, each upon one of two remarkable rocky points called the two Arapiles. Here the French general, who, confiding in his superior numbers, was determined to bring the allies to action, extended his left, in order to turn the right of their position, and interpose between them and Ciudad Rodrigo. Lord Wellington was at dinner when he was informed of this movement: he saw at once the advantage which had been given; he rose in such haste as to overturn the table, exclaimed that 'Marmont's good genius had forsaken him,' and in an instant was on horseback, issuing those orders which won the battle of

Salamanca.

Salamanca. He attacked the French immediately where they had thus weakened themselves, and overthrew their whole army from their left to their right, taking 7000 prisoners, eleven guns and two eagles. Marmont lost an arm in the action, and nothing but the coming on of night saved his army from total destruction. This was the most severe defeat which they had yet sustained, and the most humiliating. Hitherto we had been satisfied with repelling their attacks and remaining masters of the field of battle: Lord Wellington now drove them before him: he followed them to Valladolid, then leaving the pursuit, recrossed the Douro and moved upon the capital. The intruder took flight for the second time from that city, and 1700 men who were left in the Retiro surrendered to the British arms.

This was a bold movement: the allied army did not exceed 50,000 men, and the enemy had armies on all sides amounting to more than thrice that number. Against these there was to be taken into the account, a hostile population, whom it was every where necessary to keep down by force; and numerous bodies of guerrillas, who waged upon the invaders a consuming and disheartening war. Something Lord Wellington calculated upon a Spanish army in the south under Ballasteros, a man of admirable activity and courage: and he relied still more upon a diversion in Catalonia, where a British army from Sicily was to land to co-operate with the Catalans whom Great Britain had too long suffered to struggle without support; they, of all the Spaniards, having made the greatest efforts, and received the least assistance. But Ballasteros carried with him through all stages of his military progress the habits of insubordination which he had learnt as a smuggler; and being instigated by some of those persons who were blindly and obstinately jealous of the British influence in Spain, he refused to obey Lord Wellington's orders at the most critical moment, saying, he should not think himself worthy to be called an Arragonese if he could thus consent to tarnish the honour of the Spanish army. The Regency immediately removed him from the command, and sent him into exile; but the evil was done; and Soult, who, in consequence of the advance upon Madrid, had broken up the long protracted siege of Cadiz, abandoned Seville, and evacuated the whole of Andalusia, was thus enabled to make his retreat unmolested, and prepare with a formidable force to act against Lord Wellington. The hopes of co-operation from the Sicilian army were not less cruelly disappointed; that army was not strong enough to land in Catalonia, it proceeded therefore to Alicante, and thereby enabling the Spanish army in that quarter again to come forward, prevented Suchet from moving upon Madrid; this was as much as so weak a force could do, but much more was required at such a

crisis.

crisis. There was yet another point to which Lord Wellington might look for support: the resources of Galicia had never been called forth since the French were driven out in 1809; it was said that an army of 25,000 men was ready to act with him from thence, and able to make a stand if they were put in possession of Burgos. Marmont's army, now refitted under General Clausel, and amounting to 25,000 men, was advancing in this direction, and Lord Wellington judged it best to march against this part of the enemy's force, and obtain possession of Burgos, leaving half his army under Sir Rowland Hill, to observe the movements of Soult from the south.

The castle of Burgos is an old building which the French had fitted for defence. These irregular fortifications are sometimes far stronger than they appear, and besieging armies have often suffered for estimating them too cheaply. Lord Wellington invested it on the 19th September; three 18-pounders and five 24-pounder iron-howitzers were the whole of his artillery; but after what had been done at Rodrigo and at Badajoz it was supposed that nothing could resist the assault of British soldiers. There are situations in which no courage, however enterprising and desperate, can compensate for the want of science; the siege was undertaken almost without means of any kind, and the men, after failing in their first attempt, lost heart; they saw that the proper means were wanting, and that they were opposing bayonets and flesh and blood against artillery and stone walls. Ammunition also failed, and it was necessary to wait for a supply from St. Andero: thus operations were protracted till Soult, with a superior force, began to threaten Sir Rowland Hill, and Clausel, having been strongly reinforced, was able to act on the offensive. The siege was then raised, after nearly five weeks perseverance and the loss of 2000 men. It was necessary also to retire from Madrid. Sir Rowland Hill fell back and joined Lord Wellington on the retreat, and the French armies, to the amount of 80,000 foot and 10,000 horse, formed their junction also in pursuit, upon the Tormes; the allies not exceeding 50,000, of which 9000 were cavalry. If a victory had been gained against such odds, it could not have been pursued; the retreat was therefore continued to Ciudad Rodrigo, and the campaign of 1812 was thus closed. As far as the commanders were concerned, the retreat was made with excellent skill. 'None,' said Lord Wellington, 'was ever known in which the troops made such short marches; none on which they made such long and repeated halts; none in which the retreating armies were so little pressed on their rear by the enemy. The army met with no disaster, it suffered no privations but such as might have been prevented by due care on the part of the officers, and no hardships but what unavoidably arose from

from the inclemency of the weather.' 'For my part,' said Marquis Wellesley, speaking in parliament with becoming pride of his brother's conduct,—'for my part, were I called on to give my impartial testimony of the merits of your great general, I confess before heaven, I would not select his victories, brilliant as they are:—I would go to the moments when difficulties prest on him,—when he had but the choice of extremities,—when he was overhung by superior strength! It is to his retreats that I would go for the proudest and most undoubted evidence of his ability!' But though this praise (and it is the highest which a general can acquire) was perfectly deserved, the ill effects of the repulse at Burgos were lamentably apparent in the retreat, and the soldiers became so insubordinate as to call forth a severe reprehension from the commander.

Mortifying as it was thus to have retreated, and deeply painful as it was to retire from Madrid where the people had welcomed their deliverers with such enthusiastic joy, yet the campaign was productive of the most beneficial consequences. The only two fortresses which enabled the enemy to threaten Portugal had been wrested from him, a number of his troops nearly equal to that of the whole allied army had been destroyed, and the whole south of Spain delivered. The honours and rewards which Lord Wellington had so well deserved were now decreed him by his grateful country. The restrictions upon the Regency having expired, the first use which the Prince Regent made of his new power was to create him a marquis of the united kingdom, and parliament unanimously voted a grant of £100,000 to purchase lands and enable him to support the dignity of the peerage. In Portugal he had already been made Count of Vimeiro and Marquis of Torres Vedras, and now by a remarkable coincidence, the Prince of Brazil conferred upon him the additional title of Duke of Vittoria. The winter and early spring were spent in preparing for a campaign which might complete the great work of delivering the Peninsula: for this purpose Marquis Wellington went to Cadiz to communicate in person with the Spanish government, and the armies of that country were at length brought into a better state of discipline. In England also it was at last acknowledged that the best economy in war is to spare no expense in doing the work speedily. Buonaparte had been driven from Russia; and never had any army been overtaken with such tremendous vengeance as that which in his wanton and blind ambition he had led to Moscow. Prussia had seized the opportunity to throw off his yoke; his whole force was now required for the struggle in Germany;—and the British government, which in the worst times had bravely and wisely persisted

in the arduous struggle, made full use of the favourable opportunity.

Notwithstanding Soult with a considerable body of troops had been called to Germany, there were still above 150,000 French in Spain; but of these a great number were dispersed in garrisons, and Catalonia and Valencia required a large proportion. A force, however, of 70,000 was collected to oppose the allies; it consisted of the whole armies of the south and the center, with some divisions of the army of the north, and of the army of Portugal, whose name was still retained after its complete expulsion from that country. The puppet King Joseph was at their head, thinking it prudent to leave Madrid before he should be driven from it, that his last retreat might be more decorous than the former; and Marshal Jourdan had the command. Their head-quarters were in Valladolid when Marquis Wellington, toward the latter end of May, took the field with 80,000 men. The enemy retired from the Tormes as he advanced; and he moved up the right bank of the Duero, crossed the Esla, and took their line of defence along the Duero completely in reverse; they therefore necessarily retreated, and our cavalry, acting to advantage in the flat country, kept them so in check and crampt their movements so as to prevent a single reconnoissance on their part, to discover the numbers, routes, or intentions of the British army. Burgos, which had opposed so formidable a resistance the preceding year, was abandoned and blown up: and our great commander, pursuing the same system, amused the enemy upon their main front, while three or four divisions, hastening forward by lateral roads on their flank, crost the Ebro also, before they could take possession of its almost impregnable positions. These successes, which would have been considered as an ample reward for two or three general actions, were obtained by the skill of the general with scarcely the loss of a single life. The French, being deprived, by these admirable movements, of the advantage which they might have derived from these rivers, and the strength of the country about the Ebro, drew up for battle upon the river Zadora, near Vittoria; the high road to that city being in their center, their left extended across the mountains to La Puebla de Arlanzon, and the right of their center rested on a strong circular hill, which they covered with infantry, and with several brigades of guns, to defend the passage of the river. The position, though in other respects well chosen, was liable to be taken in flank, and Marquis Wellington saw at a glance where its weakness lay. He began the action on the right, where the Spaniards under General Murillo attacked the heights of La Puebla with great gallantry: their leader was wounded, but remained in the field; the French made great efforts to retain this ground, which they had neglected to occupy in sufficient

ficient strength, and here the stress of the battle lay, reinforcements coming from both sides; but Sir Rowland Hill remained at last in possession of this important point, and being enabled to pass the river, and a defile which it formed, carried the village of Sabijana de Alara in front of the enemy's position. This being lost, when the French perceived the center of the allied army advancing to attack the hill above the Zadora, while Sir Rowland attacked their center on the other side, they began to retire toward Vittoria in good order; meantime Sir Thomas Graham, with the left, cut off their retreat on the road to Bayonne. The contest was now carried close to the walls of Vittoria, and was soon terminated. As an officer, who bore a part in this day's glorious work, well expressed it, 'the French were beaten before the town, and in the town, and through the town, and out of the town, and behind the town, and all round about the town.' Every where they were attacked, and every where put to utter rout. They themselves had in many actions made greater slaughter of a Spanish army, but never in any instance had reduced even an army of raw volunteers to such a state of total wreck,—stores, baggage, artillery, every thing was abandoned,—one gun and one howitzer only were they able to carry off, and even that gun was taken before it could reach Pampiona. King Joseph attempted to escape in his coach, a pistol was discharged into the carriage, and he had just time to leave it, leap on horseback and gallop off, while a party of dragoons impeded his pursuers. The number of prisoners was inconsiderable, for the French ran without making an attempt to form and rally, and the pursuit was not directed with the same skill as the attack. The number of killed and wounded was comparatively little, so speedily had the victory been won. The superiority of generalship on the part of the allies was indeed never more decidedly manifested, and such of the enemy as had been in action with the English before, did not fight the better for the recollection. Marshal Jourdan's staff was among the spoils, which resembled those of an Oriental rather than of an European army; for the intrusive king, who in his miserable situation had abandoned himself to every kind of sensuality, had with him all his luxuries and treasures, and the French officers, who carry the pestilential manners of their country wherever they go, followed the example as far as their means allowed. The finest wines and choicest delicacies were found in profusion; the baggage was presently rifled, and the soldiers attired themselves in the gala-dresses of the flying enemy; they who happened to draw a female wardrobe in the lottery, converting silks, satins, and embroidered muslins into scarfs and sashes for their masquerade triumph. Some who were more fortunate got possession of the army chest and loaded themselves with bullion. 'Let them,' was

was the general's reply when he was informed of it; 'they have fought well, and deserve all they can find, were it ten times more.'

The blow which was thus struck at Vittoria was felt in Germany, and Soult was sent to collect fresh armies and oppose the victorious general, whose name was now become terrible to the French troops. But Marquis Wellington was now master of the field, and Soult could neither recover his footing in Spain, nor prevent the allies from invading France. We pass rapidly over the brilliant achievements that ensued,—the battles of the Pyrenees, the recovery of St. Sebastian and Pamplona, (places of which the enemy had obtained possession by the foulest treachery, and which were now wrested from him by the united armies of Great Britain and Portugal, and Spain,—nations whom he had so often insulted and whose union he had so often affected to despise,) the passage of the Adour, the battle of Orthies, the restoration of the Bourbons at Bordeaux, and the last defeat of Soult before Thoulouse, where Marquis Wellington, anxious to avoid all further bloodshed when the termination of the war might so certainly be expected, permitted him and his troops to file off under the cannon of the victorious army. Having beaten the French from the mouth of the Tagus to the Garonne, that war which he had commenced at the extremity of Portugal he concluded in the heart of France. We pass reluctantly over this glorious part of our national history that we may have room for a few concluding observations.

Since the peace of Utrecht, in which the interests of Europe were sacrificed by that party-spirit which is the reproach of England, our military reputation had declined. The character of our wars was truly described, though in somewhat affected language, by a writer about the middle of the last century. 'We have nothing,' he says, 'in our military scramblings of that sole and separate point of view that holds determination fixed, and its pursuit and graduation manifest. Timid confederacies, disguised false semblances, with jealous apprehensive nibbling avarice, negociate menace into smoke, and send out motley armies to the field, as the phrase goes, for observation; it being, it seems, the business of a general of the new impression not to attempt upon, but wait the motion of attempters. Slow, languid, hesitating consultations, fluctuating from expedient to expedient, hang prevention upon hope, till energy is starved to death by the thin diet of deliberation: so wars begin and end, and give no clue whereby to track their conduct.' Severe as this censure is, it is not overcharged. The American war contributed to lower us in the estimation of our neighbours; for though the courage of our men was never found wanting in the day of trial, the circumstances of the contest were such that,

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after the first season for vigorous measures was gone by, success became morally impossible. This was not taken into the account. The war ended to our loss; and the disgrace which should exclusively have attached to our councils, affected our arms also. When the Duke of York was made commander in chief, our military establishments were in a wretched state; boys held commissions literally before they were out of leading strings, and there was not a single institution in Great Britain wherein tactics were taught; the great general whose exploits have been imperfectly sketched in these pages was obliged to go to France to learn the elements of war. The Duke of York soon began a silent and efficient reform; abuse after abuse was removed, defect after defect supplied; but these improvements were known only to persons connected with the army, and its military character suffered materially in the Revolutionary war from causes which are neither imputable to his Royal Highness as commander, nor to the soldiers under him: for then also, as in the American war, they were placed in circumstances which rendered success impossible. The evil however was done. The enemy insulted us; the continental nations were persuaded that we were not a military people; and we, contenting ourselves with our acknowledged maritime supremacy, were but too ready to assent to an opinion, which in its consequences must have operated as a death-sentence upon national honour, national power, and national independence. It is not too much to say that our army would have sunk into contempt if the expedition to Egypt had not thrown some splendour over the close of a most ill-fated war. But the effect which that expedition produced upon public feeling soon past away; and the French convinced themselves that our success had been owing to the incapacity of Menou, the disputes among their generals, and the universal desire of the troops to escape from Egypt,—any cause rather than the true one. A second war broke out; and while the enemy obtained the most signal victories, we had only the solitary battle of Maida to boast, which was upon so small a scale, and so nugatory in its political consequences, that probably half the continent have never heard of it, though our disgrace at Buenos Ayres was known every where.

Meantime the French had persuaded Europe as well as themselves that Buonaparte was the greatest military genius of ancient or of modern times; that his generals were all consummate masters in the art of war; and that his troops were, in every respect, the best in the world. This opinion was more than ever prevalent when Sir Arthur Wellesley took the command in Portugal in 1809. The events which followed the battle of Vimeiro, and the retreat of Sir John Moore, had given the enemy cause for exultation; and the peace-party in England affirmed that defeat and ruin were inevitable

able if we persisted in contending against the invincible power of France. It is not possible to speak of this party with more severity than their ignorance, their presumption, and their pusillanimity have deserved. No effort on their part was ever wanting to deaden the hopes, to thwart the exertions, to disgust the allies, and encourage the enemies of their country. In their egregious folly they represented a continuance of the war in the Peninsula as not only insane, but wicked. 'It would be blood-thirsty and cruel in us,' they said, 'to foment petty insurrections, after the only contest is over from which any good can spring in the present important state of affairs,' (meaning the Austrian war in 1809.) 'France has conquered Europe. This is the melancholy truth! Shut our eyes to it as we may, there can be no doubt about the matter. For the present, peace and submission must be the lot of the vanquished!' Even after Massena was driven from Portugal they canted about our 'unprofitable laurels;' and when Lord Wellington had begun his career of victory, they insolently exclaimed, 'Let us hear no more of objections to a Buonaparte reigning in Spain!' Happily our government was not influenced by such advisers. It had screwed its courage to the 'sticking place,' but its exertions were not commensurate with the occasion; and for four years Lord Wellington was continually crippled by the inadequacy of his means. Yet even while thus crippled, he contended successfully against the undivided power of France; for during the years 1810 and 1811 Buonaparte had no other object than that of completing the conquest of the Peninsula. Foresight and enterprise with our commander went hand in hand; he never advanced, but so as to be sure of his retreat; and never retreated, but in such an attitude as to impose upon a superior enemy. He never gave an opportunity, and never lost one. His movements were so rapid as to deceive and astonish the French, who prided themselves upon their own celerity. He foiled general after general, defeated army after army, captured fortress after fortress; and raising the military character of Great Britain to its old standard in the days of Peterborough and Marlborough, made the superiority of the British soldier over the Frenchman as incontestible as that of the British seaman.

The spirit of the country rose with its successes. England once more felt her strength, and remembered the part which she had borne and the rank which she had asserted in the days of her Edwards and her Henrys. Buonaparte had bestowed upon France the name of the Sacred Territory, boasting, as one of the benefits conferred upon her by his government, that France alone remained inviolable when every other part of the continent was visited by the calamities of war. That boast was no longer to hold good! Our victories in the Peninsula prepared the deliverance of Europe, and

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Lord Wellington led the way into France. A large portion of his army consisted of Portugueze and Spaniards, who had every imaginable reason to hate the people among whom they went as conquerors; they had seen the most infernal cruelties perpetrated in their own country by the French soldiers, and it might have been supposed, prone as their national character was to revenge, that they would eagerly seize the opportunity of retaliation. But such was Lord Wellington's influence over the men whom he conducted to victory, that not an outrage, not an excess, not an insult was committed; and the French, who had made war like savages in every country which they had invaded, experienced all the courtesies and humanities of generous warfare when they were invaded themselves. In Gascony, as well as in Portugal and Spain, the Duke of Wellington's name is blessed by the people. Seldom indeed has it fallen to any conqueror to look back upon his career with such feelings! The marshal's staff, the dukedom, the half million, the honours and rewards which his Prince and his country have so munificently and properly bestowed, are neither the only nor the most valuable recompense of his labours. There is something more precious than this, more to be desired than the high and enduring fame which he has secured by his military achievements:—it is the satisfaction of thinking to what end those achievements have been directed, that they were for the deliverance of two most injured and grievously oppressed nations; for the safety, honour and welfare of his own country, and for the general interests of Europe and of the civilized world. His campaigns have been sanctified by the cause;—they have been sullied by no cruelties, no crimes; the chariot-wheels of his triumphs have been followed by no curses;—his laurels are entwined with the amaranths of righteousness, and upon his death-bed he may remember his victories among his good works.

And here we might have concluded, were it not for the late events. One man has now rekindled the flames of war, and drawn again upon France all those evils from which the restoration of the Bourbons, and the establishment of a mild and equitable government had so recently delivered her. Seldom or never had Europe seen so fair a prospect of a long peace, as when Buonaparte added this fresh crime to his offences. The man for whose personal ambition and by whose personal guilt she is thus again involved in war, is black with crimes; he has poured out blood like water, he is familiar with murder and massacres, he has made a mockery of oaths and treaties: yet the French soldiers have received him with open arms, forgetful of the infamy which he has brought upon them,—forgetful of the destruction to which he sent them, and of the dangers in which he more than once abandoned his army.

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They had been, the greater number of them, delivered by means of his overthrow, from a state of imprisonment, to which his tyranny would else have condemned them for life. France was in perfect peace; her colonies had been restored, her territory (though too extensive for the security of Europe) had been left entire; and she was recovering from all the evils which she had endured, with a rapidity which almost excited apprehension as well as wonder. He himself had been suffered to withdraw, not indeed voluntarily like Sylla, into retirement; but safely like Sylla, notwithstanding the multitude of his offences, and the blood which cried out for vengeance. Almost it seems as if he, and the flagitious army by which he is supported, and the guilty people who endure the usurpation, were stricken with judicial blindness, and acted thus madly that they might draw upon themselves the full measure of that chastisement which they have deserved. In this unexpected renewal of hostilities, we feel the full value of what Wellington has done for us. To him and to the change which his victories have effected in public opinion, it is owing that we know ourselves; (a knowledge not less important as the foundation of national policy than as the beginning of individual wisdom;) to him it is owing that we are confident in our strength; and that in whatever effort may be required, the exertion of the government cannot go beyond the will and the wish of the people. To him it is owing that the statesman, who should now talk of the march to Paris, instead of being hissed and hooted at for his presumption, would be cheered by the unanimous voice of Britain. The heart and the arm of the country are now as they should be! The crisis, indeed, is most important: but never was there a more powerful confederacy, never had any confederacy a clearer cause, nor stronger bonds of union; as far as human foresight can perceive, there is the best ground for believing that by vigorous and well directed efforts, this conspiracy of the perjured, the profligate, and the lawless, against the peace and order of society, may speedily and effectually be crushed; that the root of the evil may be cut up; and all things then established upon the best and surest foundation.

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